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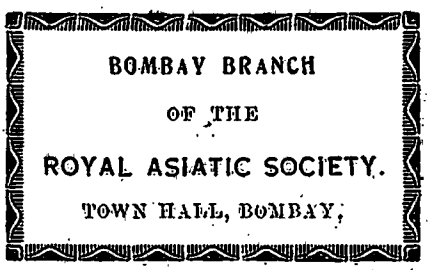

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LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND.

VOL. X.

Mary II

when Princess of Orange

Published by Henry Colburn, Great Marlborough Street, 1847

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

FROM

THE NORMAN CONQUEST;

WITH

ANECDOTES OF THEIR COURTS,

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED FROM

OFFICIAL RECORDS AND OTHER AUTHENTIC DOCUMENTS,

PRIVATE AS WELL AS PUBLIC.

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

"The treasures of antiquity laid up
In old historic rolls, I opened."

BEAUMONT.

VOL. X.

LONDON
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1847.

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TO

HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY

Our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria,

THE LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND

ARE BY GRACIOUS PERMISSION INSCRIBED,

WITH FEELINGS OF PROFOUND RESPECT AND LOYAL AFFECTION,

BY HER MAJESTY'S FAITHFUL SUBJECT

AND DEVOTED SERVANT,

AGNES STRICKLAND.

LIVES

OF THE

QUEENS OF ENGLAND,

BY

AGNES STRICKLAND.

Mary II and her Father.

VOL. IO.

LONDON,
HENRY COLBURN, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1847.

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MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

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It would not have been difficult for a mind so deeply impressed with the vanity of earthly greatness, as that of Mary Beatrice, to have resigned itself to the all-wise decrees of "Him by whom kings do reign," if the fact could have been made apparent to her, that the sceptre had passed from the royal house of Stuart for ever. But, in common with those who perilled their lives and fortunes in the cause of

her son, she beheld it in a different light, from that in which the calm moralist reviews the struggle, after time has unveiled all mysteries, and turned the dark page of a doubtful future, into the records of the irrevocable past.

The devoted partisans of legitimacy, by whom Mary Beatrice was surrounded at St. Germains, persuaded her that a peaceful restoration of their exiled prince was at hand; they fancied they recognised the retributive justice of Heaven in the remarkable manner in which his rivals had been swept from the scene. The fact was no less strange than true, that in consequence of the premature death of the childless Mary, the utter bereavement of the princess Anne, and the inevitable failure of the Nassau-Stuart line with William III., the son of James II. had become the presumptive heir of those on whom parliament had, in the year 1689, settled the regal succession. The events of a few months, of a week, a day—nay, the popular caprice of an hour—might summon him to ascend the throne of his ancestors.

Who can wonder if the heart of the widowed queen occasionally thrilled with maternal pride, when she looked on her two fair scions, in the fresh-budding spring of life and promise, and thought of the sear and barren stems that intervened between them and a regal inheritance. The nearest protestant to Anne in the line of succession, Sophia, electress of Hanover, had, with a magnanimity rarely to be met with where a crown is in perspective, declared herself reluctant to benefit by the misfortunes of her royal kindred, generously expressing a desire that the nation would take into consideration "the unhappy case of *le pauvre prince de Galles*," as she styled the son of James II.; "that he might rather be thought of than her family, since he had learned and suffered so much by his father's errors, that he would certainly avoid them all, and make a good king of England."[1] Sophia had, it is true, acceded to the flattering wish of parliament, that the protestant succession should be settled on her and her family; but her scruples, and the

[1] Letter of the electress Sophia of Hanover to Mr. Stepney, envoy to the court of Brandenburgh, quoted in one of speaker Onslow's marginal notes to Burnet's History of his own Times, octavo edition, vol. iv., pp. 489-90-91, from the original letter in the collection of lord Hardwick, generally called "the electress Sophia's Jacobite letter."

avowed reluctance of her son, prince George, to quit his beloved Hanover to reside in England, inspired Mary Beatrice with a sanguine hope that little contest was to be apprehended from that quarter. The sentiments expressed by the electress, regarding her youthful cousin, were frequently heard in England at the commencement of the last century, not only from the lips of those with whom attachment to hereditary monarchy was almost an article of faith, but from many who dreaded the horrors of civil wars. Sympathy for the calamities of royalty has always been a characteristic of the English; and there was a romantic interest attached to the situation of the widow and orphans of James II., which appealed so powerfully to the sensibilities of kind and generous hearts, that the baser members of the Dutch cabinet resorted once more to calumny and forgery, for the purpose of counteracting the revulsion of popular feeling, which was far more to be dreaded than the intervention of France. Scarcely had James II. been dead a month, when the notorious William Fuller,[1] publicly presented to the lords justices, the lord mayor, and several ministers of state, a book, entitled—

"A full demonstration, that the pretended prince of Wales was the son of Mrs. Mary Gray, undeniably proved by original letters of the late queen and others, and by depositions of several persons of worth and honour, never before published; and a particular account of the murther of Mrs. Mary Gray at Paris. Humbly recommended to the consideration of both houses of Parliament. By William Fuller, gent."[2]

William Fuller had, for many years, earned a base living by devoting both tongue and pen to the fabrication of falsehood for political purposes. He was a kindred spirit with Oates, Bedloe, and Speke, and was employed by persons of similar principles to those who had paid and encouraged them. The book which peers, magistrates, and ministers of state were found capable of receiving, was the reprint of a libel on the exiled queen, Mary Beatrice, and her unfortunate son, the malignity of which was only equalled by its absurdity, being a new and very marvellous version of the old tale of her imposing a spurious child on the nation, who, instead of being the child of "*de brick-bat woman*," as before assumed, was, he now pretended, the son of the earl of Tyrconnel by

[1] London Post. October 17th, 1701.
[2] Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxford Arms, in Warwick-lane.

a handsome gentlewoman called Mrs. Mary Gray, whom lady Tyrconnel was so obliging as to take the trouble of *chaperoning* from Dublin to St. James's palace, where she was secretly brought to bed of the pretended prince of Wales;" adding, "that the said Mrs. Mary Gray was conducted to France, and there murdered by the command of Louis XIV., with the consent of her majesty, during the absence of king James in Ireland." In support of this romance, he subjoined various forged letters, especially one in the name of the exiled queen, which he introduces with the following preamble:—"I shall first set down the true copy of a letter writ by the late queen to king James in Ireland, taken from Mr. Crane when he was apprehended for high treason, at the Ship tavern in Gracechurch-street, on the 5th of March, 1690; and being writ obscurely, I had the honour to make the writing apparently appear to his present majesty, his royal consort, and several noble lords then present in the king's closet at Kensington, by the steam of compound sulphur, &c., which secret was imparted to me by the late queen at St. Germains, in order to my conveying the same to her majesty's chief correspondents in England."

The only assertion in this monstrous tissue of absurdity worth inquiring into, is, whether William and Mary actually committed themselves, by personally countenancing the barefaced trick of affecting to steam an autograph confession, of imposition and murder, out of "an obscurely written paper," for the purpose of vilifying the innocent consort of the uncle and father whom they had driven from a throne. The most revolting libel in the book is contained in the statement, that a daughter and a nephew could outrage common decency, by acting openly as accomplices of the shameless slanderer. The indignation of the commons was excited against the originator of so foul a charge, and the house finally proceeded to declare—

"That the said Fuller was a notorious impostor, a cheat, and a false accuser, having scandalized their majesties and the government, abused the house, and falsely accused several persons of honour and quality; for all which offences they voted an address to his majesty to command his attorney-general to prosecute him."[1]

[1] Journals of the House of Commons, 24th of February, fourth year of William and Mary; vol. x., p. 693; British Museum.

Which was done accordingly, and he underwent the disgrace of the pillory, which, to one so insensible of shame, was no punishment.[1]

Those who are familiar with the journals of parliament and other documentary sources of information, are aware that Fuller was constantly employed as an official spy and informer by William III. or his secretaries of state; that he suffered the punishment of the pillory several times for perjury in his base vocation, and continually returned to the charge with the pertinacity of a venomous insect. The accusation of correspondence with the exiled queen was constantly preferred by him against persons obnoxious to the existing government. Not long before king James's death, he denounced at the bar of the commons several members of that house, as confederate with other gentlemen in a plot for restoring that prince, in pursuance of which treasonable design they had, he affirmed, "sent letters to the late queen Mary [*Beatrice*] in a mutton bone." As he could bring no evidence of this charge, the Commons, out of all patience, voted him "a common nuisance."[2]

Fuller, strong in the protection of the existing government, regarded the censure of the representatives of the people as little as he did the law of God against false witness; and re-published the libel against Mary Beatrice in 1701, for which he had nine years before been branded with the strongest terms of condemnation a British parliament could express, and suffered the disgraceful punishment of the pillory. It was obvious that he had been suborned to revive his cruel calumnies against the exiled queen in the first month of her widowhood, in order to rob her of the sympathy of her former subjects in her present heavy affliction, in preparation for the blow which the magnanimous nephew and son-in-law of her late consort was about to aim against her and her son at the opening of parliament.

William III. was at Loo at the time of his unfortunate uncle's death. He was sitting at table with the duke of Zell and the electoral prince of Hanover, dining in the presence of his Dutch and English officers, when it was announced to him that this long expected event had taken

[1] Ralph's Continuation, vol. ii., p. 327.

[2] See Parliamentary Journals, Smollett's History of England, and Parliamentary History.

place. William received the news in silence, uttering no word in comment, but it was observed that he blushed and drew his hat down over his face, being unable to keep his countenance.[1] The nature of his secret communing with his own dark spirit, no one presumed to fathom. He returned to England, put himself, his servants, and equipages, into mourning for king James, summoned his parliament, and caused a bill to be brought into the house of commons, for attainting the orphan son of that uncle for whom he and his household had assumed the mockery of woe.

"This bill could not be opposed," says Burnet, "much less stopped; yet many showed a coldness in it, and were absent on the days on which it was ordered to be read." The boy was but thirteen, yet our amiable prelate's censure on the coldness which many members of the English senate showed in such a proceeding, is not on account of their want of moral courage, in allowing the bill to pass, by absenting themselves, instead of throwing it out, but because they did not unite in the iniquity of subjecting the young prince to the penalty of being executed without a trial, or any other ceremony than a privy seal warrant, in the event of his falling into the hands of the reigning sovereign. This was not enough to satisfy king William and his cabinet; their next step was an attempt to subject the widowed queen, his mother, to the same pains and penalties. "It," pursues Burnet, in allusion to the bill for attainting the son of James II., "was sent up to the lords, and it passed in that house with an addition of an attainder of the queen, who acted as queen-regent for him. This was much opposed, for no evidence could be brought to prove that allegation; yet the thing was so notorious that it passed, and was sent down again to the commons. It was objected to there, as not regular, since but one precedent, in king Henry VIII.'s time, was brought for it."

The right reverend historian ventures not to expose his party, by mentioning the precedent which they had shamed not to rake up from among the iniquities of Henry VIII.'s slavish parliaments, as a warrant for a procedure which casts an indelible stain on William III. and his cabinet, the precedent being no other than that of the unfortunate marquis of Exeter, whom the murderous facilities of a bill of

[1] St. Simon. Dangeau.

attainder enabled the jealous Tudor tyrant to bring to the scaffold, in the year 1540, without the ceremony of a trial.[1]

This illegal attempt on the part of William's house of lords, to introduce the name of the royal widow, par parenthesis, into the bill for attainting her son, by the insulting designations of "the pretended prince of Wales, and Mary, his pretended mother,"[2] is an instance of gratuitous baseness, unparalleled even in the annals of that reign in which they sought for a precedent.

The attainder of Margaret of Anjou and her infant son, Edward, prince of Wales, by the victorious Yorkists in 1461, was a case somewhat in point, as regarded the position of the exiled queen, and the irresponsible age of the prince; but it has always been regarded as one of the revolting barbarisms of the darkest epoch of our history. It took place, moreover, during the excitement of the most ferocious civil wars that had ever raged in England, and was voted by steel-clad barons fresh from the slaughter of a fiercely contested battle, where forty thousand men lay dead, among whom were sons, brothers, and faithful followers. Queen Margaret had introduced foreign troops into the kingdom, and had caused much blood to be spilt, not only in the field but on the scaffold. Mary Beatrice had done none of these things; she had shed tears, but not blood; she had led no hostile armies to the field to contest the throne with William for her son; her weapons were not those of carnal warfare. She had not so much as recriminated the railings of her foes, or expressed herself in anger of those who had driven her into exile, stripped her of her queenly title and appanages, and not only violated the faith of solemn treaties and unrepealed acts of parliament, by depriving her both of her income as a queen consort, and her jointure as a queen-dowager of Great Britain, but even robbed her of her private fortune, the solid eighty thousand pounds which she brought from her own country, as her marriage portion. Conduct that appears disgraceful to the national honour, when it is remembered, that she and her two young children were destitute, and depended on the precarious charity of a foreign prince for a home and the common necessaries of life, and that neither as

[1] Journals of the House of Lords.
[2] Ibid., and Parliamentary History.

duchess of York, nor queen consort of England, had she ever done anything to forfeit the esteem of her former subjects. She had been chaste, prudent, economical, and charitable; a fond and faithful wife, a step-mother against whom no act of unkindness or injustice could be proved; loyal and patient as a subject, gracious and dignified as a queen, and scarcely less than angelic in adversity. Her religion was a matter between herself and her God, for she never interfered with the consciences of others; superstitious in her own practice she might be, and probably was, but it is certain, that if her life and actions had not been irreproachable, her adversaries would not have been reduced to the base expedient of employing the slanders of a notorious criminal like Fuller, to blacken her with charges so monstrous and absurd, that they defeated their own ends, by exciting the indignation of every generous mind against the wretch who had been found capable of devising the foul calumny.

The commons, though well aware that Fuller acted but as the hireling tool of others, in thus ostentatiously calling public attention to the reprint of his condemned libel on the exiled queen, which they had pronounced "false and infamous," summoned him and the printers and publishers to the bar of their house to answer for the misdemeanor, and regardless of significant hints that he was employed by the secretaries of state, came to the resolution, *nemine contradicente*, "that Fuller having taken no warning by the just censure received from the house of commons, 24th February, 1691, and the punishment inflicted upon him by just sentence of law, has repeated his evil practices by several false accusations, in divers scandalous pamphlets, this house doth declare the said William Fuller to be a cheat, a false accuser, and incorrigible rogue; and ordered, that Mr. Attorney do prosecute him for his said offences."[1] In this vote the Lords also concurred, yet they scrupled not at the same time, to abet the creatures of the Dutch sovereign in their unconstitutional proceedings against the calumniated queen.

The Commons had stoutly refused to pass the attainder of the widow of their old master, as an additional clause to

[1] See Journals of both Lords and Commons, thirteenth year of William III.

that of the unfortunate young prince her son; and it is to be regretted, that no clerk or reporter was hardy enough to venture his ears, by taking notes of the stormy debates which shook the house, on a question so opposed to every principle of the English constitution, as that of an illegal attempt of the kind against a royal lady, of whom no other crime had ever been alleged, than the faithful performance of her duties towards a deposed consort and disinherited son; duties from which no reverse of fortune could absolve a wife and mother, and least of all a queen.

On the 1st of February, this desolate princess writes to her spiritual friend at Chaillot,—"I will try to lift up my heart, which is in truth much depressed, and well nigh broken. Pray for me near that dear heart which you have with you for the wants of mine, which are extreme."[1] In conclusion, she says,—"The news from England is very strange. God must be entreated for them, since literally they know not what they do." The meekness of this comment on the vindictive proceedings of her foes, appears the more touching, from the circumstance of its having been penned the very day before the bill for the separate attainder of the royal writer was read for the first time in the house of lords, February 12th, O.S. From a refinement of malice, she is designated in that instrument, "Mary *late wife* of the late king James."[2] The title of queen-dowager was, of course, denied her by the sovereign who had appropriated her dower, and whose design it was to deprive her also of the reverence attached to royalty. The widow of the late king James, he dared not call her, for there was something touching in that description, it came too close to her sad case, and in six simple words, told the story of her past greatness and her present calamities with irresistible pathos. They had attainted a boy of thirteen, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow," and had been their queen; and they, the peers of England, were invited to attaint her also, but not by her true descrip-

[1] Inedited letter of the widow of James II. to Francoise Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

[2] See Journals of the House of Commons. The perversions, reservations, and misrepresentations in the unfaithful account given by Bishop Burnet of this transaction, have been too fully exposed by Ralph, and since by the acute continuator of Mackintosh, to require comment here.

tion. Not as Mary the widow, but as "Mary, the *late wife* of the late king James."[1] The violation of the English language in this subtle definition being less remarkable, considering that the measure originated with a Dutchman, than the profound observation of the susceptibilities of the human heart which it denotes, and the careful avoidance of the use of titles calculated to inspire reverence or compassion. The name of "widow" contains in itself a powerful appeal to the sympathies of Christian men and gentlemen, for pity and protection. The apostle has said, "Honour such widows as be widows indeed;" and such they all knew full well was the desolate and oppressed relict of their deposed sovereign. Noblemen there were in that house, as well as *peers*, some of whom remembered the forlorn widow of that unhappy prince, such as she was, when she first appeared before them in her early charms and innocence, as the bride of their royal admiral; many had bowed the knee before her when she stood before them, a few years later, in more majestic beauty on the day of her consecration as their queen; when if any one of them had been told that he would, hereafter, to please a foreign master, unite in subjecting her to the pains and penalties of a bill of attainder, he would perhaps have replied in the words of Hazael, "Is then thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" The dangerous contingency of awakening chivalric feelings or compunctious recollections in the hearts of that assembly was avoided—the sacred names of queen and widow were denied.

The question was finally put, for the third time, on the 20th of February, in the House of Lords, "whether the bill for attainting Mary, late wife of the late king James, of high treason, should pass," and to the eternal disgrace of those peers, who either voted in the affirmative, or by absenting themselves from the house on that occasion, allowed the iniquity to be perpetrated, it was carried in the affirmative. Twenty peers, however, among whom the name of Compton, bishop of London, is included, had the manliness to enter a protest against the vote, as illegal, "because there was no proof of the allegations in the bill, so much as offered, and that it might be a dangerous precedent."[2]

The commons, when the bill was sent down to them,

[1] Journals of the House of Lords. [2] Ibid.

treated it with ineffable contempt; they did not so much as put it to the question, but, throwing it under their table, consigned it to oblivion.[1] That such a bill could pass a British house of lords must be attributable to the absence of those noblemen who had followed the royal Stuarts into exile, the number of timorous peers over whom the terror of arrest and impeachment hung, and also to the fact that several foreigners had been naturalized and elevated to the peerage by king William, whose votes were at his command.

Mary Beatrice writes on the 25th of the same Feb., N.S. (while the question was still before the lords) to the abbess of Chaillot, in increasing depression of mind—

"You are kind," she says, "my dear mother, to think always of your poor unworthy daughter, and of the means of comforting her. I doubt not but God will reward you for it, by giving you the recompence which he has promised to those who do the works of spiritual mercy. Among those, I believe there are none more agreeable to God than to console the afflicted; and I think that, of all afflictions, those of the heart and the soul are the most terrible, especially when they are joined together, which is at present my sad case." [2]

After mentioning her intention of coming to Chaillot on the 6th of March, for a little repose both of mind and body, of which she says all around her, especially her son, perceive that she is in great need, she adds—

"The affairs, of which I spoke in my last letter, are not domestic affairs, which go on well enough at present, but matters of great importance. I hope they will be concluded next week. I ought to go to Marli on Thursday, but I hope to be free to come to you on Monday, to open my poor heart and rest my body. All those who are about me are convinced of my need of it. They all pity me greatly, and my son is the foremost to recommend me to take this little journey. I believe that our dear mother and sisters will be very glad of it, and that the beloved *concierge* will prepare the apartment with pleasure." [3]

Among the Stuart papers, in the Hotel de Soubise, there is one extremely touching; it is an agitated scrawl, in the well-known autograph of the queen, in which she has translated the act of parliament passed under the influence of William III., attainting her son of high treason, by the designation "of the pretended prince of Wales." It is indorsed thus, in another hand—1702. "*Quelles feuilles*

[1] Parliamentary History. Ralph's History of England. Continuation of Mackintosh.

[2] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[3] Ibid.

qui paraissent ecriter de la main de la reine d'Angleterre, Veufe de Jacques II., contenant copie de l'acte pour la conviction du crime de haute trahison du putativ Prince de Galles (le Roi Jacques III.)" The agony with which the widowed queen has translated this last injury of William against her child is apparent in the writing, which is crooked, hurried, and illegible. The attempt to subject herself to the same pains and penalties to which the young prince had been rendered liable, is unnoticed; it was the arrow that had been aimed at her son which pierced the heart of the fond mother. Proud and sensitive as Mary Beatrice was by nature, the insults and calumnies with which she had been assailed must have been keenly felt, but her personal wrongs are invariably passed over in silence. In one of her letters to her friend Angelique Priolo, without date, but evidently written at this agitating period, she says—

"I have need of consolation, for I am overwhelmed with chagrin, and these fresh affairs are very disagreeable. Alas, they are never otherwise for me! Entreat of God, my dear mother, that he would grant me gifts and graces to bear them; but, above all, those of wisdom of council and of strength, whereof I am at present in such extreme want."[1]

After some allusion to the prospect of public affairs in France, which she considered favourable to the cause of her son, she gives the following particulars of her own state:—

"Another consolation is, that my health is as good as you could wish for me. Considering how deeply my malady is seated, it certainly does not increase; and if there be any change, it is rather an amendment. I eat well. I have slept better for the last fifteen days, although, assuredly, my heart is not tranquil; but God can do all. He turns and disposes us as he pleases. He mingles the good and ill according to his holy, and always just and adorable will, to which I would conform, in all and through all, and against the struggle of my own sinful inclination.

"We have been to Marli on the Feast of Kings, and the king (Louis XIV.) came here three days after. He is always full of kindness and friendship for us. * * *

"Adieu, my dear mother, till Saturday, eight days' hence, in the evening, when I hope to embrace you, and to have more time to converse with you during this journey than I had in the last. My poor heart is oppressed and bursting, but not the less yours."[2]

It was the act of parliament, enforcing an oath for the abjuration of the young prince, her son, that so greatly

[1] Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

[2] Autograph letter, dated St. Germains, Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

depressed and agitated the heart of Mary Beatrice. The measure was strongly opposed in the house of commons, and much diplomacy was practised there, to throw the bill out by subtle amendments, in order to gain time; but the Jacobite party were out-manœuvred, and it passed the lords. The council ordered a special commission to be prepared, for giving the royal assent to it without delay, the forms requiring it to be signed by the king, in the presence of the lord-keeper and the clerks of the parliament. The awful sentence "*Je tire vers ma fin*," occupied the thoughts of the expiring monarch, before the deputation arrived at Kensington palace, and it was many hours ere they could obtain admission into his presence. The pause was of no common interest; the fortunes of the two rival claimants of the crown hung on the event. Parliament remained sitting; and the Jacobite party, well aware that William was not in a state to be troubled with business, raised the cry of "Adjourn, adjourn!" hoping that the bill would be lost by the demise of the sovereign; but a message from the lords prevented their plan from being carried into effect.

The deputation entered the royal chamber meantime, but William's nerveless hand being incapable of giving effect to the last office of hatred, which survived the corporeal powers of sinking nature, by signing the bill, the facsimile stamp was affixed in his presence. This was the last regnal act of William's life, of which it might truly be said, The end crowns the works. He expired the next day, March 8th, 1702, having survived his unfortunate uncle, James II., scarcely six months.

This event had been long expected, and eagerly anticipated by the friends of the exiled royal family, as the epoch of a counter-revolution, in favour of the son of James II. Burnet complains that the young prince had a strong party in England, who were eager to place him on the throne.[1] In Scotland, the dread of a popish sovereign had become secondary to the fear of seeing the ancient realm degraded into a province to England. The health of the representative of the royal Stuarts had been publicly drunk, by the title of James VIII., and that of Mary Beatrice as "the

[1] History of his own Times.

queen-mother." Ireland only required a leader to rise and proclaim her son from one end of the Green Isle to the other as James III.; yet Anne succeeded to the throne of the three realms, on the death of William III., as peacefully as if there had been no such person in existence as a brother, whom a closely balanced moiety of her subjects considered their king *de jure*. That no effort was made in behalf of that prince by the Jacobite party, stimulated by the regent-court of St. Germains, and supported by his powerful allies, the kindred monarchs of France and Spain, has been regarded as an inexplicable mystery; but, like many other historical problems, may be explained by a little research.

From the inedited Chaillot correspondence, it appears that Mary Beatrice, overwhelmed with the difficulties and perplexities of her position, and, above all, with the feverish excitement of the crisis, was attacked with a dangerous illness just before the death of William, which brought her to the verge of the grave, and completely incapacitated her from taking any part in the deliberations of her council, on the momentous question of what ought to be done, with regard to her son's claims to the crown of Great Britain. Her life depended on her being kept quiet, because of the violent palpitations of the heart, and other alarming symptoms, with which her illness was accompanied. Her cabinet, torn with conflicting jealousies and passions, could agree on nothing; so, of course, nothing was done; and, before she was in a state to decide between the opposing counsels of the rival ministers, Middleton and Perth, her step-daughter, Anne, was peacefully settled on the throne, and the hopes of royalty were for ever lost to her son and his descendants. The convalescence of Mary Beatrice was tedious, and her recovery was impeded by the fasts and other austerities which she practised, till her spiritual director, father Ruga, was compelled to interfere, as we find by a letter from that ecclesiastic to madame Priolo, dated March 15th, in which he says, "that he has given the ladies Strickland and Molza to understand the opinions of her majesty's physicians and surgeons on this subject, and that he shall do everything in his power for the preservation of a health so precious. However," continues he, "the queen has desisted from the mortification of her body in obedience to those councils, and is following the orders of her physicians and my direc-

tions. She has begun to go out for a walk after dinner, and they have taken measures for preventing the importunities of her officers about audiences." [1]

Almost the first use the royal invalid made of her pen, was to write the following brief note to her friend, Angelique Priolo, which bears evident traces of her inability for application to public business; but, as usual, she appears more troubled at the sufferings of others than her own:—

" St. Germains, 13th of April.

" I know not whether I shall have strength to write to you, my dear mother, for this is the first letter I have attempted since I quitted you. I am in pain for our poor dear *deposée*. I send my physician to see her, and render me an exact account of her state. Embrace her tenderly for me. I pray for her with all my heart. The physician will give you an account of my poor health, which, I believe, will not permit me to pass the festivals with you, as I could have wished, but it is not often that I can do as I would. I am not strong enough to tell you more. I am yours, my dear mother, with all my heart, and the same to my dear portress. M. R."

Directed, " For our dear mother." [2]

In a letter of a later date, she writes more at length, and enters into some few particulars of her illness. From one allusion, it appears that her ecclesiastics had been amusing her with an account of the miracles said to have been wrought through the intercession of her deceased consort. Accounts that were at first very cautiously received by Mary Beatrice. It is, on the whole, a very curious letter:—

" At St. Germains, this 2nd of May.

" At length, my dear mother, I find a moment of time and enough health to write to you. It is certain that I have had a very bad cold for some days past. The nights of Friday and Saturday were so bad, I having passed them almost entirely in coughing, and with palpitations of the heart, that the doctors at last resolved to bleed me, of which they have no reason to repent, for I am now quite well, not having had any more of the cough, and the palpitations of the heart have been much less; but this last night has been the best, and I can say the only entirely good one that I have had for eight months."

" But enough of my poor body. As for my heart, it is in the same state as it was when I left you, never better but often worse, according to the things which happen in the day. These are always wearisome to me, and very disagreeable. I have had, however, the day before yesterday, the pleasure of seeing the king (Louis XIV.) for an hour and a half, and yesterday madame de M—— was here nearly two and a half. But in truth their affairs are not pleasant, and they have throughout a bad aspect; but God can change all that in one moment when it shall please him, and he will do it if it be for his glory and for our good. It is this only that should be asked of him, without wishing for anything else.

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[1] Inedited letters in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

"I am impatient to see the brother of the curé of St. Poursain. I hope that you will send him to me soon. I have seen about the conversion of souls, which is a greater miracle than the healing of bodies, attributed to the intercession of our holy king, and which gave me pleasure, although I am not so sensible of it as I could wish. Alas, I know not of what I am made; the only sensibility that remains in me is for pain. But I am obliged to you, my ever dear mother, for the holy jealousy you have of my love to God. Beseech him to renew it in this poor heart, which, after all, is devoid of rest when it is not occupied with him."[1]

The royal widow of England goes on to speak of a subject of distressing import to her, poverty:—"I am ashamed," she says, "of not having sent you all the money that I owe you. I will do it the first opportunity. I dare not tell you the state I am in for want of money; it would give you too much pain." It seems, however, as if a present to the convent was to be extracted out of the narrow finances of the royal devotee at this most inconvenient season—a present for which the abbess was to advance the purchase-money on her own account. "Let the veil of the chalice, and all the other necessary things, be provided," continues her majesty, "for it must be done, and in a few days you will be paid. Adieu, my dear mother; in three weeks you shall see us, if it should please God that my poor children be well."[2] The holy ladies of Chaillot had sent an offering from their garden to the queen; for she says, in her postscript, "the salad was admirable, and the flowers very beautiful." I hope that the king, my son, and my daughter will thank you for them by lady Almond; but I always do so, both for them and me. I am sorry," she adds, "that your nephew has not got anything. He must humble himself, and not attach himself to things of this earth, for all fail."

It was about this period that the dreadful malady which had appeared a few months before king James's death, began to assume a painful and alarming form. When her majesty consulted the celebrated Fagon on her case, and entreated him to tell her the truth, without reserve, he frankly acknowledged that the cancer was incurable; but assured her, at the same time, that her existence might be prolonged for many years, if she would submit to a series of painful operations, and adhere strictly to the regimen he would prescribe. She replied, "that life was too weari-

[1] Autograph letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Ibid.

some to her to be worth the trouble of preserving on such terms!" but, repenting of her passionate exclamation, as an act of sinful impatience, she added, "that she would endeavour to conform herself to the will of God, and was willing to do everything her physicians required of her."[1] She gives the following account of her progress towards convalescence in a letter to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"It is certain that I have suffered enough with my breast during fifteen days, but it is also true that there were fifteen in which I did not suffer more, and that for the last three or four days it appears better than it has done for some months. Nevertheless, I fear that the anguish will return after a time. It must be as God pleases. I supplicate him always, and I intreat you to do the same, that he will deign to diminish my ills or augment my patience. I intreat him with all my heart for the alleviation of your sufferings, but above all, for the sanctification of your soul; for I regard that of the first importance, as I know you do that of mine.

"The king my son has continued well since my sickness; God never sends all my crosses at the same time. I hope that God of his grace will give me strength to go to Chaillot about the 11th or 12th of next month. My journey to Fontainebleau is not yet certain, nor can it be for the present. My daughter trembles with fear lest I should not go. I went the other day to Marli; the coach did not increase my indisposition, God be thanked."[2]

Unfit as poor Mary Beatrice was for the excitement and fatigue of business at that period, she was compelled to rouse herself from the languid repose in which her bodily sufferings had compelled her to indulge, in order to decide on a question of painful import to her. Simon Fraser, generally styled lord Lovat,[3] had immediately on the death of king William proclaimed the exiled representative of the house of Stuart king of Scotland, in his own county of Inverness; and soon after, presented himself at the court of St. Germains, for the purpose of persuading the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was there entitled, to allow the young prince to follow up this daring act in his favour, by making his appearance among his faithful friends in Scotland, engaging, at the same time, to raise an army of 12,000 men in the highlands, provided the king of France would assist them with arms and money, and land 5000 men at Dundee, and 500 at Fort William. Mary Beatrice,

[1] Chaillot MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice to Angelique Priolo, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[3] For the fullest particulars of this remarkable person, the reader is referred to his biography in that pleasing and valuable adjunct to the history of the royal Stuarts, "The Lives of the Jacobites," by Mrs. A. T. Thomson.

enfeebled by her long illness, depressed by the disappointment of the vain hope she had cherished, that her step-daughter, Anne, would not presume to ascend the throne of Great Britain, after her oft-repeated penitential professions to her unfortunate father, and in defiance of his death-bed injunctions, listened doubtfully to the project. Her two favourite ministers, Caryl and Middleton, had united in persuading her, that it was only through the medium of treaties and amicable conventions that her son could be established as the reigning sovereign of Great Britain; that his cause would be injured by the introduction of French troops; and that there was reason to believe his sister Anne cherished favourable intentions towards him, which would be inevitably destroyed by attempts to disturb her government. On the other hand, the duke of Perth, who was the governor of the prince, and had been much beloved by the late king, endeavoured to stimulate the queen to a more energetic policy. He showed her a letter from the marquess of Drummond, his eldest son, assuring him that the principal lords of Scotland were ready to take up arms in favour of their hereditary sovereign, if he might only be permitted to appear among them—nay, more, that a deputation from them was ready to make a voyage to France, to tender fealty in person to the young king.[1]

The marquess of Drummond, sir John Murray, and sir Robert Stuart, the head of the clan of Stuart, wrote also to the queen and to the French minister, the marquis of Torcy, by lord Lovat, in whom they entirely confided, to urge the same, assuring her that Scotland was ready to throw off the yoke of the queen of England, and to assert her independence as a separate kingdom, under the sceptre of the representative of the royal house of Stuart. Ireland was eager to follow the same course; but it was necessary that he should appear among them, for it could not be expected that sacrifices should be made, and perils of life and limb incurred, for an invisible chief.[2] Middleton opposed their plans, and urged the doubtful integrity of Lovat, and the certain dangers to which the prince and his friends would be exposed, and that he had better await patiently, as

[1] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Inedited Memorial of the duke of Perth, in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

[2] Ibid.

queen Anne was childless, and, though still in the meridian of life, her extreme corpulence and general infirmity of constitution rendered it improbable that she would occupy the throne long, and, as a matter of course, the prince would, on her death, peacefully succeed to the throne. In the meantime, he was too young to exercise the functions of regality in his own person, and would be better employed in finishing his education, under the eye of his royal mother, than roaming about in a wild, unsettled country like Scotland, with rude highland chiefs, from whom he might acquire habits of intemperance and ferocity, and be exposed to the perils of battle and siege, where, as a matter of necessity, he must conduct himself with the daring gallantry that would be expected from a royal knight-errant. Above all, there was the chance of his falling into the hands of the party that had persecuted him in his cradle, and even before he saw the light. Mary Beatrice was only too ready to yield to reasoning, which was addressed to the fond weakness of maternal love and fear. The terrors of the act of attainder that hung over her boy were always present to her. She remembered the fate of another disinherited and rejected prince of Wales of disputed birth, "the gallant, springing young Plantagenet," Edward of Lancaster, stabbed by ruthless hands in the presence of the victorious sovereign, whose crown he had presumed to challenge as his right. There was also the unforgotten scaffold of the youthful Conradin of Swabia, the tearful theme of many a tale of poetry and romance in her native Italy, to appal the heart of the fond mother, and she obstinately and with impassioned emotion reiterated her refusal to allow her boy to incur any personal peril during his minority, and while he remained under her guardianship.[1]

Severely as the conduct of Mary Beatrice at this juncture has been censured in the Perth memorials,[2] it must, at any rate, exonerate her from the calumnious imputation of having imposed a spurious heir on England, since, if she had been capable of the baseness imputed to her by Burnet,

[1] Posthumous memorial of the duke of Perth on the causes of the political errors of the court and regency of St. Germains during the minority of the son of James II. Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

[2] Portfolio of inedited State Papers in the Bibliothèque du Roi. St. Germains MSS.

Fuller, Oldmixon, and their servile copyists, she would have used her political puppet in any way that appeared likely to tend to her own aggrandizement, without being deterred by inconvenient tenderness for an alien to her blood, especially as her young daughter would be the person benefited by his fall, if he became a victim. With the prospect of a crown for her daughter, and the dignity and power of a queen-regent of Great Britain for herself, would such a woman, as she has been represented by the above writers, have hesitated to place a supposititious prince in the gap for the accomplishment of her selfish object? But the all-powerful instincts of nature were obeyed by Mary Beatrice, in her anxious care for the preservation of the son of her bosom—that unerring test whereby the wisest of men was enabled to discern the true mother of the child from the impostor, who only pretended to be so. The leaven of selfish ambition had no place in the heart of the fallen queen. She was ardently desirous of seeing her son recalled to the throne, which she at any rate regarded as his rightful inheritance, and her portionless daughter recognised as princess royal of Great Britain, and, after her brother, presumptive heiress of the realm—a station which the extraordinary beauty and fine qualities of the young Louisa promised to adorn. As for herself, she had felt the pains and penalties of royalty too severely to desire the responsibility of governing her former subjects in quality of queen-regent. The genuine simplicity of her character, and the warmth of her affections, are unaffectedly manifested in the following letter to her friend Angelique:

"St. Germains, this 17th of July.

"I have but one moment, my dear mother, to tell you that I am very well, and my children also. I went to Marli on Thursday, and found M. de M—— (madame de Maintenon) ill enough, but, thank God, she finds herself at present much better.

"Lady Tyrconnell assures me that all the embroidery will be done for the beginning of September. I beg you not to spare my purse about it, for things of that kind should not be done at all, unless they be well done; and for this, above all, which regards the dear and holy king, I would give to my very chemise.

"I rejoice that our sick are cured, and that the ceremony of the new novice has been so well accomplished. I am hurried to the last moment. Adieu! I embrace you at the foot of the Cross.

Superscribed—"To the mother Priolo."[1]

[1] Autograph letter of the widow of king James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

The embroidery mentioned by Mary Beatrice in this letter, and which she exhorts the abbess not to spare expense in having well executed, was for the decoration of the tribune in the conventual church of Chaillot, where the heart of her deceased consort, king James, was enshrined, and was to be placed there at the anniversary of his death. That day was kept by Mary Beatrice as a strict fast to the end of her life, and it was commemorated by the *religieuses* of Chaillot with all the pompous solemnities of the Romish ritual. A vast number of persons, of whom the aged bishop of Autun was the foremost, asserted "that they had been cured of various maladies by touching the velvet pall that covered his coffin, and entreating the benefit of his prayers and intercessions." These superstitious notions were, doubtless, the result of highly excited imaginations, wrought upon by the enthusiastic reverence with which the memory of this unfortunate monarch was held in France. The grief of his faithful consort was beguiled by these marvellous legends, although she at first listened doubtfully, as if conscious of her own weak point, and dreading imposition; but the instances became numerous, and being attested by many ecclesiastics of her own church, she soon received them with due unction, and flattered herself that the time was not far distant when the name of the departed object of her undying love would be added to the catalogue of royal saints and confessors, in the Romish calendar.

When Mary Beatrice entered upon the second year of her widowhood, she passed several days in meditation, prayer, and absolute seclusion from the world; during that period she neither received visitors, wrote letters, nor even transacted business, farther than works of absolute necessity.[1] On the 2nd of October, the day she came into public again, she and her son visited king James's nearest paternal relative and dearest friend, the abbess of Maubisson, the eldest daughter of the queen of Bohemia, for whom she cherished a spiritual friendship. She also held an especial conference with the celebrated father Masillon, the bishop of Autun, cardinal Noailles, and other dignitaries of the church of Rome, on matters which she

[1] Letter of lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

appeared to consider of greater importance than affairs of state—namely, an inscription for the urn which contained the heart of her deceased lord, and the various tributes that had been paid to his memory, in funeral sermons, orations, and circular letters. She writes on these, to her, interesting topics, a long letter to the ex-abbess of Chaillot. The following passage betrays the proneness of human affections to degenerate into idolatry:—

"With regard to the epitaph on the heart of our sainted king, I am of opinion that it ought not to be made so soon, since it is not permitted to expose that dear heart to the public to be venerated as a relic, which, however, it will be one day, if it please God, and I believe that it ought to be delayed till that time. M. d'Autun appears of the same opinion, and also M. le Cardinal, who was with me yesterday two hours on my coming out of my retreat, which has decided me entirely on that point, by saying it ought not to be done at present. Meantime, they are going to make that (an epitaph) for our parish here, which I forgot to tell him (the cardinal) yesterday, or, rather, I should say, to remind him of it, for he knows it very well."

The literary reader will perhaps be amused to find her majesty in the next place entering so far into the technicalities of publishing, as to discuss new editions, printers, and the business of the press with sister Françoise Angelique Priolo, who appears to have been the fair chronicler of the convent of Chaillot, to whose reminiscences of the royal widow her biographer is so much indebted. The well known obituary of James II., published in the circular letter of Chaillot, seems to have emanated from the same friendly pen, for Mary Beatrice says—

"About the new edition of the circular letter, I pray you to tell our mother (who is willing, I believe, that this letter should serve for her as well as you) that it is true I told M. d'Autun that we would talk it over together at the end of the month, not thinking that you were obliged to go to press before then. M. le Cardinal told me yesterday, that unless I wished for the impression myself, he saw no immediate reason for the reprint; but if you are pressed for it, or if you apprehend the printer will be otherwise engaged, I have nothing to say against the first part, but you must see that they omit all that regards me—that is to say, that they content themselves with naming my name, and mentioning that I was among you for three days. As to the rest, I confess that I am not of opinion that they ought to add anything new to the letter, at least not before the abridged copies that I had printed are all gone; and M. d'Autun and M. le Cardinal are of the same mind. But really I cannot imagine that there can be any such hurry about it, as to prevent us from waiting till we shall have discussed the matter together; for I intend, if it please God, to come to Chaillot on the 23rd till the 27th, and then, perhaps, my reasons will convert you to my opinion, or yours may make me change it, for it seems to me in general that we are much of the same mind.

"I thank our mother and all our sisters with my whole heart, and you especially, my beloved mother, for what you did at the anniversary of my

sainted king. All those who were present considered that everything was admirably performed, and with much solemnity, which gave me great pleasure; for if there remain in me any sensibility for that, it is only in those things connected with the memory of the dear king. I have read with pleasure, although not without tears, his funeral oration, which I consider very fine, and I have begged the abbé Roguette to have it printed. I entreat our mother to send the bills of all the expenses, without forgetting the smallest, any more than the largest. I will endeavour to pay them immediately, or at least a good part of them: and after that is done, I shall still owe you much; for the heartfelt affection with which you have done all, is beyond payment, and will hold me indebted to you for the rest of my life. Madame de Maintenon has been very ill since she came to Fontainebleau. Last Thursday the fever left her, and for four days she was much better. She went out on Sunday, was at mass, and they considered her recovered, but on Monday the fever attacked her again. I await tidings of her to-day, with impatience, having sent an express yesterday to make inquiries. M. d'Autun was charged to request père Masillon from me for his sermon on St. Francis de Sales. I hope he will not have forgotten it.

"On reading over my letter, I find it so ill written in all respects, that I know not whether you will be able to comprehend anything. Did I not force myself to write, I believe I should forget how to do it entirely. I am ashamed; but with you, my dear mother, who know my heart, there is less need of words."[1]

The royal widow was roused from her dreams of spiritual communion with her departed lord, by the turmoils and perplexities which awaited her in the affairs of her nominal regency. In the autumn of 1702, the subtle adventurer, Simon, lord Lovat, presented himself once more at St. Germains, bringing with him letters from two faithful adherents of the house of Stuart, the earl of Errol and the earl mareschal of Scotland, lord Keith. Aware that he had been an object of distrust to Mary Beatrice, he sought to win her confidence and favour, by professing to have become a convert to the doctrines of the church of Rome. He had succeeded in persuading not only the duke of Perth, but the pope's nuncio, of his sincerity, and he was presented by that ecclesiastic to her majesty as a perfectly regenerate character, who was willing to atone for all past errors by his efforts for the establishment of her son as king of Scotland, as the preparatory step for placing him on the throne of Great Britain.

Simple and truthful as infancy herself, Mary Beatrice suspected not that motives of a base and treacherous nature could have led him to a change of creed so greatly opposed at that time to all worldly interests. She was willing to

[1] Autograph letter of the widowed queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France. Chaillot MSS.

believe that all his professions of zeal for the church, and devotion to the cause of her son were sincere. His specious eloquence was employed to persuade her that Scotland was ready to declare her son king, and to maintain him as such against the power of his sister Anne, but they wanted money, and for the present secrecy.[1] The latter was a quality in which the regency court of St. Germains was notoriously deficient, as the devoted partisans of the Stuart cause had found too often to their cost. The fact that no secret could be kept at St. Germains, had past into a warning proverb with the great nobles of Scotland, and served to deter several of those who were desirous of the restoration of the old royal line from taking steps for compassing this object.[2]

Although Mary Beatrice was in the habit of disclosing her cares, whether spiritual, personal, or political, to her friends at Chaillot, she relied so implicitly on the supposed impossibility of confidence that was reposed in such a quarter ever finding its way to the rival court at St. James's, that she suffered her mind to be imbued with suspicions that the earl of Middleton was not trust-worthy. Lovat assured her that the success of the confederacy of his friends in the highlands, depended entirely on her keeping it secret from him. Thus she was cajoled into the folly of deceiving her ostensible adviser, the man who stood responsible for her political conduct, and she stripped herself of the last poor remnant of property she possessed in the world, by sending the residue of her jewels to Paris, to be sold for 20,000 crowns, the sum demanded by Lovat for the equipment of the highlanders, whom he had engaged to raise for the restoration of her son. Lovat also insinuated suspicions that the most powerful partisan of her family in Scotland, the earl of Arran, afterwards duke of Hamilton, intended to revive the ancient claims of his family to the crown of that realm, and thus probably traversed the secret overtures for a future marriage between the heir of that house and the young princess Louisa: nothing alarmed the widowed queen so much as the possibility of her daughter ever being set up by any party, whatsoever, as a rival of her son.

The ruin that might have ensued to the Jacobite nobles

[1] Macpherson's State Papers. [2] Ibid., from Nairne's MSS.

and gentry from the rash confidence placed by Mary Beatrice in Lovat, was averted by the sagacity of Louis XIV.'s minister, Torcy, who gave the earl of Middleton timely warning of the intrigue. Middleton, though deeply piqued at the want of confidence shown by his royal mistress, was too faithful a servant to allow her to fall into the snares of the unprincipled adventurer. He gravely discussed the matter with her, complained of being a useless tool himself, but besought her not to send Lovat to Scotland without being accompanied by some person of known and tried integrity, to keep watch on him, and report his proceedings to her and her council of regency. Torcy made the same demand in the name of the king his master. Captain John Murray, brother to sir David Murray of Stanhope, was entrusted with this office, and arrived with Lovat, in the north of England, early in the summer of 1703.[1]

The exiled queen, in the midst of the cares and perplexities with which she found herself beset, as the guardian of a prince so unfortunately situated as her son, was struggling with the pangs and apprehensions excited by the progress of her terrible malady. In one of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, dated St. Germains, this 2nd of September, she gives the following account of herself:

"I continued in the same languishing state in which I was at Chaillot, three or four days after I left you; and since that, on my return here, I had my breast lanced many times for several days; after this was over, the pain ceased, as well as the languor, and I am much better. I took, the day before yesterday, a little bath, which I shall repeat more or less, for I have already bathed fifteen times.

"Beaulieu will see you to-morrow or Tuesday, and he will give you an account of what Mareschal said after he had seen me. He goes to Paris to see that woman of whom you know, and those who are in her hands, who are better. They will bring her others on whom to try this remedy. Mareschal has assured me that there are not any of them whose case is near so bad as mine. In the meantime, I avow to you that I am not without apprehension, and that I have great need of prayer; for we must begin and finish with that. I request of our dear mother and sisters to unite with me in this, having no necessity to explain to them my wants, which they know of old. I must ask you to send the money to the Benedictine fathers for the masses, in order that they may not know that it is for me."

Mary Beatrice goes on to explain the object which she hoped to obtain by means far less likely to be pleasing to the Almighty, than the holy and humble spirit of pious resignation which she expresses.

[1] Stuart Papers. Macpherson's History of England. Life of Lord Lovat.

Her "sainted king," as she fondly calls her departed lord, "is to be invoked to the end," continues she, "that he may entreat for me, of God, an entire resignation to his holy will, like what he had himself when on earth, and that I may feel a holy indifference as to the cure or augmentation of my malady, and that the Lord would inspire the physicians and surgeons, in their treatment of me, to do whatever may conduce most to his glory, and the good of my soul, in healing me, if by that means, I am still able to serve him better, and to be useful to my children, or else to give me the patience and fortitude necessary to suffer the greatest torments, if it should be more agreeable to him."[1]

"It is two years to-day," continues the royal widow, and this remark proves that her letter was written in the year 1703, "since the king (James) fell ill on the day of St. Stephen, king of Hungary." After a few more explanations about the course of religious exercises she wished to have performed in her behalf, she sends her kind messages to several of the ladies of Chaillot, and especially to sister M. Gabrielle, "in whose grief," she says, "I sympathize with all my heart, for I know what it is to have lost a good mother, but her virtue will sustain her under it, and God will be to her in the place of all she has lost. It is that consolation I desire for her."

Notwithstanding the earnest wish of Mary Beatrice to submit herself to the will of her Heavenly Father, feeble nature could not contemplate the dreadful nature of the death that awaited her without shrinking; the regular medical practitioners could only palliate the anguish of the burning pangs which tormented her. The nuns of Chaillot, though to this day the remnant of that community profess to be possessed of a specific for cancers, had failed to arrest the progress of the disease in its earlier stages, and now she was tempted to put herself under the care of a female who boasted of having performed great cures in cases of the kind. Madame de Maintenon, knowing how desperate were the remedies often employed by empirics, was alarmed lest the sufferings of her unfortunate friend should be aggravated, and her death hastened, by allowing any unqualified person to tamper with her disease. This lady

[1] Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot Collection, Hotel de Soubise.

appears to have behaved in a tenderly, sympathizing manner to the royal sufferer, whose account of the interview must be given in her own words.

"We wept much together at St. Cyr, at the sad state in which I found myself. She does not much advise me to put myself into the hands of this woman. She said that if I began to give ear to those sort of people, I should have *charlatans* besetting me every day with offers of remedies, which would keep me in a perpetual state of uncertainty and embarrassment. However, she agreed that they ought to give a fair trial of her (the doctress's) remedy. This we will do; and, in the meantime, I will try to tranquillize my mind, and resign myself entirely into the hands of God, and I can do no more."[1]

The progress of her direful malady appears to have been arrested for a time by the operations to which she had submitted; she describes herself, in her next letter, as better, though very weak. She says "she hopes to have the pleasure of coming to spend a week at Chaillot, if her health continues to improve, and to go one day to Paris while there, if strong enough; but if not," continues she, "I shall repose myself with my dear good mother, I shall hope to find myself in excellent health after your broth."[2] Her majesty appears to have derived benefit both in health and spirits from this little journey.

Mademoiselle de la Motte, a lady of noble family, who boarded in the convent, was suffering from the same complaint as the poor queen, and was disposed to try the cancer doctress at Paris. The queen's French surgeon, Beaulieu, had placed a poor woman who was thus afflicted, under the care of the doctress, in order to give her remedies a fair trial, and he was disposed to think favourably of the result.[3] After her return to St. Germains, the queen writes the following letter to calm the apprehensions of her friend Angelique Priolo, who had heard that she was alarmingly ill:

"St. Germains, 9th November.

"In the name of Heaven, my dear mother, be at rest with regard to me. I can assure you with truth that my health is good, my strength entirely renewed. I eat well. I sleep, not always well, but never very ill. As for my breast, if there be any change since I quitted you, it is for the better. I think so myself, and I am not accustomed to flatter myself.

"Beaulieu went yesterday to Paris, and assures me that he found the sick woman considerably better since the fortnight that he has placed her in the house of the woman, where she has been well looked to and attended, and eaten nothing injurious. I know not if mademoiselle de la Motte has done what we resolved on, but there is yet time, for I believe it is nothing so much

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

advanced as my malady. I have had no pain myself for some days, and I find myself at present sufficiently at rest. Be so yourself, my dear and too good mother, and begin your retreat without disquiet. I suppose you will enter upon it to-morrow, for it will not be more than ten days before we shall see each other. Send me, this evening, tidings of your health, and take care of it for the love of me, who have such need of your care and of your advice. Adieu, my dear mother. Let us come to God; let us live but for him, and let us love only him.

"Since writing my letter, they have resolved to give the holy viaticum to lady Almond.

"I send to you six books to distribute thus—to our mother, yourself, mademoiselle de la Motte, M. d'Autun, M. de Brienne, l'abbé de Roguette, but do not send this till the last, as I have not yet given to M. le cardinal de Noailles, or to M. le Nuncio; which I shall do in two or three days, after having sent to the princes of the blood, having, as yet, given but to the king and to madame de Maintenon."[1]

The books mentioned by Mary Beatrice, were copies of a brief memoir of James II., which had been prepared and printed at her expense. It is written in French, in a feeble inflated style, having many words and few facts, and those by no means interesting to historians, being chiefly descriptive of his devotional exercises. The royal widow, however, frequently alludes to this work in the course of her correspondence with the holy ladies of Chaillot, who were of course highly edified with it. In a subsequent letter to the abbess of that house, she says, "I send you this letter by father Bouchet, and a book of the life of the king for him to give you, to replace that which you have given to him. We are all very well," continues her majesty, "and my son does not mount his horse with such impetuosity as to incur any danger."[2]

Other letters of the widowed queen, at this period, are of a less cheerful character; sickness was in her household and her family. Her son was dangerously ill, and the friend of her childhood, the countess of Almond, struggling with a mortal malady. Death had already entered her palace, and begun to desolate her little world, by thinning the train of faithful servants who had followed her and her deceased consort into exile. On the 6th of December, 1703, she writes to her friend Angelique Priolo:—

"We have lost, this morning, a good old man, named Dupuy; he had been with our sainted king more than forty years, and was himself turned of eighty. He was a very good man, and I doubt not that God has taken him to his

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

mercy.[1] Our poor lady Almond has begun to amend a little since yesterday. I hope that we shall accomplish her business, if it pleases God. I thank our mother and sisters for the prayers they have made for her, and request their continuation, for she is a person very dear to me, and has been useful to me for nearly forty years. But we have another want for your prayers, for the king, my son, was attacked with fever yesterday afternoon. I hope, however, nothing will come of it, for he is not worse this morning. The shivering began at seven o'clock. He did not go to bed till near nine, and the perspiration lasted till five. They have given him a remedy this morning, which has greatly relieved him, and I hope the worst is over. We cannot, however, be sure till to-morrow is past; so, if you have no tidings from me after to-morrow, you are to conclude that he is better. My own health appears to me better than it has ever been. God grant that I may serve him the better for it."

The countess of Almond, for whom Mary Beatrice expresses so much solicitude in the above letter, was the Anna Vittoria Montecuculi of the early pages of her biography, the same who accompanied her to England when she left her own country as the virgin bride of the duke of York. Lady Almond was, with the exception of Madame Molza, the last surviving of the companions of her childhood by whom Mary Beatrice was attended on that occasion. One of the few who could sympathize with her feelings towards the land of her birth, or enter into her reminiscences of the old familiar palace where they were both brought up. Her majesty mentions her again with tender concern, in the following letter to Angelique Priolo:—

" St. Germains, 26th of March.

" The abbé de Roguette will charge himself with this letter, and save me from sending my courier to-day, as I had intended. The letter of milady Strickland was already written. You will see that I greatly approve of your thought of putting mademoiselle de Dempsy at Amiens. I wish they would take her for three months, and I would pay her pension. She will give you an account also of lady Almond, who has had a bad night. However, I don't think she is so near death as I believed, the other day. They decide absolutely that she goes to Forge; I greatly fear she will never return, but they must do all they can, then leave the event to God. Milady Strickland gives you the account of my health, which is good—better, indeed, than usual. I hope that nothing will prevent me from embracing you, my dear mother, on Monday next, before Complin. It must not, however, wait for me, for I am not very sure of my time. I believe that I shall go to Marli one day this week."

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[1] Monsieur Dupuy was one of those who were present when Anne Hyde, duchess of York, the first wife of James II., received the last sacraments of the church of Rome. Mrs. Dupuy, the accomplished author of that very elegant work, "Illustrations of British Costume," is possessed of several interesting family heir-looms, gifts of the royal Stuarts, traditionally derived from the old and faithful servant of James II., whose loss Mary Beatrice laments in this letter.

On the 19th of April, her majesty thanks Angelique Priolo for the sympathy she had expressed for the great loss, "Which," says she,—

"I have had of our dear lady Almond.[1] You know better than any other the cause I have to regret her; and you give so true a description of my feelings, that I have nothing to add to it. Yet I must own to you that my heart is so full of grief in its desolation since my great loss, that all others appear of less account to me than they would have done before that time." * * * *

"I have been so often interrupted, since I have been writing to you, that I know not what I have said, and I am too much pressed for time to write to our mother. * * * The king, Louis XIV., came to-day; madame de Maintenon may, perhaps, to-morrow. Lady Bulkeley gives you an account of the sickness of the king, my son. It will be of no consequence, please God, but I was alarmed the day before yesterday, in the evening.

"I am grieved for the indisposition of mademoiselle de la Motte. Assure her of my regard, and the beloved *econome*. I see well how much the good heart of the dear portress has felt the death of lady Almond. I thank you and our mother for all the prayers you make and have made for that dear departed one. They cannot doubt of her happiness from the history of her life, and of her death, which had all the marks of a death precious in the sight of God. Alas, I did not believe it had been so near! It is impossible to tell you more, for I have not a moment of time."[2]

The occupations of Mary Beatrice were anything but agreeable at this period, when the treachery of a plausible villain made the loss of the tried friends of early life appear irreparable calamities. Lord Lovat had returned to St. Germains, in the preceding January, 1704, and delivered a false account of the proceedings in Scotland and the north of England. "At Durham," he said, "in particular, the catholics received him with open arms, and when he showed them the picture of the young king, knelt down and kissed it, and prayed for him; that there was a general meeting of all the gentlemen of that persuasion soon after, and that they sent four of their number to entreat him to inform the queen, that all the catholics in the north of England were ready to venture their lives and fortunes for the king, whenever his banner should be displayed in that country; also, that an Irish nobleman declared, that if the king of France would send them arms, he would engage 5000 men to rise in Ireland. That the earl of Leven, on his representations, begged him to make his

[1] Inedited letters of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

peace with the young king, and even the earl of Argyle had said, that rather than the duke of Hamilton should get the crown, he and his kindred and clan would be the first to draw his sword for that prince."[1] Mary Beatrice listened at first with eager credulity, to tales so flattering to her maternal hopes, and returned a gracious answer, without consulting lord Middleton. She had not seen, though her biographer has the irrefragable evidences of Lovat's treachery in the letters addressed by him to the earl of Nottingham,[2] commencing with the date of his first appearance at St. Germains in 1699, proving that he came there as the accredited spy of king William's cabinet, to earn, not only pardon for his past offences, but rewards for betraying the secrets of the exiled court. Mary Beatrice had misdoubted him then, and regarding his private character with disgust, induced her royal husband to forbid him their presence; but his pretended conversion and zeal for the church of Rome, made her fancy that he was a regenerate person. Her cooler minister, lord Middleton, detected at a glance discrepancies in Lovat's statements; he waited on the queen and showed her a duplicate memorial which Lovat had sent to him. Her majesty replied, "that she had received one of the same date, and to the same purpose, to which she had given her answer already." Middleton, surprised and mortified, replied, drily, "that was enough," and withdrew, observing in the bitterness of his heart, that "he was but an useless tool." He determined, however, not to indulge his resentful feelings so far as to leave the game in the hands of Lovat, by resigning his post, after the diplomatic affront he had received from her majesty. He laid the matter dispassionately before the French minister, de Torcy and the nuncio, and got the latter to disabuse the queen. He also induced him to propound a list of questions to Lovat, in the name of her majesty; especially demanding who the Irish nobleman, and the gentlemen in the north were, who had, as he pretended, made such large promises of assistance to the cause. Lovat declared, "that one and all had engaged him to promise not to tell their names to any one but the queen, to whom," he said, "he was ready to declare them in private audience; and then only on

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson.
[2] Inedited MSS. in the Bibliothèque du Roi.

her majesty giving her royal word not to reveal them to the members of her council, because they had experienced how little they regarded secrecy."[1] When captain John Murray, the companion of Lovat's journey, whom he had contrived to leave in the lurch arrived at St. Germains, he produced many proofs that the latter was the bribed instrument of queen Anne's cabinet. Lovat took up the tone of an injured person, and wrote to the earl of Middleton:

"I am daily informed that the queen has but a scurvy opinion of me, and that I rather did her majesty had than good service by my journey. My lord, I find by that that my enemies have greater power with the queen than I have; and to please them and ease her majesty, I am resolved to have no more to do with them till the king is of age."

In conclusion, he tells Middleton, "that he relies on the promises the *lady*," meaning Mary Beatrice, "had made in his behalf."[2]

A letter from the earl of Aylesbury to the young prince's almoner, Saunders, soon after arrived, stating that the expenses of Lovat's journey to St. Germains, had been defrayed by the cabinet of St. James's.

The duke of Berwick wrote also to Mary Beatrice, warning her against Lovat, and enclosed a letter from an Irish priest, called father Farrell, exposing the base treachery he had practised against a faithful adherent of her son's cause in London:

"Your majesty," says Berwick, "will see here a new confirmation of Lovat's knavery; and I believe it is absolutely necessary that your majesty send a French translation of this paper to the marquis de Torcy. The affair is of great consequence, and your majesty may depend that the king's affairs are ruined unless lord Lovat is apprehended."[3]

In consequence of Berwick's advice, Lovat was arrested by the French government, and sent to the castle of Angoulême, abundant reason appeared for detaining him a close prisoner for several years. One of his objects in cajoling the widowed queen of James II., was to obtain credentials to the adherents of the Jacobite cause. Mary Beatrice had entrusted him with a letter to the duke of Gordon; this he used as a weapon in a quarrel of his own, by transferring it to an envelope addressed to his great enemy, the duke of Athol, and then placing it in the

[1] Stuart Papers. Macpherson. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

hands of Queensberry, as an evidence that Athol was in correspondence with the mother of the disinherited representative of the house of Stuart. There can be no doubt but the employment of so unprincipled a person as Lovat did an infinity of mischief to the Jacobite cause in Scotland, especially as the cabinet of queen Anne made use of his information as a pretence for pursuing arbitrary measures to overawe the opposers of the union. The intrigues and counter intrigues, the double treasons, the bribery and corruption, the agitation and the follies, that were perpetrated at that momentous crisis, belong to general history, and can only be occasionally alluded to in these pages, in illustration of the letters and personal conduct of the unfortunate widow of the last of our Stuart kings, in fulfilment of the duties which her titular office of regent, or guardian to the young prince, their son, imposed on her Alas, for any woman who is placed in circumstances like those, with which Mary Beatrice had to struggle, while carrying the fire in her bosom, that was slowly consuming her living frame, denied the repose for which her suffering body and weary spirit sighed, conscious of her own helplessness, and tossed like a feather on a strong stream, by the adverse currents of warring parties.

The duke of Marlborough, in his secret correspondence with the court of St. Germains, lamented that his nephew, the duke of Berwick, should have been removed to Spain, instead of remaining on the spot, to be in readiness for action. He was, in fact, the proper person to have acted for the young prince, his half-brother, being the only man of talent and decision, at the exiled court. He enjoyed, moreover, the entire confidence of his royal father's widow, who entertained almost a maternal affection for him, and he always treated her with profound respect, and bears the highest testimony to her moral worth, in his memoirs, where he speaks of her testimony, in a disputed matter, as decisive. "The queen told me so," says he, emphatically, "and she was a princess of great veracity." Berwick had good reason to think well of Mary Beatrice. She had stood his friend with his royal father twice, when he had displeased him by contracting love marriages; Berwick having, after the death of his first duchess, wedded one of her majesty's maids of honour, the daughter of colonel and lady Sophia

Bulkeley, Mary Beatrice kindly appointed the young duchess of Berwick as lady of the bed-chamber, and treated her almost as if she had been a daughter of her own, retaining her about her person during the duke's absence in his campaigns.[1] After the death of king James, Berwick wishing to be naturalized as a subject of France, her majesty exerted her utmost influence with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, to promote his interests. She also wrote in his behalf so warmly to the princess des Ursins, whom she had formerly known in her early youth, and, indeed, claimed kindred with, through her mother, the late duchess of Modena, that she succeeded in obtaining for him the post of generalissimo of the French armies sent by Louis to support his grandson's pretensions to the crown of Spain, against the archduke Charles, queen Anne's protegé.[2] The brilliant exploits of the son of James II. in that campaign were certainly such as to do honour to the earnest recommendation of his royal step-mother, if that title may be bestowed on Mary Beatrice.

Those who are familiar with Marlborough's secret transactions, under the feigned name of Armsworth, with the court of St. Germains, and its agents in England and Holland, and, at the same time, trace the rise and progress of the deadly hatred between his imperious helpmate and queen Anne, will be at no loss to divine the nature of the project that was inadvertently traversed by the successful efforts of Mary Beatrice, for the employment of the brilliant talents of one so near and dear to her departed lord, in a more important sphere than her impoverished shadow of a court could offer. If she had possessed the selfish talents meet for the position she occupied, she would have prevented Berwick from divorcing his fortunes from those of her son, in order to secure those services in his cause, which were eventually the means of establishing the intrusive Bourbon dynasty on the throne of Spain. Berwick was, perhaps, the only man attached to the cause of her son, whom the cautious favourite of fortune, Marlborough, could rely on; and when he was removed from the scene, the game might be considered a losing one.

In August, 1704, Louis XIV. gave a grand fête and

[1] St. Simon. [2] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

illuminations at Marli, to celebrate the birth of a great-grandson of France, the infant duke of Bretagne, the first-born of the duke and duchess of Burgundy. Mary Beatrice, with her son and daughter, were among the guests, out of compliment to the titular rank they held in that court, they were given the place of honour, taking precedence of every person but the king of France, who, according to his invariable custom, gave the hand to the widowed queen.[1] Her feelings were little in unison with the pomp and pageantry of royalty, if we may judge from the strain in which she writes the next day to her friend at Chaillot, her faithful heart occupying itself neither on the splendid festivities of which she had been a joyless spectator at Marli, nor the anticipation of those in which she was about to join during her approaching visit to Fontainebleau, but in making arrangements to assist in the services of her church for the mournful anniversary of her beloved consort's death:—

"St. Germains, this Wednesday.

"These three days have I sought for a moment to write to you, my dear mother, to let you know that I shall be, please God, at Chaillot on Monday next, 15th, at five o'clock. I hope you will defer the vespers of the dead till that hour. I cannot come till the day when I am returning here from Fontainebleau, where I shall go on Monday; it will be two days' journey by land, not by water, as M. Fagon does not approve of the latter.

"I went yesterday to Marli, and my daughter also, for the first time. We supped there. I found madame de Maintenon not half well. All have their afflictions. I had not seen her since your misfortune. I can feel with all my heart for desolate wives and mothers. The *religieuses* are happier, for they have nothing nearer than nephews to lose. I am, however, very sorry for that of my dear portress; for the love of her, I have sent to M. de Montespan and M. de Valmy to make my condolences to her sister-in-law, and to say that it was you who informed me of the death of her only son."[2]

The rest of this letter consists of messages of congratulation or sympathy to various members of the sisterhood of Chaillot, and the royal writer adds, with some naïveté:—

"Accommodate all these compliments, for good or ill, properly, my dear mother, for I am so pressed for time that I know not what I say."

The health of her beloved son, that "child of vows and prayers," as his fond father had, with his last breath, called him, was very delicate; indeed, he appeared to hold his

[1] Memoirs of the duke de St. Simon.
[2] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume

life on a tenure so precarious as to be an object of perpetual anxiety to his widowed mother. On the 15th of December, 1704, she writes to the abbess of Chaillot:—

"I thank you for your prayers for the king, my son, and I entreat you to continue them, for certainly he is not better; he had the fever again on Saturday and Sunday. They bled him yesterday morning, and I did not find that his cold was at all relieved by it, but he has no fever to-day. God is the master, and he must do for him and me whatever it shall please him. My daughter is very well, and I am better than usual; but, my dear mother, it will be impossible to be at Chaillot till the Sunday after Christmas. I had reckoned that my sister Le Vayer would take the habit on the Friday, and I should return on the Saturday morning, but in the state in which I see my son, I cannot quit him for some days, and unless he should be better than he is now, I cannot hope to pass Christmas with you."[1]

In the early part of the year 1705, all other cares and anxieties that oppressed Mary Beatrice appear to have been forgotten in her trembling solicitude for the health of her boy. On the 14th of February, she informs her friends at Chaillot, that he continues in a languishing condition, and recommends him to their prayers. Six days later, he was so seriously ill, that the fond mother, in the anguish of her heart, despairing of the power of medical skill to save him, wrote an agitated letter to the abbess of Chaillot, imploring the intercession of that friendly community with Heaven in his behalf; and also that they would endeavour, by earnest prayers, to obtain that of the deceased king, her husband, in whose canonization she was a devout believer, for the recovery of her son.[2]

Her letter contains evidences of fervent but misdirected faith, a fond reliance on the prayers of others for that which should have been sought of God, through the intercession of a divine Mediator, alone. Due allowance ought, however, to be made for the effects of a conventual education on an ardent daughter of the South, and, above all, for the agony of maternal apprehension for the life of her only son, under which she wrote.

No one, but the most tenderly devoted of mothers, could have desired the life of a male claimant of the crown of England to be prolonged, whose existence, alone, prevented the amicable arrangement of all disputes and difficulties, by the recognition of her daughter, the princess Louisa, as the successor of queen Anne. No jealousies could have

[1] Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid.

been entertained by that sovereign of rivalry from a younger sister, and all national fears for the interests of the church of England might have been obviated by a marriage with the hereditary prince of Hanover—a measure that could not even be proposed during the life of her brother. As regarded the succession to the throne of England, the princess Louisa lay under no disabilities, neither acts of attainder nor oaths of abjuration had passed against her; and if the personal existence of this youngest and most promising scion of the Stuart line had never been publicly noticed by contending parties, it was, perhaps, because her political importance was secretly felt by the subtle calculators, who were aware of the delicacy of her brother's constitution, and the yearning of the childless Anne towards a successor of her own name and blood. The death of the unfortunate son of James II., at that epoch, would have excited a general feeling of sympathy for his mother and sister; the stumbling-stone of offence would have been removed, and all fears of civil wars averted, by restoring the regal succession to the regular order. In that case, Mary Beatrice would, as a matter of course, have been recalled to England with her daughter. She would have been relieved from all her debts and pecuniary difficulties by the payment of her jointure and its arrears. She would have had one or more of her former royal abodes assigned for her residence, with a suitable establishment for the youthful heiress-presumptive of the realm, and the prospect of increased power and importance in the event of the princess succeeding to the crown during her minority.

The unexpected recovery of the prince, prevented the realization of this flattering perspective. He completed his seventeenth year, and his sister her thirteenth, in the following June. The princess Louisa, who had inherited all her mother's beauty, was now regularly introduced at the French court, where, as the daughter of a king and queen of England, and sister to a prince whose title to the crown of that realm was supported by France, she was given precedency over every lady there, except her own mother, who always had the place of honour allowed her by Louis XIV. The following particulars of a grand ball at Marli, in July, 1705, at which the royal exiles of St. Germains were present, will show the respectful consideration with which they

were treated. At the upper end of the long spacious saloon in which the ball took place, three fauteuils were placed for the king of France, the widowed queen of England, and her son. Mary Beatrice, as in the life-time of her royal consort, occupied the middle seat. Opposite to them were benches for the dancers; the other members of the royal family occupied pliants. Behind the royal dais were the refreshments. The titular king of England opened the ball with his sister, and the king of France stood all the time they were dancing. This he always would have done every time this young royal pair danced together, if Mary Beatrice had not entreated him to be seated; but it was not till he had paid them this mark of respect twice or thrice, that he would consent to sit down.[1] Mary Beatrice always sat between Louis and her son at supper, with her daughter and the immediate members of the royal family of France. There was a separate table for the officers of her household on these occasions, at which the duke of Perth presided. The attention which had been paid to herself and her children, must have been cheering to the royal widow, for she writes in better spirits than usual to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, immediately after.

St. Germains, 27th July, 1705.

"I believe, my dear mother, that you are almost ready to be in a pet with lady Bulkely and me, because we have been so long without sending you any news. It is true that we are to blame, but you would be much more so if you could think that it was from forgetfulness; for I should as soon forget my children and myself as forget Chaillot and my dear and good mother, Priolo. But since Thursday we have had journeys and fêtes, besides which, my little malady often prevents me from writing, and lady Bulkely likes better to wait till she can send you one of my letters, believing that it will give you more pleasure."

* * * * * * * *

"We are all well here, thank God, and my son much better than usual, and more lively. The last news from Flanders is not good, but he must not be discouraged, nor cease to pray."[2]

From the same letter we learn that Mary Beatrice had spent some days at Chaillot in the beginning of that month, and that she purposed paying another visit to the community there, in the course of a fortnight. She was, however, attacked with a severe relapse of her alarming malady, and

[1] Memoirs de St. Simon, vol. iv. pp. 395-6.

[2] Inedited Letters of Mary Beatrice in Archives au Royaume de France.

she announces her disappointment to the abbess and La Deposée in these words:—

"At St. Germains, this 12th August, 1705.

"After all, my dear mother, there is no more hope of your seeing me for this next holy festival. God wills it not, since he permits my illness to continue, and it is for us to take patience, and submit ourselves to His holy will. I entreat you and my dear mother Priolo, for this letter is written for you both, not to be disquieted on my account, but to recommend me fervently to God, and leaving me in the arms of His providence, be yourselves at rest, for although it is fifteen days that I have suffered from pangs in my bosom almost perpetually, and I have few good nights, yet the pains are not violent, but I cannot bear the motion of a coach. I will send Beaulieu in two or three days, who will render you an exact account of my state, and in the meantime I am very sure that my dear mothers and all our sisters will pray for me to the end that God will grant me either a diminution of my malady or an augmentation of my patience, for I confess to you that it fails me sometimes.

* * * * *

"I fear that my dear mother, Priolo, and my poor little portress will make themselves ill again by afflicting themselves too much about my malady. Try to console them my dear mother, and they will console you with God, who does all for our good.

"There is no opening in my breast, neither does it appear worse than when the mother Priolo saw it the last time.

"I have the three thousand francs all ready, but I counted on bringing them to you to-morrow. You see what I would have done, and if you can wait till my other journey, which I hope God will not prevent me from making in September, I will bring them then." "M. R."

Endorsed, "For our mother."[1]

The poor queen continued under surgical treatment for several weeks. In a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, dated September 14th, expressive of her disappointment at being unable to attend the commemorative service at the conventual church, for the anniversary of king James's death, as the physicians had ordered her to keep her chamber, after making some touching allusions to her sufferings, she says,—"But God is the master, and it is for me to obey and to submit myself with patience, when I cannot with joy, to that which he is pleased to ordain for me, and he has renewed the anguish in my breast for the last four days. * * If after four days," continues her majesty, "I return to my usual state, I think of endeavouring to go to Fontainebleau by water; nothing would draw me there but the love of my daughter, and it will be for the last time in my life, even if that life should be prolonged."[2] Mary Beatrice did not adhere to this resolution, made in the sad-

[1] Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice: Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid.

ness of her heart, at a time when, she declares, that the motion of a coach was insupportable to her, and all the pageantry of a court, full of fatiguing ceremonies and frivolous etiquettes, appeared in the light of vanity and vexation of spirit to her overburdened mind and suffering frame.

In another of her letters to the abbess of Chaillot, evidently written at his period, she says—

"I sent my daughter to you, the other day, my dear mother, and with her my heart and soul, not having power at that time to drag my body thither, but now I hope to have the pleasure of embracing you myself next Thursday. I have been dying to go to Chaillot for the last three months, and at last I cherish the hope that God will permit me that pleasure in three days."[1]

The fallen queen adds, with impressive earnestness—

"But we must strive, above all, to profit our souls by it, and for this purpose we must excite and encourage each other reciprocally to adore and to love the very holy decrees of God in everything that he is pleased to do with us, that we may submit to it with meekness and patience, if we cannot with joy, to which I confess I have not yet attained; but God will assist us in his mercy, and will give us strength proportioned to our difficulties.

"I supplicate this of him with all my heart, and am in Him my dear mother entirely yours, "M. R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother Priolo."[2]

It is certain that the queen's surgeon, Beaulieu, must have possessed great skill in the treatment of cancer, for the fatal progress of this dreadful malady was once more arrested, and the royal patient, to her own surprise, and that of all the world, became convalescent.

A cheering account of the improved health of both mother and son, in the autumn of the same year, appears in the private correspondence of the prince's confessor, father Saunders,[3] dated November 28th, 1705. "The king is very well, and grows tall and strong. The queen, also, is much better than she was, and it is hoped that the lump in her breast is not so dangerous as was once thought. The princess is one of the most complete young ladies of her age, very witty and handsome, and of a most excellent good humour, which gains the hearts of all who know her."

The secret correspondence of the court of St. Germains

[1] Inedited Chaillot Correspondence preserved in the Hotel de Soubise.

[2] Ibid.

[3] Letters of F. Saunders to Meredith, a priest at the English seminary at Rome. Rawlinson's Miscellaneous MSS., No. 21. Bodleian Library, Oxford. Communicated by Mrs. Green.

with the Jacobite agents in England and Scotland, meanwhile, is rather curious than important. Marlborough under the *nom de guerre* of Armsworth, and Godolphin, under the name of Gilburn, or Goulston, are frequently mentioned in Caryl and Middleton's letters, as making professions to the exiled family. The following observation is in one of Caryl's, dated June 30th, 1705:—

"I must also own the receipt of yours of the 3rd of May, wherein you relate what passed between you and Mr. Goulston, which merchant is not so prodigal of his words as his partner Armsworth, and therefore they are somewhat more to be relied on, and unless they both join to deceive, much may be hoped from their agreeing in the same story."[1]

Those double-minded statesmen had assured the widow of James II., that the bill for the protestant succession should be rejected in the Scottish parliament, and that everything that honour and justice could require should be done for the prince of Wales," as they still termed the son of their late master.[2] Mary Beatrice was only too willing to be deceived; and when the bill for extinguishing the hopes of her son was actually thrown out by that senate, she was persuaded by her cabinet to impute it rather to the friendly policy of lord Godolphin, in refraining from attempting to carry the measure by bribery, than to the unalienable attachment of the northern aristocracy to the representative of their ancient monarchs. Godolphin's lingering regard for the exiled queen rendered him really desirous of arranging matters with queen Anne and her cabinet, for the payment of the dowry and its arrears; and if he had possessed the moral courage to come forward openly in parliament, with a manly appeal to the compassion and justice of a generous and chivalric nation, in behalf of the royal widow, (whose destitution was a reproach to those who had been proud to bend the knee before her in the short-lived days of her greatness,) there can be little doubt but her claims would have been allowed. She had an act of parliament in her favour, which even those who had disgraced the name of English peers, by their unconstitutional attempt to attaint her, had not so much as endeavoured to get repealed, because the sense of the house of commons had been clearly shown, by furnishing king Wil-

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson, from Nairne.
[2] Ibid.

liam with supplies for the express purpose of fulfilling that obligation, though he had, as before explained, applied it to his own use. Godolphin was aware of all this, but his own crooked paths rendered him timid and irresolute. His correspondence with the exiled queen and her agents was more than suspected by the whigs. Lord Wharton boldly declared in the upper house, "that he had my lord treasurer's head in a bag." This menace paralyzed the vacillating minister; he crouched like a beaten hound, and submitted to do all and everything that was demanded by his political antagonists, even to the outlay of an enormous sum, in purchasing a majority in the Scotch parliament, to carry measures perfectly opposed to his own inclinations; and it was supposed no less so to the secret feelings of his sovereign lady, queen Anne.[1]

It was in vain that the Scotch Jacobites urged Mary Beatrice and her minister for money and arms, or that they represented to the arbiter of her son's destiny, Louis XIV., how serviceable even the small sum of thirty thousand livres would be, to enable their friends to put arms in the hands of those who burned to decide the question of the union, not in the senate, but in the field. Louis had already paid too dearly for yielding to the dictates of his lively sympathy for the widow and orphans of his unfortunate cousin James, to venture to act independently of his cabinet at this crisis. The expensive wars in which that political blunder had involved France, had crippled his resources. The victories of Marlborough taught him that he had work to do to guard his own frontier; and although he might perhaps have made the best diversion in his own favour, by sending troops and arms to assist in raising an insurrection against queen Anne's government in Scotland, his ministers could not be induced to hazard the experiment.

On the 20th of March, 1706, Saunders again notices the improved health of the queen, and that the painful tumour in her bosom was decreasing. He adds the following particulars of her son and daughter:—"The king is very well, and grows strong and tall. He has begun to ride the great horse, and does it very gracefully, and all say he will make a very good horseman. He has a great desire to make a

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

campaign, and the queen has asked it of the king of France, who has not as yet consented to it. In all appearance it would do our king a great deal of good, and be much to his honour and reputation, but the king of France will be loth to let him go till he can send him like a king. The princess is very tall of her age, and by her wit and gracious behaviour charms all that come near her."[1]

The son of Mary Beatrice and James II. obtained his political majority on the 10th of June, 1706, when he completed his 18th year. The regency of the queen-mother was then supposed to terminate, but she continued virtually the leading power at St. Germains as long as she lived, though her son was treated by herself, and every one in the exiled court, as their sovereign and master. He began now to take some share in affairs of state. Lord Middleton commends the industry and application of this prince to business, and extols his abilities;[2] but these were only shown in the easy, pleasant style of his epistolary correspondence, whether diplomatic or personal, in which he excelled most of his contemporaries. The following affectionate congratulation to his friend the marquis of Drummond, on the approaching marriage of that nobleman, is one of the earliest specimens of his familiar letters, and is, through the courteous indulgence of the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, presented for the first time to the public, being an inedited document from the family archives of that noble lady:

"St. Germains, June 29, 1706.

"Having found a safe opportunity of writing into Scotland, I take that occasion of writing this note to you. I will say nothing to you of my own affairs, referring to what I writ to you, and my other friends which will be communicated to you by the countess of Errol, your aunt, and so will only add here, how pleased I was to hear that your marriage with the duke of Gordon's daughter is like to be soon concluded. The kindness I have for you and your father, makes anything agreeable to me that I think so much for your interest, as I think this is. I am very sensible of your own and family's services, as I hope one day to be in a condition of showing you, and of giving you proofs of my kindness for you.

"James R.[3]

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[1] Correspondence with Meredith. Rawlinson's MSS. Bodleian Library, Oxford.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[3] Royal autograph letters in the archives of the noble house of Drummond of Perth, No. 14, inedited. Courteously communicated by the representative of that ancient historical family, the baroness Willoughby de Eresby, to whom my best acknowledgments are gratefully offered.

"Pray remember me very kindly to lord John Drummond; do the same to lord Stormont, and assure him I shall not forget the zeal he has for my service, nor the care he took of me when a child."

All that personal kindness and courtesy could do to render the widowed queen and her son easy under the tantalizing fever of hope deferred, was done by Louis XIV. He treated them, in all respects, as his equals, and caused the same honours to be paid to them. A fortnight never passed without his making them a visit in state at St. Germains, besides coming much oftener in private with Madame de Maintenon. He invited them and his young god-daughter, the princess Louisa, to all his fêtes at Marli, Versailles, and Trianon, where he invariably treated them as the dearest of relatives, and most honoured of guests.[1] If the queen came in state, he received her as he had done in the lifetime of king James, at the entrance of the first ante-room, and leading her into the presence chamber, stood conversing with her, and her son and daughter, for some minutes, before he conducted them into his private saloon, where madame de Maintenon was waiting to receive them. Mary Beatrice, in fact, was paid the same deference in that court, as if she had been a queen of France, and took precedence of every lady there.[2] The near relationship of Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, to James II. and his children, on the one hand, and to Mary Beatrice on the other, precluded jealousy on her part. She had grown up from infancy in habits of intimacy and affection with the royal exiles. Mary Beatrice was always invited to be present at her accouchements. The affectionate interest with which her majesty alludes to one of these events, in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, January, 1707, is very pleasing. She says—

"God has accorded a great mercy to us in granting us another prince; he must be entreated for him. I could not possibly arrive at Versailles before the birth of the child, since the king himself did not enter the chamber till after it was over. Madame the duchess of Burgundy, was only ill three quarters of an hour. She is wonderfully well. I saw her after dinner, and the infant. He is not so beautiful as the other, but he has a smaller head, and is better proportioned, and looks as if he would live long, as I hope he may, through the grace of God."[3]

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[1] Memoires de St. Simon. Dangeau. [2] Ibid.

[3] Autograph Letter to the Abbess of Chaillot, dated January 12th, 1707. Archives au Royaume.

Sometimes Louis XIV. would invite Mary Beatrice to come with her son and daughter, and ladies, on fine summer afternoons, and walk with him and his court in the royal gardens of Marli; and it was on these occasions that the widowed queen used to take the opportunity of preferring any little request, either for herself or others, to her royal friend.

The public promenade was always one of the recreations of the court of St. Germains, even in the sorrowful days of king James II.; but it became much more attractive after the decease of that unfortunate king, when his son and daughter, and their youthful attendants, the children of the Jacobite aristocracy, English, Scotch, and Irish, who had followed their majesties into exile, grew up, and the vivacity of French habits and associations in some degree counterbalanced the depression caused by penury and ruined prospects. The lively letters, and doggerel lyrics of count Anthony Hamilton, the self-appointed poet laureate of the court of the exiled Stuarts, prove that after time had a little assuaged the grief of the queen and her children, a good deal of fun and frolic occasionally went on in the old palace and its purlieus.

In one of Hamilton's letters to his friend the duke of Berwick, he says—"The king our young lord increases every day in wit, and the princess, his sister, becomes more and more charming. Heaven preserve her from being stolen from us, for her lady governess seems to have no other fear than that! These two are always near their august mother, to whom they pay the most tender and dutiful attention. To these precious ones of hers, who are adorned with the virtues of their father, it is her care to inculcate sentiments of gratitude towards the illustrious protector, who in a foreign land, by a thousand friendly cares, mitigates the hardships of their adverse destiny. We will now,"[1] continues the sprightly old wit, "speak of our beauties, those stars of St. Germains, who are always cruel and disdainful. Winter is drawing to an end; and they are beginning to prepare their nets against the spring. They have repaired, washed, and spread out all the delicate laces of which their cornettes are composed, to bleach in your garden—all the bushes there

[1] Œuvres du count Hamilton.

are covered with them, like so many spiders' webs. They are putting all their *falbalas* into order, and, in the meantime, plunged in sweet reveries, they permit the designs to sleep on their tapestry frames." Hamilton describes the son and daughter of Mary Beatrice as possessing great personal attractions. "The figure of our young king," says he, "might be chosen by a painter, for the model of the god of love, if such a deity dared be represented in this saintly court of St. Germains. As for the princess, her hair is very beautiful, and of the loveliest tint of brown; her complexion reminds us of the most brilliant yet delicate tints of the fairest flowers of spring; she has her brother's features in a softer mould, and her mother's eyes." In another description of her he says, "She has the plumpness one adores in a divinity of sixteen, with the freshness of an Aurora, and if anything more can be said, it must be in praise of the roundness and whiteness of her arms." The portrait of a beautiful nameless princess, in the costume of the beginning of the 18th century, in the guard-chamber at Hampton Court, will readily be identified by this glowing description of the honorary laureate of St. Germains, as that of the youngest daughter of James II., even by those who are not familiar with her other portraits. How it came there is the question, but there can be little doubt of its having been sent to her sister, queen Anne, by the proud mother of this exquisite creature, who was good as she was fair.

Notwithstanding all the cares and pecuniary disappointments that at times oppressed the exiled queen, her family, and faithful followers, they led a pleasant life in summer time—a life, which, as described by Hamilton, appears to have been a complete realization of the classic Arcadia. Sometimes the prince and his sister led their young court into the depths of the adjacent forest, in quest of sylvan sports, or to gather flowers and wild strawberries; sometimes they are described as embarking on the calm waters of the Seine in their barge, which if not very splendidly decorated, or of the most approved fashion, was large enough to accommodate a joyous party. Pontalie, the haven to which the voyagers were usually bound, was a rural chateau on the Seine, within less than a league from the palace of our exiled queen: it was the residence of the countess de Grammont, formerly one of the most cele-

brated of the beauties of Charles II.'s court. She was now a rich and prosperous lady, able and willing to contribute to the happiness of the royal Stuarts in many ways, and anxious to prove that her affection for that family had augmented, instead of diminished, with the adversity which had distanced many of the creatures of the late king's bounty. It was her delight to provide banquets and entertainments of all descriptions for the royal brother and sister, whom she had seen grow up from infants. She had obtained a lease or grant of the old mill house of St. Germains, and its adjacent meadows, and, for the sake, perhaps, of being near the English colony, she had exerted her taste and expended some of her wealth in turning it into a Grecian villa; her brother, Anthony Hamilton, had changed its homely name, Moulin-eau, into the euphonious appellation of Pontalie, and there she frequently had the honour of receiving the exiles of St. Germains, in the course of the summer.[1]

The royal brother and sister, who, perhaps, were much happier in their free and natural way of life, amidst the poverty and mockery of royalty at St. Germains, than if established in regal splendour at Windsor or Versailles, delighted in performing minor pilgrimages, with their followers, to any of the churches or chapels, within a walk of the palace. On these occasions they carried a light refection of fruit, cakes, and wine, with them, and made their repast in some pleasant forest bower, on their return.[2] Count Hamilton writes to his friend, Berwick, partly in prose, and partly in untranslatable doggerel rhyme, a piquant description of one of these devotional pic-nic excursions, which was undertaken by the princess Louisa and her ladies of honour, matronized by the duchess of Berwick.

"Towards the centre of the forest," he says, "there is a little chapel, dedicated to St. Thibaut, and this St. Thibaut cures the ague; now, there is a worthy man at St. Germains, named *Dikesson*, who had had several fits of it. You know our ladies are always charitable to their neighbours, so they all set off in company to recommend the invalid to monsieur St. Thibaut. The fair Nannette, [*the duchess of Berwick,*] as she knew the least about him, chose to beguile her pilgrimage by looking for strawberries by the

[1] Œuvres du count Antoine Hamilton. [2] Ibid.

way. I will tell you the names of some of these fair pilgrims, who went with her royal highness to make intercessions for the lord *Dikesson.*"[1]

This gentleman's name, which Mary Beatrice herself does not always spell right, though he was one of her private secretaries, and the comptroller of the household, was Dicconson. Hamilton tells his friend "that the charming Miss Plowden was there, and those two divinities, the ladies Dillon and Marischal, but none were more agreeable than the duchess of Berwick, unless it were the princess, and that they all went in procession, singing and saying every office in the ritual, from early matins, for the sake of their amiable friend *Dikesson.* When they had performed all these charitable devotions, they sat down to take a sylvan repast, making the green grass their table; but a French gentleman of the household, the chevalier de Salle, who had attended them, not out of devotion, but gallantry, was forbidden by the princess to join the circle, because he had not conducted himself with becoming piety on the occasion. Instead of allowing him to have anything to eat, she ordered him, by way of penance, to go and kneel at the chapel door, and offer up prayers for the recovery of Mr. Dicconson, while they dined. The chevalier very humbly recommended himself to mercy, alleging in excuse, that he had forgotten his breviary, and did not know a single prayer by heart, so the princess, in consideration of his penitence, gave him something to eat, but made him sit at the foot of a tree at a respectful distance from her and the rest of the pilgrims, and rinse all their glasses for them, while the forest glades rang with their laughter, for our fair devotees could laugh as heartily as pray on those occasions. In the midst of their mirth the invalid, in whose behalf the pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Thibaut had been undertaken, and whom they had all forgotten, made his appearance unexpectedly before the festive circle. They greeted him with shouts of "A miracle! a miracle!" and demanded of him the precise hour and minute when the fever left him; and according to his account, it was as they all agreed, just as they had addressed the last prayer to St. Thibaut in his behalf. The repast did not conclude the more gravely on this account, nor was the homeward walk

[1] Œuvres du count Hamilton.

the less agreeable. The shepherds, shepherdesses, and woodcutters came to have a look at the courtly pilgrims, and admired their hilarity and good humour.[1]

Sometimes the royal brother and sister, and their noble attendants, enacted the characters of shepherds and shepherdesses, themselves, and never allowed the merry month of June to pass without having one day's fête among the haymakers on the banks of the Seine; the princess and her stately governess, lady Middleton, always boasting that the haycock, which they constructed, was neater and more worthy of admiration than those raised by the duchess of Berwick and her compeers. Winter had its pleasures for the British exiles as well as summer. Mary Beatrice gave then her balls and receptions in the château, and the members of her court were always bidden to the Christmas and new-year festivities at Versailles.

Count Hamilton gives a lively description of the Shrove-Tuesday masquerade at St. Germains, to which the whole town was admitted, the barriers being thrown open for that purpose by the orders of the widowed queen, in order that high and low, young and old, English and French, might join in the carnival. Etiquette forbade the prince and princess from wearing masks, or assuming any particular characters, on these occasions; yet they are described as dancing merrily in the midst of the motley throng, the princess with peculiar grace and lightness, but both excelled in this accomplishment.[2] Mary Beatrice, forgot her calamities and her grief on these occasions, and smiled to see her children happy in spite of adverse fortune.

[1] Œuvres du count Antoine Hamilton. [2] Ibid.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER X.

Change of cheer at St. Germains—Her son leaves the queen, to embark for Scotland—He is attacked with measles—Delay fatal to his cause—Queen falls sick from anxiety—Her letter about her son—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter—Her dream—Ill success of the prince's expedition—Queen's letter on his return—Her son, first called the Pretender, assumes the title of chevalier de St. George—Serves in the French army as a volunteer—Queen's letters about him—Pecuniary difficulties of the queen—Unpunctual payment of her pension—Mortification about her apartments at Chaillot—Gallant conduct of her son—Sickness of her vice-chamberlain, Robert Strickland — His faithful services — Marlborough's secret correspondence with queen Mary Beatrice—Her letter to him—She goes to Chaillot with her daughter — Her way of life there — Habits of self-denial — Jacobite poachers at St. Germains — Complaints made to the queen—Her vexation — Return of her son — Letters of her daughter, princess Louisa—Queen returns to St. Germains—Her visit of condolence to Louis XIV. and the royal family—Etiquette of her receptions—Her son leaves St. Germains to travel—She goes to Chaillot with the princess—Letters from her son—Her conversations with her daughter—Reminiscences of her past life—Improvement in health—Kindness to her attendants — Amiable traits of character—Visit of the dauphiness—Princess Louisa invited to the chase—Difficulties about it—Dauphiness writes to Mary Beatrice—Her affectionate reply—Queen and Louisa go to Versailles—Anecdotes of both—Tender affection between them—They visit the hearse of king James incognito—Blunt remark of the coachman—Queen informed of overtures for peace—Her behaviour thereupon—Annoyed at a present made to her daughter—Instance of her pride—Distress about her debts—Her son joins her at Chaillot—Reluctance of the queen and princess to return to St. Germains—Her letter to madame Priolo—Marlborough's offers of service to her majesty—Her grief for the death of the dauphin and dauphiness—Adds codicils to her will—Melancholy forebodings—Her son and daughter both attacked with small-pox—Anxiety of the queen—Touching scene between her and princess Louisa—Death of the princess—General regrets and sympathy for the queen—Her grief and dangerous illness—Her pathetic letter on her daughter's death—Recovery of her son—He is warned to leave France—Desolation of the queen—She visits Louis XIV. at Marli—Their mutual grief—Her melancholy visit to Chaillot—Visits her daughter's heart—Her anguish—Returns to St. Germains—Sends lady Strickland with a present to the convent.

THE frolic and the fun that, in spite of care and penury, enlivened the exiled court of St. Germains, were suddenly

sobered by a change in the politics of Versailles. After trifling with the exiled queen and her council, and above all with their faithful adherents in Scotland, during the momentous crisis of the union, when even the semblance of support from France would have been followed by a general rising in favour of the son of James II., Louis XIV. determined, in the spring of 1708, to fit out a fleet and armament, for the purpose of effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, headed by that prince in person. This expedition had been kept so secret, that neither Mary Beatrice nor her son were aware of what was intended, till the latter received a hasty summons to join the armament. The young prince tarried not for preparations, but bidding his mother and sister a hasty farewell, he set off to Dunkirk, the place of embarkation, attended only by two or three of the officers of his suite, leaving his baggage to follow. Unfortunate in everything, he had scarcely reached the coast, when he was attacked with the measles. Every one knows the nature of that malady, which requires the patient to be kept in an equal temperature till after the third day. The prince was of a consumptive constitution, and the weather very cold, for it was in March, nevertheless he would have embarked at all hazards, if his attendants would have allowed it. His impatience of the delay was almost as injurious to him as the risk of striking in the irruption by exposure to cold would have been. Aware of the necessity of acting with energy and promptitude, he caused himself to be carried on board the French fleet, before prudence warranted him in quitting his chamber. The wind had, meantime, changed; foul weather ensued, and it was not till after several ominous mischances, and some personal peril to the royal adventurer, that the armament succeeded in getting out to sea; and by that time, the English fleet, under the command of sir George Byng, had sailed, and was on the look out.[1]

The feelings of the royal mother, during that anxious period of suspense, will be best described by herself in one of her confidential letters to her friend, Angelique Priolo. After detailing the symptoms of a fit of illness, brought on by her distress at parting with her son, she says, "I must

[1] St. Simon. Continuator of Mackintosh. Calamy.

take patience in this as in many other things, which disquiet me at present, and keep me in a state of great agitation; for I know nothing certain of my son, as you will see by the copy of the newspaper they shall send you. My only consolation is the thought that he is in the hands of God, and in the place where he ought to be, and I hope God, in his mercy, will have a care of him. Cease not to pray, my dear mother, for him and for me, for our wants are extreme, and there is no one but God who can or will support us. I am, in spirit, with you all, although my mind is in such agitation that I cannot remain long in a place; but my heart will be always with you and my dear mother Priolo, who, I am sure, suffer with me and for me."[1]

The princess Louisa, who was passionately attached to her brother, and earnestly desired to see him established in the regal dignity, which she regarded as his right, fully shared her mother's anxiety on this occasion. As soon as the queen was able to bear the journey, they both proceeded to Chaillot, fondly imagining that the prayers which they and their ladies were incessantly preferring to God, for his personal safety and success, would be more efficacious if offered up in the tribune of the conventual church there, where the hearts of queen Henrietta Maria, and her son, king James, were enshrined. The all-powerful affection of Mary Beatrice for her deceased husband persuaded her that his spirit, which she firmly believed to be in a state of beatitude, always united with her in prayers to God for the attainment of any object of peculiar interest to both, such as the recovery from sickness, the spiritual enlightenment, or personal safety, of their children. The day the queen and her daughter arrived at Chaillot, it was confidently reported in Paris, that the prince had succeeded in effecting a descent on the coast of Scotland, and had been well received. The next morning, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, that she had dreamed a little old woman came and said to her, "No; he will not land this time."[2] Now, although it was evident that the queen's nerves were unbraced by sickness, anxiety, fasting, and prayer, the vision of the oracular little old woman made a great im-

[1] Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

pression, both on the community and her ladies, and they all began to relate stories of signs and omens. "I can remember well," said the princess Louisa, "though I was not quite four years old at the time, that when the late king, my father, left St. Germains to join the armament at Calais, expecting to embark for England, I dreamed that I saw him return in a blue cloak, instead of the scarlet coat he wore when he went away, and that he said to me, 'This place must be my England.'"[1] It was not the first time that the dream of the youngest daughter of James II. had been related in that circle; for even in her infancy, it had been recorded as a solemn revelation, that the exiled king was to behold his native land no more, but to end his days at St. Germains. To imagine anything of the kind into an augury, is almost to ensure its fulfilment. James II. allowed more than one good opportunity for effecting a landing in England, in the absence of the rival sovereign, to slip, from the idea that a decree had gone forth against his restoration.

The dream of Mary Beatrice had, in a manner, prepared the ladies of her court for the news of the failure of the expedition. The cause of its failure remains to this day among the unexplained mysteries of history. It is true, that in consequence of the fatal three days' detention of the prince, before the turn of his malady permitted him to embark, the wind, which had been previously fair, changed; that Fourbin, the French admiral, was out of temper, and could not be prevailed to leave the port till the 6th of March, and then encountered a heavy storm. Meantime, the English fleet, under sir George Byng, got out to sea, gave chase, and took the Salisbury man-of-war, an English vessel, belonging to Fourbin's fleet. Byng was greatly superior in force.[2] Fourbin entered the Frith of Forth just below Edinburgh, it has been affirmed by some that the prince vainly implored to be permitted to land with the troops provided for that purpose by the king of France, or even accompanied only by the gentlemen of his suite, so sure did he feel that he should receive an honourable reception; but nothing could prevail on Fourbin to permit it.[3] Others have said, that the prince was actually captured in the Salisbury, and that Byng preserved his

[1] Inedited Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Macpherson. French State Papers. [3] Macpherson.

royal mistress, queen Anne, from a most painful and perplexing dilemma, by sending him privately on board Fourbin's ship, having taken his word of honour that he would return to France without attempting to land.[1] If this romantic tale be founded on fact, Byng acted with consummate wisdom in ridding the queen of an invasion, at the easy rate of releasing a prisoner, whom she could scarcely have ventured to proceed against according to the severity of the law. There was a prodigious run on the bank of England at this crisis, and some danger of cash payments being suspended, national credit being at a low ebb. The squadron, however, which had created such great alarm, returned to Dunkirk without having attempted, much less effected, a single stroke.[2]

A letter from Mary Beatrice to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, apparently written the day after the arrival of her son at St. Germains, betrays the harassing state of affairs in her little court, where every one was charging the disappointment on some inimical person or other. "The desolation of my soul," she says, "would excite

[1] Calamy's Life and Notes.

[2] The landing of the son of James II., at this juncture, was eagerly expected by the Jacobite aristocracy on the banks of the Forth. James Stirling, esq., laird of Kier, Archibald Seton, esq., laird of Touch, and other territorial chiefs in that neighbourhood, had armed themselves, their tenants and servants, and marched in a body from Kier to the bridge of Turk, where they had a rendezvous with their Highland friends, and laid their plans for the general rising that was to take place the moment it should be proclaimed that the royal Stuart had set foot on Scottish ground. The laird of Kier and his neighbours determined to set an example of fearless devotion to the cause, by being the first to join him, they marched up and down in the counties of Stirlingshire and Perthshire, in expectation of the descent, till the news reached them that Sir George Byng had driven the French fleet off the coast. Kier and the ringleaders of this levy were afterwards arrested, and thrown into the Tolbooth. They were indicted at Edinburgh, on the 28th of the following November, "on the charges of having convocated themselves, and appeared in arms to levy war against her majesty, at the time when an invasion of Scotland was threatened; and in addition to this offence, they had also publicly drunk the good health of 'their master,' as they called him, who could be no other than the Pretender."

The laird of Kier defended himself and his friends, with great courage and ability. He said "that the gentlemen and himself were friends and kinsmen, and had met peaceably to enjoy their own diversions; that they had neither hired nor paid men for seditious purposes, and as for drinking to their master's good health, he defied them to make that out to be an act of high treason, first, because there was no law against drinking any person's good health, and secondly, no name had been mentioned, therefore that the Pretender was meant could only be a conjecture."—State Trials, vol. vi. They were unanimously acquitted by the jury.

your pity, if you could look into its depths; my heart is also much broken, and I have had for these ten days past, business and domestic quarrels that have disquieted and vexed me to a degree of which I am ashamed; and I declare to you, that coming so immediately on the rest of my troubles, I have been completely overwhelmed with it all. Pray God, my dearest mother, to succour and support me, and to increase my strength, for never have I had greater need, and never have I appeared so feeble. I dare not tell you that I have not yet been with my son. I know it is a great fault; but these last affairs have scarcely left me time for my prayers; and although during the octave of the holy sacrament, I have tried to go oftener to church, God knows with what distraction of mind! I have missed the first procession and the journey to Versailles. I shall go to Marli to-morrow. I was on Friday at the review; my son was there, and many of the English, who were, as it was said, well pleased with him. My God, what a world this is, and who can understand it; for my part, the more I know of it, the less I comprehend it: unhappy are they who have much to do with it! My son had arrived before me on my return from Chaillot."[1] This appears to have been the reason she had missed seeing him, as he had been compelled to show himself at the review, where it should seem he had been very well received, notwithstanding the failure of the late expedition, in which he had been evidently the victim of state policy, as absurd as it was incomprehensible.

The queen concludes her letter in these words: "Madame de Maintenon was here nearly two hours yesterday. Lady Bulkeley makes me pity her, although she does not know the unhappy manner of her husband's death." This sentence implies some tragedy connected with the fate of the gallant colonel Bulkeley, which the queen had learned, but had not courage to communicate to her faithful attendant, lady Sophia Bulkeley.[2]

Several persons of high rank in the British emigration had been captured in the "Salisbury;" among the rest, the two sons of the earl of Middleton, lord Clermont, and Mr. Middleton, and the old attached servant of king James,

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid.

lord Griffin. Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted when she learned that they were all committed close prisoners to the Tower, to take their trials for high treason. She wrote, with her own hand, an earnest letter to the French minister, Chamillard, begging him to claim them as officers in the service of his royal master, and exerted her influence in every possible way for their preservation.[1] Simultaneously with these events, queen Anne's cabinet proceeded to set a price on her brother's head.[2] Anne, herself, who had hitherto styled him "the pretended prince of Wales," now gave him a new name, in her address to parliament, calling him, for the first time, "the Pretender"—a cunningly-devised sobriquet, which, perhaps, did more to exclude him from the throne than even his unpopular religion. The young prince served in the French army in the Low Countries the same spring, as a volunteer, under the appropriate title of the chevalier de St. George; for, being destitute of the means of providing a camp equipage, and maintaining the state consistent with royalty, he claimed no higher distinction than the companionship of the national order, with which he had been invested in his fourth year by the late sovereign, his father. He conducted himself during the campaign so as to win the affection and esteem of his comrades, and especially of his commander, the duke de Vendôme.[3]

While her son was with the army, Mary Beatrice was, of course, deeply interested in all the military operations, of which he sent her a regular account. In one of her letters to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"We have been in expectation of great news for several days past. I will tell you in confidence, that they have missed in Flanders the opportunity of a grand stroke, and I fear that a similar one will not present itself any more this campaign. God must be praised for all, and we ought to try to be satisfied with all that happens. * * * *

"I have just learned that the thunder has fallen this night on the abbey of Poissy, and burned part of the monastery, and, what is worse, three or four of the *religieuses*. I have sent to the abbess to make inquiries; in truth, it makes me tremble."[4]

Well, indeed it might, since the scene where this awful tragedy had occurred was only six miles from St. Germains, in the valley below, much less likely to have attracted the

[1] Stuart Papers. [2] Burnet. [3] St. Simon.
[4] Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

lightning, than the loftily-seated royal chateau, where the widowed consort and orphan daughter of James II. were domiciled.

In another letter of the same period, dated at St. Germains, the 23rd of June, Mary Beatrice says—

"My chevalier is in perfect health, thank God! and I am better than I have been for a long time. * * * * * *

"We have some hopes of obtaining the liberty of the two Middletons, and of the other Irish prisoners; but for my lord Griffin, they have condemned him to die on the 27th of this month, which causes me great pain. I recommend him to your prayers and to those of our dear sisters."[1]

The chevalier St. George had the ill luck to be present with his French cousins Burgundy and Berry, at the battle of Oudenarde, a witness of the superior military genius of his secret correspondent, the duke of Marlborough. His more fortunate rival, the electoral prince of Hanover, afterwards George II., distinguished himself on the winning side. The chevalier caught the malignant intermittent fever of the country at Mons, and returned, greatly enfeebled, for change of air to St. Germains, towards the close of the summer. It was a wet, cold autumn, severe winter, and ungenial spring; the queen was ill, anxious, and unhappy, on account of her son, for the intermittent hung upon him for many months; yet he was firm in his determination to try his fortunes in another campaign. On the 11th of April, 1709, Mary Beatrice writes to the abbess of Chaillot to excuse herself from passing the holy week with her friends there, the physicians having forbidden her to change her abode that month, unless the weather altered very much for the better; she adds—

"If the war continues, as is supposed, the king my son will be very shortly on the point of leaving me for the army; it is not right, therefore, that I should quit him, more especially as he is not yet wholly recovered from his fever, for he had a little touch of it again yesterday, though he perseveres in taking the bark five times a day. This is sufficient to show us that the will of God declares against my journey to Chaillot for this time, but when my son is gone, I hope that God will permit me to come and remain among you for a long time; meanwhile I shall often be there in spirit, and I doubt not but my dear mother and our beloved sisters will remember me also when before God, to the end that I may obtain from him the graces and the assistance that be needful for the work of my salvation, in that place and state where

[1] Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

he wills me to be, which I ought always to believe, and consider the best for me."[1]

The late defeat at Oudenarde, the loss of Lisle, the distress caused by the visitation of a famine, and above all, the deficiency in the revenues of that kingdom, rendered Louis XIV. not only willing but anxious to listen to overtures of peace.[2] Instead of the armies taking the field, plenipotentiaries were despatched to meet the victorious Marlborough and Eugene at the Hague, to settle preliminaries for an amicable treaty. Mary Beatrice was well aware that no peace would or could be concluded, unless Louis XIV. withdrew his protection from her son. The prince was eager to prevent the mortification of a dismissal from the French dominions, by trying his fortunes in Scotland.[3] He had received fresh invitations, and assurances of support from the highland chiefs; the representations of his secret agents, as to his prospects, were encouraging enough to induce him to declare that he would come, if he were reduced to the necessity of performing the voyage in a hired vessel. When he threw himself at the feet of Louis XIV. and implored his aid, that monarch told him plainly, "that situated as he then was, he had enough to do to defend his own dominions, without thinking of anything so chimerical as invading those of the victorious queen of Great Britain." The ardour of the youthful adventurer was moreover checked by a significant hint, that if he attempted to embroil his present protector farther with queen Anne, by stealing over to Scotland and exciting an insurrection there, his royal mother would instantly be deprived of her present shelter, and her pension, which formed the sole provision for the support of herself, her daughter, and the faithful followers who had sacrificed everything to their adherence to the ruined cause of the house of Stuart, would be stopped.

It is a remarkable fact, that when Torcy mentioned the son of James II. to Marlborough, the latter evinced a warmth of feeling towards the exiled prince, scarcely consistent with his professions to the electoral house of Hanover. He called him "the prince of Wales," and ex-

[1] Autograph Letter of the queen of James II. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Macpherson. Torcy's Memoirs. [3] Macpherson.

pressed an ardent desire of serving him, and that a suitable income should be secured to him. Nor was he unmindful of the claims of Mary Beatrice; he recommended Torcy to renew the demand of her dower. "Insist strenuously on that article to the viscount Townshend," said he, "that Lord is a sort of inspector over my conduct. He is an honest man, but a whig. I must speak like an obstinate Englishman in his presence."[1] Marlborough was still more explicit in his conferences with his nephew Berwick, who, being the illegitimate brother of the prince, formed a curious link of connexion between the great captain of the age and the rejected heir of England. Undoubtedly Marlborough gave wise counsel, when he bade the duke of Berwick entreat the prince to emancipate himself from the political thraldom of France by offering to disembarrass Louis XIV. of his presence, as a preliminary to the negotiations for peace. He clearly demonstrated that no good could ever result from a connexion so offensive to the national pride of England; for the people over whom he desired to rule, would never submit to the imposition of a sovereign from France. "He hoped," he said, "by extricating the prince in the first place from the influence of France, and by prudent arrangement, to see all parties uniting to recognise him as the successor to his sister's throne."[2] Neither the prince nor Berwick felt sufficient confidence in the integrity of Marlborough, to take his advice. Men can only judge of intentions by past deeds, they called to mind his treachery to their royal father, and suspected, that the zeal with which he urged pressing for the payment of the queen-mother's dower was for the purpose of beguiling the prince into bartering his pretensions to a diadem for a pension, and at the same time depriving him of the support of his only friend and protector, Louis XIV.

The pacific negotiations at the Hague proving unavailing, the conferences were broken up, and hostilities were renewed. The chevalier having recovered his health, set out for the French head-quarters, leaving his royal mother to struggle with pecuniary difficulties which neither wisdom

[1] Memoires de Torcy. Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Continuator of Mackintosh.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers. Correspondence quoted by the continuator of Mackintosh's Reign of Queen Anne.

could foresee nor prudence prevent.[1] All hope of receiving her income as queen-dowager of England, was of course suspended, and the pittance she received from the French government was now unpunctually paid, and subjected to curtailment, on various pretences. The first attempt, on the part of the officers of the French exchequer, to extort a per centage from her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, for paying her pension in ready money, was resisted by Mary Beatrice with some spirit, as an imposition and abuse of office, "which," she said, "she was sure would be displeasing to the king of France." They kept her then in arrear, and offered to pay in bills, on which she was compelled to pay as much for discount as the official thieves had demanded of her in the first instance.[2] She mentioned the circumstance to madame de Maintenon, but that lady, who had herself been an underling at court, and accustomed to perquisites and privileges, made light of it, and advised her majesty not to incur the ill-will of the financial corps by complaining to the king, who was greatly inconvenienced himself by the deficiency in his revenue. Bitterly did the royal dependent feel the humiliations and privations to which the wrongs of fortune had subjected her and her children, and vainly did she endeavour, by increasing self-denial and the most rigid economy in her personal expenditure, to spare more for the destitute families who had abandoned houses and broad lands in England, for her husband's sake.

The pecuniary difficulties of the fallen queen were embittered, about this period, by a mortification from a quarter where she least expected it. When at Chaillot, her daughter was accustomed to sleep in a chamber that opened into her own, an arrangement which their near relationship and tender affection rendered agreeable to both; but the queen being deeply in arrears to the convent, for the rent of the suite of rooms she occupied, the abbess feeling more disposed to consider the benefit of the community than the comfort of their royal friends, hinted, "that having a tenant for the apartment adjoining her majesty's bed-room, it would be desirable to remove her royal highness, the princess of England, to an upper story." Mary Beatrice did not

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, in the Hotel de Soubise.
[2] Ibid.

attempt to dissemble the fact that the change would be both unpleasant and inconvenient to her, and was greatly hurt, a few months later, on finding that the room was actually let to madame de L'Orge, a lady of high rank, and her daughter, and that they had made sundry alterations, furnished, and taken possession of it. When, however, those ladies learned from a letter written by lady Sophia Bulkeley to the abbess, how greatly the queen and princess would be inconvenienced by their occupation of this apartment, they said "her majesty should be welcome to the use of it when she came to Chaillot with the princess."[1]

The high spirit of Mary Beatrice revolted at this proposal, yet she wrote, with great mildness and temper, to the abbess on the subject:

"After having desired lady Bulkeley to write to you, my dear mother, touching the chamber where my daughter lodges at Chaillot, I have remembered me, that when last year you proposed to me to change my daughter's apartment and to put her higher, I found that it would be very difficult to arrange it, as my ladies would have much trouble to accommodate themselves in places which are now occupied by their waiting-maids, especially for any length of time, and that my daughter herself would not be so well above, nor would it be so convenient for me, as at present I have no other chamber below, besides that in which she lodges. However, if you, my dear mother, or madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, have any trouble about taking this apartment, I pray you to tell me so plainly, with your usual sincerity, and I will endeavour to make some other arrangement, at least if it be in our power. You can, if you please, consult my dear sisters Catharine Angelique, and M. Gabrielle, about it, and then take your resolution, and send me word, for in case my daughter can continue where she is, I should wish them to take away the furniture of madame and mademoiselle de L'Orge, and I would send mine. I also beg you to have the window put to rights, and the other things that are required in the little lodging, and send me the bill of what they come to, as that is only just. I cannot accept the offer, madame de L'Orge makes me of the loan of her chamber; I say this, in case she wishes to take it away from me."[2]

The apartment was, of course, relinquished by the intruding tenant; it was, indeed, the dressing-room to her majesty's chamber, which no stranger could with any propriety have wished to occupy, and the attempt to deprive her of it, served very painfully to remind the royal exiles of their adverse fortunes. The princess Louisa felt every slight that was offered to her mother, or brother, far more keenly than they did; sometimes she said, "We are reduced to such pitiable straits, and live in so humble a way

[1] Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena, Hotel de Soubise.

[2] Inedited Letters of queen Mary Beatrice in the Hotel de Soubise. Chaillot Collection. This letter is only dated May 1st.

that even if it were the will of Heaven to restore us to our natural rank, we should not know how to play our parts with becoming dignity."

The defeat of the French army at Malplaquet, on the 11th of September, 1709, increased the general gloom which pervaded all ranks in that nation, while it rendered the position of the court of St. Germains more painful and precarious. Yet the desolate heart of Mary Beatrice swelled with maternal pride in the midst of her solicitude, for her son had distinguished himself by a brilliant personal action in that fiercely contested fight, which had nearly turned the fortunes of the day. After mareschal Villars was carried dangerously wounded out of the field, Boufflers sustained the conflict, and when the cavalry of the allies broke into his lines, he ordered the chevalier de St. George to advance at the head of 1200 of the horse guards. The princely volunteer performed this duty so gallantly, that in one desperate charge the German horse were broken and repulsed, and nothing but the steady valour of the English troops, and the consummate skill of their commanders, prevented the rout from becoming general.[1] The rejected claimant of the British crown did not disgrace his lineage on that occasion, though unhappily serving beneath the banner of the *fleur de lys*, and opposed to his own countrymen. He charged twelve times at the head of the household troops of France, and though wounded in the right arm by a sabre cut, he kept the ground manfully under a continuous fire of six hours from the British infantry.[2] Boufflers, in his despatch to his own sovereign, detailing the loss of the battle, renders the following brief testimony to the gallantry of the royal volunteer. "The chevalier de St. George behaved himself during the whole action with the utmost valour and vivacity." The queen, who had been residing for many weeks in complete retirement with her daughter at Chaillot, came to welcome her son on his return to St. Germains, where they kept their united court, if such it might be called, that winter.

The following melancholy letter without date, was probably written by Mary Beatrice towards the spring, when depressed by sickness and care, and harassed with

[1] Macpherson. Jesse. Liddiard's Life of the duke of Marlborough. Despatches of mareschal Boufflers. [2] Ibid.

business which, as she pathetically observes, was never of an agreeable kind:

"At last I find a moment to write to you, my dear mother, and to ask tidings of your health, for which I am in pain, for M. Gaillar told me that it was not too good. Be careful of it, for the love of Heaven, my dear mother, for I have need of you, as you know. Alas, there are none left to me now but you and father Ruga on earth, in whom I can have an entire confidence.

"I have read the homily on Providence, which is consolatory. I cannot say, however, that I have found consolation in that or anything else. God is the master, and his holy will be done. I am not ill, but I sleep badly since I quitted you, and I am worse after the bath, which I cannot understand; but I have omitted it for the last fortnight, and take the powders and the waters of St. Remi.

"The king my son has had a cold, but I hope it will not increase; he does not keep his room. My daughter bathes twice a week. She is, however, very well; it has refreshed her. I cannot tell you more for want of time, save to charge you with my regards."[1]

After various kind messages to the sisters of Chaillot, she mentions, with great concern, the sudden illness which had seized one of the most faithful and valued members of her household:

"Mr. Strickland has been attacked with paralysis; he has great trouble to speak. His wife is in despair. They will send him to Bourbon. I am grieved about it, and shall be very sorry to lose him, for he is an ancient servant, and very affectionate. I recommend him to your prayers."

Endorsed, "To the mother Priolo."[2]

Reminiscences of her former greatness must have been associated in the mind of the fallen queen with her recollection of the services of the faithful adherent whose illness she mentions with such compassionate feeling and regret. Robert Strickland was her vice-chamberlain; he was appointed to that office on the accession of the late king her husband to the throne of Great Britain, and he had walked at the head of her procession at the splendid ceremonial of her coronation.[3] What melancholy reverses had since then clouded the horizon of her who was the leading star of that glorious pageant!

Alas, for the instability of human pomp and power, and worse, far worse, the deceitfulness of fair day friends! Of all the courtly train who had contended for the honour of performing services for their young and beautiful queen that day—the gay and gallant Dorset, the magnificent Devonshire, the specious Halifax, the astute Manchester, and

[1] Autograph letter of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid. [3] Sandford's book of the Coronation of James II.

the enamoured Godolphin, the bearers of her regalia!—who of all these had been willing to follow her in exile and in sorrow? Were not those men the first to betray their too confiding sovereign, and to transfer their worthless homage to the adversary. Well might the luckless queen prize the manly and true-hearted northern squire, who had adhered to her fallen fortunes with unswerving loyalty, and having served her as reverently in her poverty and affliction, as when he waited upon her in the regal palace of Whitehall, was now dying in a land of strangers, far from his home—who can wonder at her lamenting the loss of such a servant?

Another of the queen's letters, apparently written in the spring of 1710, when her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique, and several of the sisters of Chaillot were dangerously ill of an infectious fever, is, in reply to a request from the abbess that she would defer her visit to the convent, for fear of exposing herself to the contagion, and bespeaks a generous warmth of feeling and freedom from all selfish fears, only to be found in persons of piety and moral worth. It is altogether a unique royal letter, and the reader cannot fail of being amused as well as interested:—

"St. Germains, the 14th of May.

"Your last letter, my dear mother, has caused me great pain, by the sad account that you give me of the state of several of our dear sisters, but above all, that of my dear mother Priolo, of which I could much wish to inform myself; and if I had not intended to go to Chaillot for the rogation, I should have been there yesterday or to-day, expressly for that purpose. I should be glad also to see my poor little portress; and I cannot see any reason, among all you have mentioned, why I should not come. You know that I have no fear but of colds, and I cannot perceive any cause to apprehend infection with you. So, then, with your permission, my dear mother, I shall reckon to be with you on Monday evening about seven o'clock, and I intreat you to send me tidings of our invalids this evening.

"The drowsiness of my sister F. A. [Francoise Angelique] does not please me. I am very glad you have made her leave off the *viper broth*, which is too heating for her.

"I hope the sickness of my sister Louise Henriette will not be unto death. I have prayed much for you all.

"As for your temporal business, I saw M. de M. [*Maintenon*] this day week, and she said nothing to me about it, nor has she written of it since. I fear this is not a good sign. I send her letter. I know not whether you have read those of M. d'Autun to me, which you might have done, as they had only *a flying* seal. If you have, you will be convinced that our good mother of Annessey has engaged me very unluckily in the affair of that priest whom she called a saint, and who, it appears, was very far from meriting that name. I have made my excuses to M. d'Autun, and will write to him between this and Monday.

"We are all well here, thank God!—I could wish to find all well, or at least better, with you. My daughter must not come, but for me there is nothing to fear.

"Adieu, my dear mother, am yours with all my heart; and I embrace my dear mother Priolo."[1]

On the 16th of May, her son, the chevalier de St. George, left her to serve his third campaign in the Low Countries, under marshal Villars, with whom he formed an intimate friendship. The duke of Berwick was one of the commanders in the French army, and was the medium of a close political correspondence between his uncle Marlborough and Mary Beatrice. The victorious general of the British army was in disgrace with his sovereign, queen Anne; his son-in-law, Sunderland, had lost his place in her cabinet; his colleague, Godolphin, had been compelled to resign,[2] and nothing but the influence of the allies kept himself in his command of the forces. While the hostile armies were encamped on the banks of the Scarpe, there was a great deal of political coquetry going on between some of the English officers of Marlborough's staff and the personal retinue of the chevalier St. George, who, at the request of the former, showed himself on horseback, on the opposite side of the narrow stream, to a party who had expressed an ardent desire to see him. Medals, bearing the impression of his bust and superscription, were eagerly accepted by many of those, who, though they had taken the oath of abjuration, could not refrain from regarding the rejected representative of their ancient sovereigns with feelings inconsistent with their duty to the constitutional sovereign. Marlborough's master of the horse, Mr. Pitt, was the recipient of several of these medals, which Charles Booth, one of the chevalier's grooms of the bed-chamber, had the boldness to send by the trumpet. Medals were also addressed to several of the general officers, each being enclosed in a paper, on which was written: "The medal is good; for it bore six hours' fire; you know it was hot, for yourselves

[1] Autograph letter of the queen of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] One of Godolphin's letters to the exiled queen or her minister, had, some time previously, fallen into the hands of his great enemy, lord Wharton, who had used the power it gave him to obtain many things very much opposed to the interest of that party. As a measure of self-preservation, Godolphin and Marlborough had obtained from Queen Anne the publication of a general pardon, in which an indemnity for all persons, who had been guilty of a treasonable correspondence with the court of St. Germains, was particularly specified. Macpherson's Journals of the Lords. Dartmouth's Notes on Burnet.

blew the coals." This observation was in allusion to the gallant conduct of the exiled prince at Malplaquet, which was rendered more intelligible by the following postscript: "You know it was well tried on the 11th of September, 1709."[1]

Marlborough winked at all these petty treasons, apparently not displeased at seeing the son of his old master making the most of his proximity to the British army. Mary Beatrice, in reply to a communication which Marlborough made to her through his nephew, Berwick, confiding to her his intention of resigning his places under queen Anne, wrote a very remarkable letter to him, which marshal Villars himself enclosed in one of his own military notes to the British commander, written, in all probability, merely to furnish an excuse for sending a trumpet to the hostile camp, for the purpose of delivering it to his double-dealing grace, to whom it was addressed under the name of Gurney, one of the numerous aliases by which he is designated in the Jacobite correspondence. Her majesty speaks of her son also by the sobriquet of Mr. Mathews; she informs Marlborough, that what he wrote to his nephew on the 13th of the last month, June, 1710, was of such great importance to her son, as well as to himself, that she thinks herself obliged to answer it with her own hand, and then continues in these words:

"I shall tell you, in the first place, that as I was glad to find you still continue in your good resolutions towards Mr. Matthews [her son], I was surprised, on the other hand, to see you had a design of quitting everything as soon as the peace was concluded; for I find that to be the only means of rendering you useless to your friends, and your retreat may prove dangerous to yourself. You are too large a mark, and too much exposed for malice to miss; and your enemies will never believe themselves in safety till they have ruined you."[2]

There is something very amusing in the pointed manner in which the widow of James II. endeavours to persuade her correspondent, that not only his revenge, but his self-interest ought to bind him to the cause of her son. She lets him see plainly, that she understands his game is a difficult one. No barrister could have argued the case with

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

[2] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, in Macpherson's transcripts from Nairne's Stuart Papers.

greater ingenuity than she does in her quiet lady-like logic. She says:—

"But as you are lost if you quit your employments, I see likewise, on the other hand, that it will be difficult for you to keep yourself in office as things are now situated, so that your interest itself now declares for your honour. You cannot be in safety without discharging your duty, and the time is precious to you as well as to us."

In the next paragraph, the royal writer replies, with equal dignity and diplomacy, to some clause in Marlborough's letter relating to Mrs. Masham, the successful rival who had supplanted his duchess in his sovereign's regard:

"The advice you give us in sending us to the new favourite is very obliging; but what can we hope from a stranger, who has no obligation to us? Whereas we have all the reasons in the world to depend upon you, since we have now but the same interest to manage, and you have the power to put Mr. Matthews [*her son*] in a condition to protect you. Lay aside, then, I beseech you, your resolution of retiring. Take courage, and, without losing more time, send us a person in whom you can have an entire confidence; or if you have not such a man with you, allow us to send you one whom we may trust, in order to concert matters for our common interest, which can never be properly done by letters. We shall know by your speedy and positive answer to this letter what judgment we can form of our affairs."[1]

Matters hung on a perilous balance for the protestant succession when a correspondence, of which this letter is a sample, was going on between the mother of the chevalier de St. George and the commander of the British army, of which the said chevalier himself was within a morning's ride. Perhaps if the duchess of Marlborough, with her vindictive passions and governing energies, had been in the camp of the allies, the game that was played by Marlborough in 1688, at Salisbury, might have been counteracted by a more astounding change of colours on the banks of the Scarpe, in 1710. Ninety thousand a year was, however, too much to be hazarded by a man whose great object in life was to acquire wealth, and having acquired, to keep it. He took the wiser part, that of trimming, in readiness to sail with any wind that might spring up, but waited to see in which direction the tide of fortune would flow. It is to be observed, withal, that Mary Beatrice neither makes professions in her letter, nor holds out any prospect

[1] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, printed in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch College.

of reward. "I must not finish my letter," she says, in conclusion, "without thanking you for promising to assist me in my suit at the treaty of peace," meaning the payment of her jointure and arrears, for which Marlborough had always been an advocate under the rose, for he took good care not to commit himself by a public avowal of his sentiments on that head. "My cause," continues the royal widow, meekly, "is so just, that I have all reason to hope I shall gain it; at least, I flatter myself that Mr. Matthew's *sister* [*her step-daughter, queen Anne*] is of too good a disposition to oppose it."[1]

The pretence made by Anne, or her ministers, for withholding the provision guaranteed by parliament for her father's widow, that the fund voted to king William for that purpose had been applied, since his death, to other uses, could scarcely be regarded as a legal excuse, especially since the death of the other queen-dowager, Catherine of Braganza, had placed her appanage and income at the disposal of the crown; and this Mary Beatrice, in her bitter penury, would gladly have accepted in lieu of her own.

Marlborough's correspondence is thus alluded to by the chevalier de St. George, in one of his droll letters to the earl of Middleton, dated Arras, July 25th, 1710—

"I shall not write to the queen, to-day, having nothing to say to her more than what is done. Present my duty to her. * * * I have at last quite done with physic, and I hope with my ague, and that with only ten doses of quinquina; but I shall still keep possession of my gatehouse till the army removes, which must be soon. Our Hector [*Villars*] doth talk of fighting in his chariot, but I don't believe him, especially now that the conferences of peace are certainly renewed. * * * You will have seen before this, Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to Daniel [*Berwick*], and another to Hector, in which Follette's [*queen Mary Beatrice's*] children [himself and the princess his sister] are mentioned. I find Hector very willing to do anything in his power for them."[2]

The rest of the letter is very lively and amusing, but chiefly relating to a masked ball, at which he had been present. In his next he says, "I was surprised to find by my sister's letter of the 30th, that the queen had been ill at Marli, but am mighty glad it is so well over. Present her my duty."

[1] Letter of Mary Beatrice to the duke of Marlborough, printed in Macpherson's documents from Nairne's Collection in the Scotch College.

[2] Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne's Original Papers in the Scotch College.

Mary Beatrice and her daughter wrote very frequently to the chevalier de St. George, during his absence with the army. Their letters, if preserved, would be of no common interest, endearing and confidential as the style of both these royal ladies was, considering too the romantic position occupied by the prince. As for him, he was just two-and-twenty, and writes with all the gaiety of his uncle, Charles II., at the same age.[1]

"I gave the mareschal," he says, "this day the queen's packet, [containing her letter to Marlborough,] which I reckon gone by this time. Though Follette has said nothing of her children, yet Hector has again writ about them. I could not put off his writing about them till I heard from you, because he had now no other pretence, as I thought he had. Pray send me back Gurney's [*Marlborough's*] letter to him [*Villars*], for he wants the name of the colonel that is in it."

Mary Beatrice, meantime, to spare herself the painful attempt at keeping up the shadowy imitation of a royal court, had withdrawn with her daughter, the princess Louisa, to her apartments in the convent of Chaillot, where they lived in the deepest retirement. Her majesty occasionally paid flying visits to St. Germains, for the purpose of holding councils, and transacting business; but her ministers generally came to wait on her at the convent.

The manner in which the royal widow passed her time when on a visit to the convent of Chaillot, is thus detailed by one of the ecclesiastics attached to that foundation. "At eight o'clock she rises, having previously read the epistle and gospel for the day after the morrow, with great attention, and after that some of the circular letters of the convent, containing the records of departed sisters of the order, of distinguished piety. She possesses," continues our author, "a perfect knowledge of the blessed Scriptures, as well as the writings of our holy founder, so that she is able to cite the finest passages on occasion, which she always does so much to the purpose, that one knows not which to admire most, the eloquence of her words, or the aptness of her wit. She knows Latin, French, Italian, and English, and will talk consecutively in each of these languages, without mixing them, or making the slightest mistake. But that which is

[1] See his playful letter to the earl of Middleton, from the camp at Arlien, dated June 2nd, in Macpherson's Stuart Papers, vol. ii., p. 152, octavo edition.

the most worthy of observation in this princess, is, the admirable charity and moderation with which she speaks of every one: of her enemies she would rather not speak—following the precept of our holy founder, "that when nothing good can be said, it is best to say nothing." She has never used one word of complaint or invective of any of them, neither has she betrayed impatience of their prosperity, or joy at their sufferings. She said little of them, and recommended those about her to imitate her example; yet she assured us that she had no difficulty in forgiving them, but rather pleasure. If she heard either good or evil news, she recognised the hand of God in both alike, often repeating the words of the holy Psalmist, "I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it is thou, Lord, that hast done it."[1]

From the same authority we learn, that on leaving her chamber the queen always entered her oratory, where she spent an hour in her private devotions; she afterwards attended the public services of the church, then returned to dress for the day. She either dined in her own chamber, or in the refectory with the community, where she seated herself in the midst of the sisters near the abbess. Her ladies occupied a table by themselves; she was always served by two of the nuns. At ten o'clock one of the sisters read to her for half an hour, from the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis, or some good book on the love of God.

She observed all the regulations of the convent, when with the community; and read, listened, meditated, or worked with them, as if she had belonged to the order.

If there were any sick persons in the infirmary, she always visited them in the course of the day. During her retreats to Chaillot, she received visits from the dauphin, dauphiness, and almost all the princesses of the blood. She once assisted at the profession of a novice, whom she led by the hand to the altar, to receive the veil, and bestowed upon her her own name Marie Beatrice.[2]

The reverence, modesty, and profound silence which she observed at church were very edifying. If they brought to her letters from her son, she never opened them in that

[1] Records of Chaillot, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris. [2] Ibid.

holy place, or withdrew till the service was concluded, when she retired into the sacristy, and read them there, as she had formerly done with regard to those from the king, her late royal husband.[1]

Motives of economy had doubtless as much to do with these retreats of the exiled queen, to the convent of Chaillot, as devotion. She could live with the princess her daughter and their ladies at a very trifling expense, in a place where simplicity of dress and abstemiousness of diet, instead of incurring sarcastic observations, were regarded as virtues. The self-denying habits practised by Mary Beatrice, while an inmate of this convent, neither resulted from superstition nor parsimony, but from a conscientious reluctance to expend more than was absolutely necessary upon herself, in a time of general suffering and scarcity. One day, when she was indisposed, and dining in her own apartment at Chaillot, the two nuns who waited upon her observed that she was vexed at something, and spoke angrily to lady Strickland, the keeper of her privy purse, whose office it was to superintend the purveyances for the queen's private table. As her majesty spoke in English, the nuns did not understand what it was that had displeased her, but in the evening she said "that she was sorry that she had spoken so sharply to lady Strickland, who had served her faithfully for nearly thirty years." They then took the liberty of inquiring what that lady had done to annoy her majesty. "She thought," said the queen, "that as I was not well, I should like some young partridges for my dinner, but they are very dear at this time, and I confess I was angry that such costly dainties should be procured for me, when so many faithful followers are in want of bread at St. Germains.[2] It is true," continued her majesty, "that all the emigrants are not persons who have lost their fortunes for our sakes. Too many who apply to me for relief are ruined spendthrifts, gamblers, and people of dissipated lives, who have never cared for the king or me, but came over to be maintained in idleness out of our pittance, to the loss and discredit of more honourable men. Those sort of people," she said, "were more importunate

[1] Records of the Convent of Chaillot.
[2] Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

for relief than any other, and had caused her great annoyance by their irregularities, for she was somehow considered responsible for the misdemeanors of every member of the British emigration.

The keepers of the royal forest and preserves of St. Germains-en-laye once made a formal complaint to our unfortunate queen, that her purveyors had purchased poached game belonging to his most Christian majesty for her table. Mary Beatrice was indignant at the charge, and protested "that it was incredible." They assured her, in reply, "that they could bring ample proofs of the allegation, having traced the game into the chateau."

"Then," retorted her majesty, with some warmth, "it must have been poached by Frenchmen, for I am sure the English are too honourable and honest to do anything of the kind;" and turning to the vicar of St. Germains, who was present, she asked him "if he thought they were capable of such malpractices as poaching?" "Alas, madame!" exclaimed the old ecclesiastic, "it is the besetting sin of your people; I verily believe, that if I were dressed in hare-skin, they would poach me."[1]

The queen then gave orders that, for the time to come, no game should be purchased for her table, or even brought into the chateau, unless accompanied by a satisfactory account of whence it came, lest she should be in any way implicated in the evil deeds of her followers. Doubtless the well-stocked preserves of his French majesty were somewhat the worse for the vicinity of fox-hunting Jacobite squires, and other starving members of the British colony at St. Germains, who had been accustomed to sylvan sports, and had no other means of subsistence than practising their wood-craft illegally on their royal neighbour's hares and pheasants. Mary Beatrice was the more annoyed at these trespasses, because it appeared an ungrateful return for the kindness and hospitality that had been accorded to herself, her family, and followers, by Louis XIV., who had always allowed the use of his dogs, and the privilege of the chase to her late consort and their son.

While at Chaillot, the queen and her daughter were invited to the marriage of the dauphin's third son, the duke

[1] Diary of Chaillot. MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

de Berri, with mademoiselle d'Orleans, but they were both at that time so depressed in spirits by the sufferings of their faithful friends at St. Germains, and the failure of all present hope for the restoration of the house of Stuart, that they were reluctant to sadden the nuptial rite by their appearance. The king of France, knowing how unhappy they were, excused them from assisting at the ceremonial; but the court ladies were ordered to be in grand costume for their state visit of congratulation at Marli, the following evening. When they arrived, the princes and princesses, and great nobles were disposed at different card tables, and, according to the etiquette of that time, the queen and princess made their visits of congratulation at each of them. They then returned to their calm abode at Chaillot, without participation in the diversions of the court.[1]

The chevalier de St. George returned from the army at the end of the campaign, ill and out of spirits. He came to see his mother and sister at Chaillot, by whom he was tenderly welcomed; all three assisted at the commemorative service of their church on the 16th of September, the anniversary of James II.'s death. The next day the chevalier escorted his sister, the princess Louisa, back to St. Germains; but Mary Beatrice, who always passed several days at that mournful season in fasting, prayer, and absolute retirement, remained at the convent for that purpose; she was also suffering from indisposition, it appears, from an observation in the following affectionate little billet, which the princess Louisa wrote to her beloved parent before she went to bed:

"Madame,—I cannot refrain from writing to your majesty this evening, not being able to wait till to-morrow, as the groom does not go till after dinner. I am here only in person, for my heart and soul are still at Chaillot at your feet, too happy if I could flatter myself that your majesty has thought one moment this evening on your poor daughter, who can think of nothing but you. We arrived here just as it was striking nine. The king, thank God! is very little fatigued, and has eaten a good supper. You will have the goodness to pardon this sad scrawl, but having only just arrived, my writing-table is in great disorder. I hope this will find your majesty much better than we left you, after a good night's rest.

"I am, with more respect than ever, your majesty's most humble and obedient daughter and servant, LOUISE MARIE.

"At St. Germains, this 17th Sept., in the evening."[2]

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[1] Memoires de St. Simon, vol. viii., p. 366.

[2] Chaillot MSS., Archives au Royaume de France.

Most precious, of course, must this unaffected tribute of filial devotion have been to her to whom it was addressed. The faded ink and half obliterated characters of the crumpled and almost illegibly-scribbled letter, which was too soon to become a relic of the young warm-hearted writer, testify how often it has been bathed in a mother's tears.

Mary Beatrice made her daughter very happy, by writing to her by her son's physician, Dr. Wood; and her royal highness responds, with all the ardour of a devoted lover, in the following pleasant letter:—

"Madam,—Mr. Wood gave me yesterday the letter your majesty has done me the honour of writing to me. I received it with inexpressible joy; for nothing can equal the pleasure I feel in hearing from you, when I have the misfortune to be absent from you. I am delighted that you are improved in health, and I hope you will be sufficiently recovered to-morrow to undertake the journey with safety. I cannot tell you how impatient I am to kiss your majesty's hand, and to tell you, by word of mouth, that I can see nothing, nor attend to anything, when I am away from you. The last few days I have passed here have been weary, for I care for nothing, without you.

"Yesterday and to-day have seemed to me like two ages. Yesterday I had not even the king, my brother, for you know he was the whole day at Versailles. I could do nothing but pace up and down the balcony, and, I am sorry to say, only went to the *recollets*."

Meaning that she attended one of the short services in the Franciscan convent. Her royal highness, however, goes on to confess to her absent mamma, that she provided herself with better amusement in the sequel; for she says—

"In the evening, finding a good many of the young people had assembled themselves together below, I sent in quest of a violin, and we danced country dances till the king returned, which was not till supper-time. I could write till to-morrow without being able to express half the veneration and respect that I owe to your majesty, and, if I might presume to add, the tenderness I cherish for you, if you will permit that term to the daughter of the best of mothers, and who will venture to add, that her inclination—even more than her duty—compels her to respect and honour your majesty more than it is possible either to imagine or express, and which her heart alone can feel."[1]

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germains towards the end of September, and spent the winter there with her children. She and her son held their separate little courts under the same roof: he as king, and she as queen-mother of England, with all the ceremonials of royalty. Their poverty would have exposed them to the sarcasms of the French courtiers

[1] From the original French Autograph Letter, preserved among the Chaillot Collection, in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

and wits, if compassion for their misfortunes, and admiration for the dignity with which the fallen queen had supported all her trials, had not invested her with a romantic interest in the eyes of a chivalric nation. From the monarch on the throne to the humblest of his subjects, all regarded her as an object of reverential sympathy.

On the death of the dauphin, in April 1711, Louis XIV. sent his grand chamberlain, the duc de Bouillon, to announce his loss to Mary Beatrice and her son; this was done with the same ceremony, as if they had been in reality, what he thought it proper to style them, the king and queen-mother of Great Britain. Mary Beatrice paid Louis a private visit of sympathy at Marli, the day his son was interred. Her daughter, the princess Louisa accompanied her, but it was observed that her majesty left her in the coach, for the dauphin had died of the small-pox, and she feared to expose her darling to the risk of the infection, by allowing her to enter the palace. She excused the absence of her son for the same reason. State visits of condolence were afterwards paid by her and her son in due form to every member of the royal family. These were returned, on the 21st of April, by the French princes and princesses in a body, greatly resembling a funeral procession, for the ladies wore mourning hoods, and the gentlemen muffling cloaks. Their first visit was paid to the chevalier de St. George, where the respect demanded by him as titular king of England, forbade the mourners to be seated; therefore, after a few solemn compliments had been exchanged, they were ushered into the presence chamber of queen Mary Beatrice, who was, with all her ladies, in deep mourning, to receive them. Six fauteuils were placed for the accommodation of the privileged—namely, herself, her son, the new dauphin and dauphiness, and the duke and duchess of Berri—the latter, as the wife of a grandson of France, took precedence of her parents, the duke and duchess of Orleans, who were only allowed folding chairs.[1]

When the party were seated, Mary Beatrice apologized for not being, herself, *en mante*—that is to say, dressed in a mourning hood to receive them, but this, as she always wore the veil and garb of a widow, was incompatible with her own

[1] St. Simon.

costume, in which she could not make any alteration, even out of respect to the late dauphin. When this was repeated to Louis XIV., he expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the excuse made by the widowed queen, and kindly said, "he would not have wished her to do violence to her feelings by altering her costume, to assume a mourning hood, even if it had been for himself instead of his son, the dauphin."[1]

After the princes and princesses had conversed with Mary Beatrice a few minutes, they all rose, and signified their wish "of returning the visits of her royal highness, the princess of England," as the youngest daughter of James II. was always styled in France, but the queen prevented them, by sending for her. She was satisfied that they were prepared to pay her daughter that punctilious mark of respect. The princess had absented herself because it was proper that her visits of condolence should be separately acknowledged, and also because etiquette forbade her to sit in her mother's presence on this occasion, and if she stood the French princesses must also; for, as a king's daughter, she took precedence of them all.

A protestant consort, a crowned head, withal, and one who possessed this powerful recommendation to her favour, that he had expressed a romantic inclination to espouse her brother's cause, was about this time proposed for the princess Louisa; no other than that erratic northern luminary, Charles XII. of Sweden.[2] The maternal tenderness of Mary Beatrice, in all probability, revolted from sacrificing her lovely and accomplished daughter to so formidable a spouse.

"In the summer of 1711, the chevalier de St. George made an incognito tour through many of the provinces of France; and Mary Beatrice, to avoid the expense of keeping up her melancholy imitation of queenly state at St. Germains in his absence, withdrew with the princess her daughter to her favourite retreat at Chaillot. It was within the walls of that convent, alone, that the hapless widow of James II. enjoyed a temporary repose from the cares and quarrels that harassed her in her exiled court —a court made up of persons of ruined fortunes, with breaking hearts and tempers soured by disappointment, who, instead of being united in that powerful bond of

[1] St. Simon. [2] Stuart Papers.

friendship, which a fellowship in suffering for the same cause should have knit, were engaged in constant altercations and struggles for pre-eminence. Who can wonder that the fallen queen preferred the peaceful cell of a recluse from the world and its turmoils, to the empty parade of royalty, which she was condemned to support in her borrowed palace at St. Germains, where every chamber had its separate intrigues, and whenever she went abroad for air and exercise, or, for the purpose of attending the service of her church, she was beset with the importunities of starving petitioners, who, with cries and moving words, or the more touching appeal of pale cheeks and tearful eyes, besought her for that relief which she had no means of bestowing. Even her youthful daughter, who by nature was inclined to enjoy the amusements of the court, and the sylvan pastimes of the forest, or the pleasant banks of the Seine, with her beloved companions, and to look on Chaillot as a very lugubrious place, now regarded it as a refuge from the varied miseries with which she saw her royal mother oppressed at St. Germains. They arrived at the convent on the 20th of July, and were received by the abbess and the nuns with the usual marks of respect. The following day the queen had the satisfaction of reading a letter written by the bishop of Strasburg to the abbé Roguette, full of commendations of her son, whom he had seen during his travels. Mary Beatrice was so much delighted with the tenour of this letter, and the quaint simplicity of the style, that she requested it might be put in the drawer of the archives of James II., to be kept with other contemporary records, which she carefully preserved of her royal consort and their son. The next day she received a letter from the chevalier himself, giving an account of some of the most interesting objects he had noticed during his travels. Among other things, he mentioned "having visited the hospital and the silk factories of Lyons; in the latter, he had been struck with surprise, at seeing 2000 reels worked by one wheel."[1] An observation from which we learn that France was much in advance of England, in machinery, in the beginning of the last century, and that looms, worked by water instead of hands, performed, on a small scale, at

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Lyons, some of the wonders which we see achieved by the power of steam at Manchester and Glasgow in the present age. Like all the royal Stuarts, the son of James II. took a lively interest in the arts of peaceful life, and the progress of domestic civilization. His letters to his mother, during this tour, abounded with remarks on these subjects. Mary Beatrice expressed great satisfaction to her friends at Chaillot, at the good sense which led him to acquaint himself with matters likely to conduce to the happiness of his people, in case it should be the will of God to call him to the throne of England. The nuns were much more charmed at the prince telling his royal mother, "that he had been desirous of purchasing for the princess, his sister, one of the most beautiful specimens of the silks made at Lyons, for a petticoat, but they had not shown him any that he thought good enough for her use; he had, however, wisely summoned female taste to his aid, by begging Madame L'Intendante to undertake the choice for him, and she had written to him, 'that she believed she had succeeded better than his majesty, so he hoped his sister would have a petticoat of the most rich and splendid brocade that could be procured, to wear in the winter, when she left off her mourning."[1] The genuine affection for his sister, which is indicated by this little trait, may well atone for its simplicity. Mary Beatrice, having no allowance of any kind for her daughter, was precluded by her poverty from indulging her maternal pride, by decking her in rich array. The chevalier de St. George, who had enough of the Frenchman in him to attach some importance to the subject of dress, was perhaps aware of deficiencies in the wardrobe of his fair sister, when he took so much pains to procure for her a dress, calculated to give her, on her re-appearance at the French court, the eclat of a splendid toilette to set off her natural charms.

The pure, unselfish affection which united the disinherited son and daughter of James II. and his queen, in exile and poverty, affords a remarkable contrast to the political jealousies and angry passions which inflamed the hearts of their triumphant sisters, Mary and Anne, against each other, when they had succeeded in driving their father from his throne, and supplanting their brother in the regal succes-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

sion. Mary Beatrice always trembled lest her daughter, the princess Louisa, should be induced to listen to the flattering insinuations of persons in her court, who scrupled not to say that nature had fitted her better for a throne than her brother. The duke of Perth, when governor to the prince, always intreated him to imitate the gracious and popular manners of his sister, telling him "that he ought to make it his study to acquire that which was with her free and spontaneous."[1]

The princess received a very amusing letter from her brother, on the 3rd of August, informing her that he had been to Valence, and afterwards paid an incognito visit to the army under the command of the duke of Berwick, in Dauphiny. The queen permitted her daughter to gratify the sisters of Chaillot, by reading this letter aloud to them at the evening recreation, at which they were delighted; the fond mother herself, although she had read it previously, could not refrain from commending the witty and agreeable style in which it was written. She told the nuns "that her son would certainly render himself greatly loved and esteemed, wherever he went," adding, "that she had been surprised at what he had written to lord Middleton, about two deserters from the regiment of Berwick, who had gone over to the enemy's army, and surrendered themselves to general Raon, a German, who commanded the army of the duke of Savoy. When they arrived, general Raon was with the bailey of a French village, who had come to treat about a contribution; being informed of the circumstance, he ordered them to be brought before him, but, instead of giving them the flattering reception they, doubtless, anticipated, and asking for intelligence of their camp, he said to them very sternly, "You are very base to desert your army, and what renders your conduct still more infamous, is your doing so at the time the king of England, your master, is there."[2] "I was surprised," continued the queen, "to learn that a German had so much politeness as to venture to give my son the name of king." "It seems, madam," replied the nuns, "as if he had a secret presentiment that the time decreed by Providence is approaching for a happy revolution. The boldness of Mr. Dundas makes us think

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid.

so, for otherwise, according to the justice, or rather, we ought to say, the injustice of England, he would have been punished for his speech." "No," replied the queen, "they cannot do him any harm, and his speech has been printed in England, and dispersed throughout Scotland, and everywhere else."[1]

It is amusing to find the cloistered sisters of Chaillot talking of the speech of an Edinburgh advocate, but not surprising, since the widowed queen of James II., who still continued to be the central point to which all the Jacobite correspondence tended, held her privy councils at this time within their grate, and constantly discussed with her ladies, before the favourite members of the community who had the honour of waiting on her, the signs of the times, and the hopes or fears which agitated her, for the cause of her son. If one of the state ministers of France visited Mary Beatrice, and made any particular communication to her, and she prudently kept silence on the subject, its nature was divined by her looks, or the effect it produced on her spirits, and in due time the mystery unravelled itself. In regard, however, to the speech of Mr. Dundas, of Arniston, there was no necessity for secrecy, for the sturdy Scot had fearlessly perilled life and limb, to give publicity to his treasonable affection for the representative of the exiled house of Stuart, and his audacity was regarded as a favourable indication of public feeling towards the cause of that unfortunate prince. Mary Beatrice had sent some silver medals of her son to several of her old friends in England. Among the rest, to that errant Jacobite lady, the duchess of Gordon; these medals bore the profile of the chevalier de St. George, with a superscription, endowing him with the title of James III., king of Great Britain, Ireland, and France. On the reverse was the map of the Britannic empire, with a legend, implying that these dominions would be restored to him, as their rightful king.

The duchess of Gordon, to try how the lawyers of Scotland stood affected towards a counter-revolution, sent one of these medals as a present to the dean of the faculty of advocates. It was received by that learned body with enthusiasm, and Robert Dundas, of Arniston, being deputed

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France. See also Macpherson's History of England, and Lockhart Papers.

to convey their acknowledgments to her grace, told her, "that the faculty of advocates thanked her for presenting them with the medal of their sovereign lord the king, and hoped her grace would soon have the opportunity of sending them a medal to commemorate the restoration of the king and royal family, and the finishing of rebellion, usurpation, treason, and whiggery."[1]

Such was the weakness of queen Anne's regnal power in Scotland at that time, that no notice was taken of this seditious declaration till the Hanoverian envoy complained of it to the queen. In consequence of his representation, orders were given to sir David Dalrymple, the lord-advocate, to proceed against Dundas; but the prosecution was presently dropped, and Dundas not only printed his speech, but defended it, in a still more treasonable pamphlet, which, in due time, found its way, not only to St. Germains, but to the convent of Chaillot, and was highly relished by the nuns.

Once, when the prospects of the restoration of the exiled Stuarts to the throne of Britain were discussed, the princess Louisa said, "For my part, I am best pleased to remain in ignorance of the future." "It is one of the greatest mercies of God, that it is hidden from our sight," observed the queen. "When I first passed over to France, if any one had told me I should have to remain there two years, I should have been in despair; and I have now been here upwards of two-and-twenty—God, who is the ruler of our destinies, having so decreed."[2]

"It seems to me, madam," said the princess, "that persons who, like myself, have been born in adversity, are less to be pitied than those who have suffered a reverse; never having tasted good fortune, they are not so sensible of their calamities; besides, they always have hope to encourage them. Were it not," continued she, "for that, it would be very melancholy to pass the fair season of youth in a life so full of sadness."

Sister Catharine Angelique told her royal highness, that her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, was accustomed to thank God that he had made her a queen, and an unfortunate queen. "Thus, madam," continued the old religieuse, "it is, in reality, a great blessing that your royal

[1] Macpherson's History of England.
[2] MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

highness has not found yourself in a position to enjoy the pleasures and distinctions pertaining to your rank and age."

"Truly," said the queen, turning to her daughter, "I regard it in the same light, and have often been thankful, both on your account and that of my son, that you are, at present, even as you are. The inclination you both have for pleasure might otherwise have carried you beyond due bounds."[1] Such were the lessons of Christian philosophy with which the royal mother endeavoured to reconcile her children to the dispensations of Divine Providence, which had placed them in a situation so humiliating to their pride, and that ambition which is generally a propensity inseparable from royal blood.

Catharine Angelique told the queen and princess, "that their royal foundress," as she called queen Henrietta Maria, "in the midst of her misfortunes, was glad to be a queen, and that she would sometimes say, 'It is always a fine title, and I should not like to relinquish it.'"

"For my part," observed Mary Beatrice, "I can truly say, that I never found any happiness in that envied title. I never wished to be queen of England; for I loved king Charles very sincerely, and was so greatly afflicted at his death, that I dared not show how much I grieved for his loss, lest I should have been accused of grimace."[2]

It was during one of those conversations that the name of the late queen dowager, Catharine of Braganza, being brought up, the princess Louisa asked her mother, if there were any grounds for the reported partiality of that queen for the earl of Feversham? "No," replied Mary Beatrice; "not the slightest." "It is very strange," observed the princess, thoughtfully, "how such invidious rumours get into circulation; but," continued she, "the prudence of your majesty's conduct has been such as to defy scandal itself, which has never dared to attack your name." "You are too young to know anything about such matters, my child," replied the queen, gravely. "Pardon me, madam," rejoined the princess, "these things are always known; for, as one of the ancient poets has said of princes, 'Their faults write themselves in the public records of their times.'"[3]

Mary Beatrice enjoyed unwonted repose of mind and

[1] MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

body at this season. She had cast all her cares on a higher power, and passed her time quietly in the cloister, in the society of her lovely and beloved daughter, in whose tender affection she tasted as much happiness as her widowed heart was capable of experiencing. The lively letters of her son, who was an excellent correspondent, cheered the royal recluse, and furnished conversation for the evening hours of recreation, when the nuns were permitted to relax their thoughts from devotional subjects, and join in conversation, or listen to that of their illustrious inmates. It was then that Mary Beatrice would occasionally relieve her overburthened mind, by talking of the events of her past life; and deeply is it to be regretted that only disjointed fragments remain of the diary kept by the nun who employed herself in recording the reminiscences of the fallen queen.

Occasionally the holy sister enters into particulars more minute than interesting to the general reader, such as the days on which her majesty took medicine, and very often the drugs of which it was compounded are enumerated. Successive doses of quinquinna, with white powder of whalebone, and the waters of St. Remi, appear to have been a standing prescription with her. By the skill of her French surgeon, Beaulieu, the progress of the cancer had been arrested so completely, that it was regarded at this period as almost cured; whether this were attributable to her perseverance in the above prescription, or to the diversion caused in her favour by a painful abscess, which fixed on one of her fingers at this time, may be a question, perhaps, among persons skilled in the healing art. Mary Beatrice suffered severely with her finger, and her sufferings were aggravated by the tedious proceedings of Beaulieu, who had become paralytic in her service, and though his right hand had lost its cunning, was so tenacious of his office, that he would not suffer any one to touch his royal mistress but himself. Her ladies, and even the nuns, were annoyed at seeing his ineffectual attempts at performing operations with a trembling uncertain hand, and said he ought not to be allowed to put the queen to so much unnecessary pain; but Mary Beatrice, who valued the infirm old man for his faithful services in past years,

bore everything with unruffled patience.[1] It was a principle of conscience with her, never to wound the feelings of those about her, if she could avoid it. She was very careful not to distinguish one of her ladies more than another, by any particular mark of attention, for all were faithfully attached to her. How much milder her temper was considered by persons of low degree than that of one of her ladies, may be inferred from the following whimsical incident: One day, at dinner, she complained "that the glass they had brought her was too large and heavy for her hand," and asked for that out of which she was accustomed to drink, which she said "was both lighter and prettier." The young domestic probationer, who washed the glass and china belonging to her majesty's table, hearing this, ran in a great fright to the *econôme,* and confessed that she had had the misfortune to break the queen of England's drinking glass. "I don't mind the queen knowing that it was I who did it," said she; "but I hope she will not tell lady Strickland." Mary Beatrice was much amused when this was repeated to her, and laughed heartily at the simplicity of the poor girl.[1] The same damsel, whose name was Claire Antoinette Constantin, being about to take the veil, as a humble sister of that convent, expressed an earnest desire, the night before her profession, to make a personal confession to the queen of England, of an injury she had been the cause of her suffering, for that she could not be happy to enter upon her new vocation till she had received her pardon.

The unfortunate widow of James II., having had painful experience of the deceitfulness and ingratitude of human nature, doubtless, expected to listen to an acknowledgment of treacherous practices, with regard to her private papers or letters, that had been productive of mischief to her interests and the cause of her son, when she consented to see the penitent offender, who, throwing herself at her feet, with great solemnity confessed a peccadillo that inclined her majesty to smile. She spake the girl kindly; and having talked with her about her profession, sent her away with a light heart. Mary Beatrice met one of the nuns in the gallery, presently after, to whom she said, laughing at

[1] MS. Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.

the same time, "Do you know that sister Claire Antoinette has just been asking my pardon for causing me the afflicting loss of a little silver cup and two coffee spoons." "It was derogatory to your majesty, for her to say that you could feel any trouble for such a loss," replied the nun, "but she hardly knew what she said when she found herself in the presence of royalty." The queen condescended to assist at the profession of the humble Claire Antoinette.[1]

The 19th of September being a very rainy day, the queen did not expect any visitors, and was surprised at seeing one of the dauphiness's pages ride into the court, who came to announce that her royal highness intended to pay her majesty and the princess of England a visit after dinner. She arrived with her retinue at four o'clock, accompanied by her sister-in-law, the duchess de Berri. Adelaide of Savoy, duchess of Burgundy, was then dauphiness. The abbess received them at the grate, and the princess Louisa came to meet them in the cloister leading to the queen's suite of apartments. As soon as the dauphiness saw her, she signified to her train-bearer that she did not require him to attend her farther; and it seems she disencumbered herself of her train at the same time, for our circumstantial chronicler says, "she went to the princess of England *en corpo*," which means in her bodice and petticoat, without the royal mantle of state, which was made so as to be thrown off or assumed at pleasure. The princess Louisa conducted the royal guests into the presence of the queen, who being indisposed, was on her bed. She greeted the kind Adelaide in these words, "What has induced you, my dear dauphiness, to come and dig out the poor old woman in her cell?" The dauphiness made an affectionate reply. "I don't know exactly what she said," continues our Chaillot chronicler, "but the queen told me that she conversed with her apart very tenderly, while the princess entertained the duchess de Berri." After some time, her majesty told her daughter to show the duchess de Berri the house, and the dauphiness remained alone with her. When the princess and the duchess returned, the dauphiness begged the queen to allow the

[1] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

princess to take a walk with her, to which a willing assent being given, they went out together.

The heavy rain having rendered the gardens unfit for the promenade, the royal friends returned into the house, and the princess took the dauphiness to see the work, with which she seemed much pleased; they afterwards rejoined Mary Beatrice in her apartment. "As it was Saturday afternoon, and past four o'clock," continues our authority, "her majesty did not offer a collation to the dauphiness, but only fish and bread, with a flask of Muscat."[1]

The dauphiness, the same day, gave orders to the duchess de Lauzun that there should be a party made for the chase in the Bois de Boulogne, on purpose for the princess of England, and a supper prepared for her at the house of the duchess at Passy. There were two great obstacles in the way of the princess enjoying this pleasure, which the poverty of her royal mother, apparently, rendered insurmountable, she had neither a horse that she could safely mount, nor a riding dress fit for her to appear in before the gay and gallant court of France. Bitter mortifications those for a youthful beauty, and she the daughter of a king. The amiable dauphiness, however, who had either been informed of these deficiencies, or guessed the state of her unfortunate cousin's stud and wardrobe appointments, sent one of her equerries on the morning of the important day, with a beautiful well-trained palfrey, from her own stable, for the princess's use, together with a splendid riding dress. She wrote, at the same time, to the queen, "entreating her to permit the princess to join the hunting party on horseback, for she had sent one of the horses she had been herself accustomed to mount for her to ride," adding, "that she hoped her majesty would excuse the liberty she had ventured to take in presenting, also, one of her own hunting dresses to her royal highness, the princess of England, the time being too short to allow of having a new one made on purpose."

The pride of a vulgar mind might have been offended at this little circumstance, but Mary Beatrice, though her naturally lofty spirit had been rendered more painfully sensitive by her great reverse of fortune, fully appreciated the affectionate freedom of her royal kinswoman, and wrote to

[1] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

her with her own hand, in reply, "that it would be very unkind to refuse what was so kindly meant and courteously offered, that she thanked her very sincerely, and assured her that she should have much joy in the pleasure that had been provided for her child."[1]

Meantime, the equerry having brought the horse into the garden, the princess Louisa mounted there, and took a few turns to try his paces, and although she had not been in the saddle for upwards of two years, she felt perfectly self-possessed and assured. The temptation of wending with the royal beauty to the gay greenwood, and describing her dress and deportment on that one day, of princely disport with the dauphiness and the gallant court of France, must be resisted, since it is not the life of Louisa Stuart, but of Mary Beatrice d'Esté which at present claims the attention of the reader.[2]

The princess and her governess, lady Middleton, who accompanied her to the chase, returned to Chaillot at a quarter after nine the same evening. On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice considered it proper to pay a visit to the king of France at Versailles, and to thank the dauphiness for her attention to her daughter. It cost her a struggle to emerge from her present quiet abode, to present herself at court again, after so long an absence. She said several times, "I am getting such an old woman, that I feel embarrassed myself on such occasions, and shall only be a restraint on others." She took her young bright Louisa with her to Versailles, to make all the round of state visits to the members of the royal family. Her majesty wore a black mantle and cap, but the princess was in full court costume; they returned to the convent at eight in the evening.

Mary Beatrice wished to make a round of visits to the religious houses of Paris, and especially to the sisters of St. Antoine, but as the pestilence was raging in that city, she was deterred, from the fear of exposing her daughter to the infection. She had promised the princess the pleasure of going to the Italian comedy at this time, and

[1] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot. Inedited MSS. in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

[2] This having already far exceeded the usual limits allotted to the royal biographies, in this series, it becomes expedient to embody the inedited memorials of her children in a separate publication.

a day was fixed, but the evening before, lady Middleton represented to the queen that it might be attended with danger to the princess, as Paris was so full of bad air, on which her majesty told her daughter, "that although it gave her some pain to deprive her of so small a pleasure she could not allow her to go." The princess had reckoned very much upon it, but said her majesty's kindness quite consoled her for her disappointment.[1] Never was a mother more devotedly loved and honoured than was Mary Beatrice by her sweet daughter, who had now become her companion and friend. One day, when she had allowed the princess to go incognito to Paris with lady Middleton, to dine with madame Rothes, the married daughter of that lady, she could not help repeating many times during dinner, "It must be owned that we miss my daughter very much." Mary Beatrice, notwithstanding her fears of exposing that precious one to the danger of entering the infected city, was persuaded to take her with her to the church of the English Benedictines, when she went to pay her annual visit of sorrowful remembrance to the remains of her lamented lord, king James, which still remained unburied under a sable canopy, surmounted with the crown of England, in the aisle of St. Jacques, though ten years had passed away since his death. To avoid attracting attention or the appearance of display, the royal widow and orphan daughter of that unfortunate prince, went in a hired coach, attended by only two ladies, the duchess of Perth, and the countess of Middleton, to pay this mournful duty, and to offer up their prayers in the holy privacy of a grief too deep to brook the scrutiny of public curiosity. On one or two previous occasions, the coach of the exiled queen had been recognised, and followed by crowds of persons of all degrees, who, in their eagerness to gaze on the royal heroine of this mournful romance of history, had greatly distressed and agitated her, even by the vehemence of their sympathy—the French being then not only an excitable but a venerative people, full of compassion for the calamities of royalty. Popular superstition had invested the deceased king with the name of a saint, and attributed to his perishable mortal remains the miraculous power of curing diseases. His bier was visited by pilgrims from all

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Este, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

parts of France, and on this occasion his faithful widow and daughter, shrouded in their mourning cloaks and veils, passed unnoticed among the less interesting enthusiasts who came to offer up their vows and prayers in the aisle of St. Jacques. Some persons outside the church asked the coachman whom he had driven there. The man, not being at all aware of the quality of the party, replied, "that he had brought two old gentlewomen, one middle aged, and a young lady."[1]

This unceremonious description beguiled the fallen queen of England of a smile, perhaps from the very revulsion of feeling caused by its contrast to the reverential and elaborate titles with which royal personages are accustomed to hear themselves named. Queen now only by courtesy, deprived of pomp, power, and royal attributes, Mary Beatrice had gained, by her adversity, better things than she had lost —patience, resignation, and sufficient philosophy to regard the distinctions of this world and its vanities in their true light; yet, like all human creatures, she had her imperfections. That quaintly minute chronicler, the nun of Chaillot, records, "that she once saw her royal friend visibly discomposed for a very slight matter, and that, strange to say, caused by an unwonted act of awkwardness on the part of her daughter, the princess Louisa, who, in drawing the soup to her at dinner, spilt it on the table-cloth, and all over the queen's napkin. Her majesty's colour rose, she looked angry, but said nothing. In the evening, she said, "she felt so much irritated at the moment, that she had with great difficulty restrained herself from giving vent to her annoyance in words;" she severely censured herself, at the same time, for allowing her temper to be ruffled by such a trifle. Mary Beatrice bore a serious trial, soon after, with the equanimity of a heroine, and the dignity of a queen. On the day of St. Ursula, as she was about to enter the choir of the conventual church, with her daughter, to perform her devotions, a letter was delivered to her from the duke de Lauzun, informing her that the negotiations for a peace between England and France had commenced, which must involve

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice D'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. The ladies Perth and Middleton, being the elders of the party, came under the description of the two old gentlewomen, the queen of the middle aged, and the princess of the young lady.

the repudiation of her son's title and cause, by Louis XIV. Mary Beatrice read the letter attentively through, without betraying the slightest emotion, then showed it to her daughter, who wept passionately. The queen turned into the aisle of St. Joseph, where, finding one of the nuns whom she sometimes employed as her private secretary, she requested her to write, in her name, to the duke de Lauzun, "thanking him for the kind attention he had shown in apprising her of what she had not before heard, and begging him to give her information of any further particulars that might come to his knowledge;" she then entered the church, and attended the service, without allowing any one to read in her countenance any confirmation of the ill news, which the tearful eyes of the princess showed, that ominous letter had communicated.[1] An anxious interest was excited on the subject among the sisters of Chaillot, who certainly were by no means devoid of the feminine attribute of curiosity. At dinner, Mary Beatrice showed no appearance of dejection, and no one ventured to ask a question. The next morning, at the hour of relaxation, seeing all the nuns near her, she said "she would impart to them something that was in the duke de Lauzun's letter—namely, that their king had said at his levee—'The English have offered me reasonable terms of peace, and the choice of three cities for the treaty.'" She said no more, and the abbess of Chaillot taking up the word, rejoined—"But, madam, what advantage will your majesty and the king, your son, find in this peace?" The queen, instead of making a direct reply, said, "Peace is so great a blessing, that it ought to be rejoiced at; and we have such signal obligations to France, that we cannot but wish for anything that is beneficial to it."[2]

At supper, she told the community the names of the plenipotentiaries on both sides. She said, "that she had, as soon as she was informed of these particulars, written to her son, to hasten his return, because it would be desirable for her to see and consult with him, on the steps proper to be taken for supporting his interests." The chevalier de St. George was then at Grenoble, from whence he wrote a long amusing letter to his sister, descriptive of the place and its history, and of the principal towns and ports he had visited.

[1] MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

The princess read the letter aloud to the nuns, in the presence of her royal mother, who, though she had read it before, listened with lively interest to all the details.

Mary Beatrice gave a medal of her son to the abbess of Chaillot, "which," says the recording sister of that community, "will be found among our archives, together with a copy of the speech made by the sieur Dundas, in Scotland."

The princess Louisa had given the duke de Lauzun one of these medals in the summer, and he, in return, presented to her, through one of his wife's relations, sister Louise de l'Orge, a nun in that convent, a miniature of the queen magnificently set with diamonds, in a very pretty shagreen box. The princess testified great joy at this present, but the queen appeared thoughtful and sad; at last she said, "I have been several times tempted to send it back. I see I am still very proud, for I cannot bear that any one should make presents to my daughter, when she is not able to make a suitable return. It is from the same principle of pride," continued her majesty, "that I cannot consent to allow my portrait to be painted now. One should not suffer oneself to be seen as old and ugly by those who might remember what one has been when young." She was, however, induced to allow the princess to retain the gift which had been so kindly presented by her old and faithful friend, de Lauzun.[1]

At supper, on the 3rd of November, some one told the queen, "that the marshal Tallard had facetiously proposed to the ministers of queen Anne, that the prince, whom they called the Pretender, should espouse their queen, as the best method of reconciling their differences." "You are mistaken," said Mary Beatrice. "It was a priest who made that proposal, and I will tell you what he said at the recreation to-night." All were impatient to hear the right version of the story, and at the time appointed Mary Beatrice told them, with some humour, "that a witty Irish priest having been summoned before a bench of magistrates, for not taking the oath of abjuration, said to their worships, 'Would it not be best, in order to end these disputes, that your queen should marry the Pretender?' To which all present exclaimed, in a tone of horror, 'Why, he is her

[1] MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

brother!' 'If so,' rejoined the priest, 'why am I required to take an oath against him?'"[1]

The abbess of Chaillot asked the queen in confidence, "if the reports about a peace were correct, and if so, whether anything for the relief of her majesty were likely to be stipulated in the treaty?" Mary Beatrice replied, "that the peace was certain to take place, and that she had some prospect of receiving her dower, but it must be kept a profound secret, because of the Irish, who would all be about her."[2] Her great anxiety was to pay her debts, of which by far the largest was what she owed to the convent of Chaillot; it gave her much pain, she said, that she had not been in a condition to pay the annual rent—namely, 3000 livres, for the apartments she hired there, the arrears of which now amounted to a very large sum. The abbess took the opportunity of reminding her indigent royal tenant of the state of outstanding accounts between her majesty and that house. She said, "that in addition to the 18,000 livres, her majesty had had the goodness to pay them, she had given them a promissory note for 42,000 more, for the last fourteen years." Mary Beatrice was so bewildered at the formidable sound, in French figures, of a sum, which did not amount to two thousand pounds of English money, that she could not remember having given such an engagement, and begged the abbess to let her see it. The abbess produced the paper out of the strong box, and her majesty, presently recollecting herself, freely acknowledged and confirmed it. The abbess in the evening called a council of the elders of the community on the subject, and they agreed that they ought to thank her majesty for what she had done. The very politeness of her creditors was painful to the sensitive feelings of the unfortunate queen. She interrupted them with great emotion, by saying, "that one of the greatest mortifications of her life, was to have seen how many years she had been lodging with them for nothing, and that they must attribute it to the unhappy state of her affairs, and to the extremity of that necessity which has no law."[3] Among all the sad records of the calamities of royalty, there are few pictures more heart-rending than that of the widow of a king of great Britain reduced

[1] MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.
[3] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

to the humiliation of making such an avowal. The money that should have been devoted to the payment of her rent at Chaillot had been extorted from her compassion, by the miseries of the starving thousands by whom she was daily importuned for bread, when at St. Germains. As long as the royal widow had a livre in her purse, she could not resist the agonizing petitions of these unfortunates; and when all was gone, she fled to Chaillot, literally for refuge. She told the community, "that they might reckon on her good offices whenever they thought it might be in her power to be of service to them."

One of the nuns who waited on Mary Beatrice took the liberty of approaching her when they were alone, and endeavoured to soothe her wounded spirit, by assuring her, "that the abbess and sisters could never sufficiently acknowledge her goodness and her charity to their house; and that the whole community were truly grateful for the blessing of having her among them, for her example had inspired them with a new zeal for the performance of the duties of their religion." Adding, "that it gave their community great pain, when the poverty of their house compelled them to mention anything that was due to them; but they should all be most willing to wait her majesty's convenience." Mary Beatrice talked of changing her apartments for those lately occupied by mademoiselle de la Motte, which were only half the rent of hers, but it was begged that she would retain her own.[1]

The next day, Mary Beatrice had the consolation of embracing her son, who arrived at Chaillot on the 4th of November, at nine in the morning, having slept at Chartres the preceding night. He entered alone, having hastened on before his retinue to greet his royal mother and sister. They both manifested excessive joy at seeing him; he dined with them in her majesty's apartment, and the abbess waited on them at dinner. The queen and princess both said, several times, that he greatly resembled his late uncle, king Charles II. "This prince," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "is very tall and well formed, and very graceful. He has a pleasant manner, is very courteous and obliging, and speaks French well."

[1] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

After dinner, permission was asked of the queen, for the community to have the honour of coming in to see the king, as they called her son. Her majesty assenting, they entered, and seated themselves on the ground, and listened with great interest to the chevalier's conversation, which consisted chiefly of his remarks on the various places he had visited during his late tour, on which, like other travellers, he delighted to discourse to reverential listeners. Mary Beatrice kindly sent for sister Louise de L'Orge, one of the nuns, who, although she was then in her retreat, was well pleased at being indulged with a peep at the royal visitor. Mary Beatrice announced her intention of returning to St. Germains, with her son, that evening, and said she would not make any adieux. She paid, however, a farewell visit after vespers to the tribune, where the heart of her beloved consort was enshrined, and then returned to her own apartment, and waited there while the princess took leave of the abbess and the community. Notwithstanding the joy of the princess at this reunion with her much-loved brother, she was greatly moved at parting from the kind nuns; and when she made her adieu to her particular friend, sister Marguerite Henriette, she burst into tears. The queen herself was agitated: she said several times, "that she could not understand two conflicting inclinations in her mind—her desire to return with her son, and her fear of quitting her home at Chaillot, for the turmoils and difficulties that would beset her at St. Germains."[1] At her departure, she said a few gracious words of acknowledgment, as she passed them, to those nuns who had had the honour of waiting upon her. Her beloved friend, Françoise Angelique Priolo, was in ill-health; and the following playful letter, without date, was probably written to her by Mary Beatrice soon after her return to St. Germains:—

"Although you have preferred my daughter to me, in writing to her rather than to me, about which I will not quarrel with you, I must needs write two words to you to explain about the money that Demster brings you. There are 22 Louis, of which 200 livres must be taken for the half year of the perpetual mass; 29, for the two bills that you have given to Molza, and the rest to purchase a goat, whose milk will preserve and improve the health of my

[1] MS. Memorials in Archives au Royaume de France.

dear good mother. They assure me that they have sent the money for the wood."

Endorsed "To the mother Priolo."[1]

Mary Beatrice came to see her sick friend, at the convent of Chaillot, on the 9th of December, accompanied by the princess, her daughter, and returned the next day to St. Germains.

The preliminary negotiations for the peace of Utrecht filled the exiled court with anxiety and stirring excitement. The duke of Marlborough renewed his secret correspondence with Mary Beatrice and her son, through the medium of his nephew, Berwick, and even committed himself so far as to confer personally with Tunstal, one of the emissaries of the earl of Middleton. In the curiously mystified official report of these conferences, written by the latter to Middleton, Mary Beatrice is, as usual, mentioned under two different feigned names, her dower is called her law-suit, and Marlborough is styled the lawyer.

"I had two long conferences with him," writes Tunstal, "about *Mr. Bernhard's* lawsuit, and Mr. Kelly's [*the Pretender's*] affairs. As to both which he shows a good will, and gives, in appearance, sincere wishes; but how far he will be able to work effectually in the matter, I leave you to judge. First as to Mr. Bernard's [*the queen's*] deed, he says, it must be insisted upon in time, for he looks upon it as certain that an accommodation [*peace*] will be made, and if he shall be found capable of helping or signing this deed, he assures Mr. Bernard [*the queen*] of his best services. But he believes measures are taken in such a manner that he shall be excluded from having any hand in concluding matters at Poncy (the peace)."[2]

Tunstal goes on to state Marlborough's opinion, that the payment of the jointure of the widowed queen ought to be strenuously insisted upon; "and the gaining that point of the deed," continues he, "to be of great consequence, not only as to the making my lady Betty [queen Mary Beatrice] easy as to her own circumstances, but very much conducing to the advancing Mr. Anthony's [*the chevalier St. George's*] interest, and this not so much, again, as to the money itself, as to the grant of it, which cannot be refused, it being formerly conceded at Poncy, [*the peace of Ryswick,*] and only diverted by the unworthiness of him who then ruled the roast,"[3] meaning William III. On the subject of the jointure,

[1] From the original French of an inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. [3] Ibid.

Marlborough begged Tunstal to assure Mary Beatrice, "that if the payment were put to the vote of parliament, it would find many supporters, who would be glad of the opportunity of making their compliments to her *à bon grace*, and giving some testimony of their goodwill; and if she thought that he were himself in a capacity to serve her in that matter, he would be glad of showing himself her humble servant." In the same conference, Marlborough begged that the prince would not listen to any proposal of taking refuge in the papal dominions; for if the queen consented to his doing that, it would be no better than ruining the cause of her son, and murdering him outright. He recommended some protestant state as a more popular asylum, and declared—nay, solemnly swore—that the recall of the prince appeared to him as certain to take place.[1] Neither oaths nor professions from that quarter appear to have had much weight at the court of St. Germains, if we may judge from the dry comments made by the earl of Middleton to his political agent on this communication:

"As for your *lawyer*, he is gone, and before you meet again, we shall see clearer. * * * He might have been great and good, but God hardened Pharaoh's heart, and he can now only pretend to the humble merit of a post-boy who brings good news, to which he has not contributed."[2]

The affairs of the widow and son of James II. were far enough from being in the favourable position which the flattering courtship of the disgraced favourite of queen Anne led their shallow minister to imagine. Middleton was not, however, the only person deceived in this matter; for the dauphin paid a visit to Mary Beatrice and the chevalier at St. Germains at this crisis, expressly to congratulate them on their prospects.[3]

Mary Beatrice placed great reliance on the friendship always testified by that amiable prince and his consort, for her and her children, but the arm of flesh was not to profit them. The dauphiness was attacked with malignant purple fever, on the 6th of February; fatal symptoms appeared on the 9th. On the 11th, her life was despaired of, and they forced her distracted husband from her bedside, to breathe the fresh air in the gardens at Versailles. Mary

[1] Stuart Papers, in Macpherson. [2] Ibid.
[3] St. Simon. MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

Beatrice, ever fearless of infection for herself, hastened to Versailles, but was not permitted to enter the chamber of her dying friend. She sat with the king and madame de Maintenon, in the room adjoining to the chamber of death, while the last sacraments of the church of Rome were administered, and remained there all that sad night.[1] She was also present at the consultation of the physicians, when they decided on bleeding the royal patient in the foot. She saw, as she afterwards emphatically observed, "that physicians understood nothing, comparatively speaking, of the life of man, the issues of which depend on God." The dauphiness expired on the 11th of February; the afflicted widower only survived her six days. The inscrutable fiat which, at one blow, desolated the royal house of France, and deprived a mighty empire a second time of its heir, involved also the ultimate destruction of the hopes of the kindred family of Stuart. The fast waning sands of Louis XIV., now sinking under the weight of years and afflictions, were rudely shaken by this domestic calamity, which was immediately followed by the death of the eldest son of the young pair, leaving the majesty of France to be represented, in less than three years, by a feeble infant, and its power to be exercised by the profligate and selfish regent, Orleans.

"I have been deeply grieved," writes Mary Beatrice, "for the deaths of the dauphin and our dear dauphiness. After the king, there are no other persons in France whose loss could have affected us in every way like this. The death of the young dauphin has not failed to touch me also. We must adore the judgments of God, which are always just, although inscrutable, and submit ourselves to His will."[2]

The portentous shadows with which these tragic events had darkened the political horizon of her son, affected Mary Beatrice less than the awful lesson on the uncertainty of life, and the vanity of earthly expectation, which the sudden death of these illustrious persons, snatched away in the flower of youth, and high and glorious anticipation, was calculated to impress. The royal widow regarded their deaths as a warning to put her own house in order; and in the self-same letter, in which she mentions the three-fold tragedy to her friend, the abbess of Chaillot, she says:—

"I pray you, my dear mother, to send me by the courier, the packet that

[1] St. Simon. MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.
[2] MS. Letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives of France.

I left with you of my will, and also the copies of all the papers written in my hand, for moneys paid or to pay, and likewise what I have promised for my sister M. Paule de Douglas. I would wish to put them all in order before the approach of Death, whom, we see, comes always when we think of him the least." "M."[1]

Endorsed the 15th March, 1712:

"We have not sent the queen her will according to what she has ordained us in this letter, but the copies of the papers written by her hand, which remain in the box, her majesty having done us the honour to consign them to us, but not her will."

These papers were the vouchers which the queen had given to the abbess and community of Chaillot, for the sums of money in which she stood indebted to them, as before mentioned, for the hire of the apartments she and the young princess her daughter, and their ladies, had occupied, during their occasional residence in that convent for many years. Whether she came there much or little, the apartments were always reserved for her use, at an annual rent of three thousand francs. This sum, less than one hundred and thirty pounds a year, the destitute widow of king James II., who had been a crowned and anointed queen-consort of Great Britain, had never been able to pay, but had been reduced to the mortifying necessity of begging the community of Chaillot to accept such instalments as her narrowed finances, and the uncertain payments of her French pension, enabled her to offer, with a written engagement to liquidate the debt, either when she should receive the payment of her dower as queen of England, or at the restoration of the house of Stuart. Under these conditions, the compassionate sisterhood of Chaillot had allowed their royal friend's debt to accumulate to fifty thousand francs, up to the year 1712, as specified in the following document:—

"Having always intended to make arrangements for the good of the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, because of the affection which I have to their holy order in general, and to this house in particular, in which I have been so many times received and well lodged, for nearly the four and twenty years that I have been in France, and wishing at present to execute this design better than it is possible for me to do in the circumstances under which I find myself at present: I declare that my intention on my retiring into this monastery, has always been to give three thousand livres a year for the hire of the apartments I have occupied here since the year 1689, till this present year 1712, in all which time I have never paid them but nineteen thousand livres; it still remains for me to pay fifty thousand,

[1] Autograph Letter of the Queen of James II., in the Archives au Royaume de France.

which fifty thousand I engage and promise to give to the said monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, on the establishment of the king my son in England."

It is remarkable, that the agitated hand of the poor exile, who had been queen of the realm, has written that once familiar word, *Aengelter*, in this record of her poverty, and honest desire to provide for the liquidation of her long arrears of rent to the convent of Chaillot; she continues in these words:—

"And not having the power to do this while living, I have charged the king my son in my testament, and engaged him to execute all these promises, which he will find written by my own hand, and that before one year be passed after his restoration."

Alas, poor queen—poor prince! and luckless nuns! on what a shadowy foundation did these engagements rest. Yet at that time, when it was the general opinion of all Europe, that the childless sovereign of England, Anne, designed to make, as far as she could, reparation for the wrongs she had done her brother, by making arrangements for him to succeed, at her demise, to the royal inheritance, in which she had supplanted him, few people would have despised a bond for a sum of money, however large, payable at such a day.

"I have left also," continues the queen, "in my will, wherewithal to make a most beautiful restoration for the great altar of the church of the said monastery of Chaillot, dedicated to the Holy Virgin, or a fine tabernacle, if they should like it better; and also I have left for a mausoleum to be made for the heart of the king, my lord and husband.

"And I engage and promise in the meantime, to pay to the said monastery, the sum of three thousand livres a year for the time to come, counting from the 1st of April, 1712; but if through the bad state of my affairs, I should not be able to pay the said annual sum for the future, or only to pay in part, I will reckon all that I fail in as a debt, which shall augment and add to the fifty thousand francs which I owe already, to be paid at the same time, which he [*her son*] will understand, for all the years that I may remain in France." "MARIE R."[1]

The presentiment that death was about to visit her own melancholy palace, which had haunted Mary Beatrice ever since she had wept with Louis XIV., thrice, in a few brief days, over the stricken hopes of gay Versailles, was doomed to be too sadly realized; but not, as she had imagined, on herself. She, the weary pilgrim who had travelled over nearly half a century of woe, and had carried in her mortal

[1] Chaillot MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

frame for the last twelve years the seeds of death, was spared to weep over the early grave of the youngest born and most precious of her children, her bright and beautiful Louisa.

On Easter Wednesday, March 29th, Mary Beatrice visited Chaillot with her daughter, who was then in blooming health. The nuns told their royal visitors a piteous tale of the damage their house had sustained by the dreadful storm of December 11th, two days after their last visit. Her majesty listened with great concern, regretted her inability to aid them as she could wish, but promised to do her best in representing their case to others.

"At four o'clock the following day, the chevalier de St. George, who had been hunting in the Bois de Boulogne, came here," says our Chaillot chronicler, "in quest of the queen. He behaved with much courtesy to our mother, thanking her for the prayers she had made for him at all times, and for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and the consolation she had been to her. He appeared a little indisposed that day, but returned to St. Germains in the evening with the queen and the princess."

Two days afterwards, he was attacked with the small pox,[1] to the inexpressible dismay of Mary Beatrice, who knew how fatal that dreadful malady had, in many instances, proved to the royal house of Stuart. The princess Louisa was inconsolable at the idea of her brother's danger, but felt not the slightest apprehension of infection for herself. On the 10th of April, the malady appeared visibly on her, while she was at her toilette. The distress of the queen may be imagined. The symptoms of the princess were at first favourable, so that hopes were entertained that not only her life, but even her beauty would be spared. Unfortunately the practice of bleeding in the foot was resorted to in her case, and the effects were fatal.

The last and most interesting communication that ever took place between Mary Beatrice and her beloved daughter, was recorded verbatim from the lips of the disconsolate mother, by one of the nuns of Chaillot, who has thus indorsed the paper containing the particulars:

[1] Inedited Memorials by the sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

"The queen of England, this 12th of October, was pleased herself to repeat to us the words which the princess, her daughter, said to her, and they were written down in her majesty's chamber, this evening, at six o'clock."[1]

Thus we see, that six months elapsed, ere Mary Beatrice could bring herself to speak of what passed in the holy privacy of that solemn hour, when, after the duties enjoined by their church for the sick had been performed, she came to her dying child, and asked her how she felt.

"Madame," replied the princess, "you see before you the happiest person in the world. I have just made my general confession; and I have done my best to do it, so that if they were to tell me that I should die now, I should have nothing more to do. I resign myself into the hands of God; I ask not of Him life, but that His will may be accomplished on me."

"My daughter," replied the queen, "I do not think I can say as much. I declare that I entreat of God to prolong your life, that you may be able to serve Him, and to love Him better than you have yet done." "If I desire to live, it is for that alone," responded the princess, fervently; but the tenderness of earthly affections came over the heavenward spirit, and she added, "and because I think I might be of some comfort to you."

At five o'clock the next morning, Monday, April 18th, they told the queen that the princess was in her agony. She would have risen to go to her, but they prevented her by force. The princess expired at nine. At ten, the heavy tidings were announced to her majesty by Père Gaillar, her departed daughter's spiritual director, and Père Ruga, her own.[2] Bitter as the trial was, Mary Beatrice bore it with the resignation of a Christian mother who believes that the child of her hopes and prayers has been summoned to a brighter and better world. The prince, her son, was still dangerously ill. Grief for the departed, and trembling apprehension for the last surviving object of maternal love and care, brought on an attack of fever which

[1] Translated from the original French of the autograph document in the private Archives of the kingdom of France, in the Hotel de Soubise, where it was transferred, with other curious contemporary records, at the dissolution of the royal foundation of the convent of the Visitation of St. Mary of Chaillot.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice by a sister of Chaillot, in Archives au Royaume de France.

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confined her to her bed for several days. Meantime, it was generally reported that the prince was either dying or dead. Much anxiety was expressed on his account in some of the mysterious jacobite letters of the period; deep regret for the loss of the princess, and general sympathy for the afflicted mother, touched every heart in which the leaven of political animosity or polemic bitterness had not quenched the sweet spirit of Christian charity and pity.

In one of the letters of condolence from some person in the court of queen Anne, apparently to the countess of Middleton, on the death of the princess Louisa, the writer says:—

"You cannot imagine how generally she is lamented, even by those who have ever been enemies to her family. I and mine have so shared in your loss, that we thought our sorrows could have no addition, when we heard your chevalier was recovered, but now we find our mistake, for since we had yours to my daughter Jenny, 'tis said at court he is despaired of, and on the Exchange, that he is dead, that he ate too much meat, and got a cold with going out too soon. If this be true, all honest people will think no more of the world, for sure never were mortals so unfortunate as we. * * * I beg you will make our condoling compliments, for to write it myself to your only mistress, is tormenting her now, but pray assure her, I grieve for her loss, and the sense I am sure she has of it, to a degree not to be expressed, but felt with true affection and duty. * * * I do not question but you must guess at the concern my sisters were in when we received the news of your loss, upon my word I was stupified at it, and cannot help being still anxious for the brother's health, notwithstanding your assurances of his recovery, for we have so many cruel reports about him, that it is enough to make us distracted. Pray assure his afflicted mother of my most humble duty. God in heaven send her comfort, for she wants it; nothing but her goodness could resist such a stroke."[1]

Among the letters to the court of St. Germains in which real names are as usual veiled under quaint and fictitious aliases—a flimsy precaution at that time, when the real persons intended must have been obvious to every official of the British government into whose hands these treasonable missives might chance to fall—there is one really curious from Sheffield, duke of Buckingham,[2] which is supposed to convey the expression of queen Anne's sympathy for the illness of her unfortunate brother, and her regret for the death of her young lovely sister. Another, from some warm friend of the exiled family, well known of course

[1] In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

[2] The husband of the daughter of James II. by the countess of Dorchester. He was queen Anne's chamberlain. The political alias under which he figures in the secret Jacobite correspondence is "Matthew."

to the party to whom it was addressed, in reply to a communication that the chevalier was out of danger, runs as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—Hannah [Mr. Lilly] says, yours of the 29th, was the joyfullest her eyes ever saw, for it restored her to life after being dead about a week, but not to perfect health, for her dear Lowder [the princess], and her heart bleeds for poor Quaile [the queen]."[1]

The heart of the princess Louisa Stuart was enshrined in a silver urn, and conveyed to the convent of Chaillot, where it was presented, with an elegant Latin oration, to the abbess and community of the Visitation of St. Marie of Chaillot. They received it with great solemnity, and many tears, and placed it, according to the desire of the deceased princess, in the tribune, beside those of her royal father, king James II., and her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. Her body was also deposited, by that of her father, in the church of the English Benedictines, in the rue de St. Jacques, Paris, there to remain, like his, unburied, till the restoration of the royal Stuarts to the throne of Great Britain, when it was intended to inter them in Westminster Abbey.

The remains of the princess were attended to their temporary resting place by her governess, Catharine, countess of Middleton, and all her ladies in waiting and maids of honour. The duke of Berwick acted as chief mourner, assisted by his son, the earl of Tynemouth, the earl of Middleton, lord chamberlain, all the officers of the exiled queen's household, and the English residents at St. Germains.[2] The funeral procession was also attended by the French officers of state belonging to the royal chateau and town of St. Germain.

The death of the princess Louisa was the greatest misfortune that could have befallen the cause of the house of Stuart, of which she was considered the brightest ornament, and it also deprived her brother of an heiress presumptive to his title, for whose sake much more would have been ventured than for himself, while her ardent devotion to his in-

[1] In Macpherson's Stuart Papers, from Nairne.

[2] Official attestation of the delivery of the heart of the princess Louisa Maria of England to the abbess of Chaillot by the abbé Ingleton, confessor to the queen, and of her corpse to the Benedictine monks Archives of the kingdom of France in the Hotel Soubise.

terest precluded any apprehension of attempts at rivalry on her part.

There is a very fine three-quarter length original portrait of this princess in the possession of Walter Strickland, esq., of Sizergh Castle, the gift of queen Mary Beatrice to lady Strickland. She is there represented in the full perfection of her charms, apparently about eighteen or nineteen years of age. Nothing can be more noble than her figure, or more graceful than her attitude: she is gathering orange blossoms in the gardens of St. Germains. This occupation, and the royal mantle of scarlet velvet, furred with ermine, which she wears over a white satin dress, trimmed with gold, has caused her to be mistaken for the bride of the chevalier de St. George; but she is easily identified as his sister, by her likeness to him, and to her other portraits and her medals. In fact, the painting may be known at a glance for a royal Stuart and a daughter of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, although her complexion is much fairer and brighter, and her eyes and hair are of a lively nut-brown tint, instead of black, which gives her more of the English, and less of the Italian character of beauty. She bears a slight family likeness, only with a much greater degree of elegance and delicacy of outline, to some of the early portraits of her eldest sister, queen Mary II.

Mary Beatrice received visits of sympathy and condolence on her sad loss from Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon. The latter says, in one of her letters—"I had the honour of passing two hours with the queen of England; she looks the very image of desolation. Her daughter had become her friend and chief comfort. The French at St. Germains are as disconsolate for her loss as the English; and, indeed, all who knew her loved her most sincerely. She was truly cheerful, affable, and anxious to please, attached to her duties, and fulfilling them all without a murmur."

The first confidential letter written by Mary Beatrice, after the afflicting dispensation which had deprived her of the last sunshine of her wintry days, is dated May 19, 1712; it is addressed to her friend Angelique Priolo; it commences with a congratulatory compliment to that religieuse, on her re-election to her third triennial, as superior of the convent of Chaillot; but the royal writer quickly

passes to a subject of deeper, sadder interest to herself, the death of her child.

It is not always in the power of an historian to raise the veil that has hidden the treasured grief of a royal mother's heart from the world, and after nearly a century and a half have passed away, since the agonizing pulses of that afflicted heart have been at rest, and its pangs forgotten, to place the simple record of her feelings before succeeding generations in her own pathetic words.

The holy resignation of the Christian renders the maternal anguish of the fallen queen more deeply interesting; she shall speak for herself:[1]

"But what shall I say to you, my dear mother, of that beloved daughter whom God gave to me, and hath now taken away? Nothing beyond this, that, since it is he who hath done it, it becomes me to be silent, and not to open my mouth unless to bless his holy name. He is the Master both of the mother and the children; he has taken the one and left the other, and I ought not to doubt but that he has done the best for both and for me also, if I knew how to profit by it. Behold the point, for, alas, I neither do as I say, nor as God requires of me, in regard to his dealings with me. Entreat of him, my dear mother, to give me grace to enable me to begin to do it. I cannot thank you sufficiently for your prayers, both for the living and the dead. I believe the latter are in a state to acknowledge them before God, for in the disposition he put into my dear girl, at the commencement of her malady, to prepare herself for death, I have every reason to hope that she enjoys, or soon will enjoy, his blessedness with our sainted king, and that they will obtain for me his grace, that so I may prepare to join them when, and where, and how, it shall please the Master of all things in his love to appoint."

The poor queen goes on to send messages of affectionate remembrance to the sisters of Chaillot, whose kind hearts had sorrowed for her, and with her, in all her afflictions during her four-and-twenty years of exile and calamity; but more especially in this last and most bitter grief, in which, indeed, they had all participated, since the princess Louisa had been almost a daughter of their house.

The queen names two of the nuns, Marie Gabrielle and Marie Henriette, and says:—

"I shall never forget, in all my life, the services which the last has rendered to my dear daughter, nor the good that she has done her soul, although the whole of our dear community have contributed to that which would oblige me, if it were possible, to redouble my friendship for them all."

The hapless widow of James II. adverts, in the next place, to another bitter trial, which she knew was in store

[1] The original, written in French, is preserved among the Chaillot Collection, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

for her—that of parting with her son, now her only surviving child. Ever since the commencement of the negotiations for the peace between England and France, it had been intimated to the chevalier de St. George, that it was necessary he should withdraw from St. Germains, in the first instance, and finally from the French dominions. In consequence of his dangerous illness and present debility, and the indulgence due to the feelings of poor Mary Beatrice, on account of her recent bereavement, a temporary delay had been permitted. He now began to take the air and gentle exercise on horseback daily, and it was considered that he would soon be strong enough to travel:

"I know not," continues her majesty, "when the king my son will set out, nor whither I shall go, but his departure will not be before the first week in the next month. When I learn more about it I will let you know, for I intend to come to Chaillot the same day that he goes from here, since if I am to find any consolation during the few days which remain to me, I can only hope for it in your house." "M. R."

When Mary Beatrice visited Louis XIV. at Marli, for the first time after the death of her daughter, the heartless ceremonials of state etiquette were alike forgotten by each, and they wept together in the fellowship of mutual grief, "because," as the disconsolate mother afterwards said, when speaking of the tears they shed at this mournful interview, "we saw that the aged were left, and death had swept away the young."[1] All the pleasure, and all the happiness, of the court of Versailles expired with the amiable dauphin and dauphiness, and the death of the princess Louisa completed the desolation of that of the exiled Stuarts. Mary Beatrice endeavoured to calm her grief, by visiting the monastery of La Trappe, with her son, but confessed that she had not derived any internal consolation[2] from passing two days in that lugubrious retreat: it would have been passing strange if she had. Such an expedition was, moreover, highly inexpedient as regarded the temporal interests of her son, since nothing could have been more distasteful to the English. On her return to St. Germains, the royal widow added the following codicils to the paper containing her testamentary acknowledgments of her debts to the convent of Chaillot:—

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot.
[2] Autograph Letters of Mary Beatrice to the Abbess of Chaillot.

"I declare also, that my intention and will is, that the thousand livres which I have left in my testament to lady Henrietta Douglas who has been a nun professed in the monastery of the Visitation of St. Marie de Chaillot, and who bears there the name of sister Marie Paule, be paid to the said monastery, notwithstanding the decease of the said sister Marie Paule Douglas." "MARIE R.

"Done at St. Germains, this 7th of July, 1712.

"I have left also in my will, for the said monastery to found a perpetual mass for the repose of my soul, and those of the king my lord, and my dear daughter." "MARIE R."

A rent which appears in the sheet of paper on which the poor queen has endeavoured to provide for the payment of her debt to the convent of Chaillot, is thus *naively* explained by herself in the following notification:

"It is I who by accident have torn this paper, but I will that it have effect throughout, notwithstanding." "MARIE R."[1]

It was not till the 28th of July, that Mary Beatrice could summon up sufficient resolution to visit her friends at Chaillot, and when she arrived, the sight of the nuns who had been accustomed to wait on her and the princess Louisa, during their long sojourn in the convent in the preceding year, renewed her anguish. She uttered a bitter cry, and exclaimed, "Oh, but this visit is different from my last. Alas! who could have told it! But God is the master—it is He that hath done it, and his holy name be for ever blessed."[2] When she entered, she sat down by the princess de Condé, who had come like herself to assist at the profession of a nun. The community retired, and she consented to see her friends, Francoise Angelique and Claire Angelique, for a few moments, but nothing seemed to give her consolation. The probationer, Marie Helena Vral, who was about to make her irrevocable vow, came to speak to her majesty, and said she would pray for her while she was under the black pall. "Pray only that God's holy will may be done!" said the afflicted mother.

When the profession was over, Mary Beatrice composed herself sufficiently to give audience to the Spanish ambassador, and some others who desired to pay their compliments to her. She afterwards insisted on visiting the tribune where the heart of her lost darling was now enshrined,

[1] MS. in Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a Nun of Chaillot.

beside that of her lamented lord, king James. The sight of those mournful relics thus united, renewed all her agonies, and it was with difficulty that the nuns could tear her from the spot after she had assisted in the prayers that were offered up for the departed. When she was at last induced to return to her apartment, the princess de Condé endeavoured to persuade her to take her tea, but her grief so entirely choked her that she could not swallow, and sickened at each attempt.

The same evening the duchess of Lauzun expressing a great desire to be permitted to see her majesty, Mary Beatrice consented to receive her, and requested her to be seated. The duchess refused the proffered tabouret; seeing that the abbess and several of the nuns, who were present, were sitting, according to custom, on the ground at the end of the room, she went and seated herself in the same lowly position among them. The conversation turned on the virtues and untimely deaths of the dauphin and the dauphiness. Mary Beatrice spoke with tender affection of them both, and discussed their funeral sermons and orations, some of which she praised. When she spoke of the grief of Louis XIV., and the tears she had shed with him for their loss, it renewed her anguish, for her own more recent bereavement; sobs choked her voice, and she gave way to a fresh paroxysm of suffocating agony.[1] After the departure of the duchess de Lauzun she became more composed, and drawing sister Margaret Henrietta, the favourite friend of her beloved daughter, on one side, she told her, "that the only consolation she was capable of feeling for the loss of that dear child, was in the remembrance of her virtues, and in retracing them; that at first she feared there was much of vanity in her desire of having a funeral oration made for her, the same as had been done for the late king her husband, and a circular letter containing a brief memoir, but she had consulted her spiritual directors, and they had assured her it was her duty to render to the memory of the princess the honours due to her birth, and great virtues." The royal mother, who certainly meant to have a share in the composition of the posthumous tribute to the merits of her departed child, said she wished the circu-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

lar letter to appear in the name of the community of Chaillot, but that she would pay all the expenses of printing and paper. The abbess, who was present at the consultation, entirely approved of the idea, and told her majesty that the memorials which sister Henriette had kept of her royal highness would be very serviceable in the design. The sister brought her notes and presented them to her majesty, to whom they were, of course, inexpressibly precious; she received them with mournful satisfaction, and said, "they would be of great use in the circular letter or conventual obituary memoir of her daughter."[1]

Mary Beatrice, feeling herself much the worse for the excitement of this agitating day, wished to return to St. Germains. She went away at six o'clock in the evening much fatigued, and was ill and feverish for several days after her return.[2]

"This day," continues the chronicler of Chaillot, "lady Strickland of Sizergh came here, bringing with her as a present from the queen of England, to our house, the beautiful petticoat which the king had had manufactured at Lyons, during his travels, for the princess his sister." It had never been worn by her, for whom it had been purchased, the mourning for the first dauphin not having expired when both courts were plunged into grief and gloom by the deaths of the young dauphin and dauphiness, and their eldest son, which was followed, only two months afterwards, by that of the young lovely flower of St. Germains. The "*belle jupe*," after the decease of the princess, became the perquisite of her governess, lady Middleton, but the royal mother regarding it as a memorial of the affection of her son for his departed sister, did not wish it to be worn by any other person than her for whom it had been intended, or that the costly materials should be put to other uses than the decoration of the church where her daughter's heart was deposited. On her return to St. Germains, she asked lady Middleton what she meant to do with it. Actuated by a similar delicacy of sentiment, her ladyship replied, "she wished to

[1] The reader will remember that this religieuse was the lady Henrietta Douglas, the same to whom Mary Beatrice bequeathed the legacy of a thousand livres, in the codicil of her will, by her conventual name, Marie Paule.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, by a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

present it to the convent of Chaillot, out of respect to her royal pupil." The queen told her "that, having a wish to present it herself, she would buy it of her." Lady Middleton, to humour her royal mistress, consented to receive a small sum for it, that it might be called the queen of England's gift.[1] Such little fond conceits served, in some measure, to divert grief which otherwise must have destroyed life and reason.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA,

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XI.

Distress of Mary Beatrice at parting from her son—Her arrival at Chaillot—Renewed grief for her daughter—She takes to her bed—Denied a funeral oration for her daughter—Her vexation—Malicious rumours connected with her daughter's death—Queen's resentful remarks on father Petre—Attacked with gout—Visits of her son—She and her ladies dine with him—He comes to take leave of her—Mournful adieux—He quits France—Queen's dejection—Reluctance to return to St. Germains—Falls ill again—Pines for her daughter—Hears of the death of the duke of Hamilton—Returns to St. Germains—Her melancholy court—Her letter to lord Middleton—Maternal fondness for her son—Peace of Utrecht—Queen comes to Chaillot—Reads the treaty to a nun—Her observations—Her resignation to the will of God—Impertinence of French princesses—Her dignified reproof—Instances of self-denial—Her writing-table—Her demurs about the price of chair cover—Her shoes—Her ladies tired of the convent—Queen's poverty—Teazed for offerings to a shrine—Her mortification—Has sent her last diamond to her son, with her daughter's hair—Invited to nuptials at Versailles—Excuses herself on account of sickness and grief—Gives audience to a Jacobite quaker—His flattering predictions—Queen's favourable opinion of quakers—Visit from marquis de Torcy—Dejection caused by his communication—Her want of secrecy—English news brought her by duke of Berwick—Artist brings her son's portrait—Her son asks for hers—Her reluctance to sit—Royal English saints—Queen refuses her portrait to the nuns—Takes her first sitting—Her incognito walks with her ladies—Pecuniary straits—Vexatious cares of every day occurrence—Her visit to the Petit Luxembourg—Fatiguing day in Paris—Interest excited by her appearance—Inconvenient consequences—Her son's want of money—Famine at St. Germains—Her charities—Urged to apply to the king of France for relief—Her reluctance—Her visit to Marli—Interviews with Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon—Popularity of Mary Beatrice at French court—She raises money to relieve the starving emigrants—State visit of duke de Berri to the queen—Affront to his followers—Continued distress at St. Germains—The abbess of Chaillot's fête—Queen's present—The queen, the cardinal, and the quaker—Mary Beatrice receives one quarter's payment of her jointure from England—Her dangerous illness—Recovery—Incognito visit of her son after queen Anne's demise—Respect paid her by the court of Spain—Her message to the little prince of Asturias—Louis XIV.'s remarks to Mary Beatrice about his will—She returns to St. Germains—Popular movements in London for her son—Mary Beatrice goes to meet him at Plombières.

THE next trial that awaited the fallen queen, was parting from her son. The chevalier de St. George was compelled

to quit St. Germains on the 18th of August. He went to Livry in the first instance; where a sojourn of a few days was allowed previous to his taking his final departure from France. The same day Mary Beatrice came to indulge her grief at Chaillot. The following pathetic account of her deportment is given by our Chaillot chronicler. "The queen of England arrived at half-past seven in the evening, bathed in tears, which made ours flow to see them. 'It is the first time,' said the queen on entering, 'that I feel no joy in coming to Chaillot. But, my God,' added she, weeping, 'I ask not consolation, but the accomplishment of thy holy will!' She sat down to supper, but scarcely ate any thing. When she retired to her chamber with the three nuns who waited on her, she cried as soon as she entered, 'Oh, at last I may give liberty to my heart, and weep for my poor girl.' She burst into a passion of tears as she spoke; we wept with her. Alas, what could we say to her! She repeated to herself, 'My God, thy will be done,' and then mournfully added, 'Thou hast not waited for my death to despoil me, thou hast done it during my life, but thy will be done.'" The nuns were so inconsiderate as to mention to the afflicted mother some painful reports that were in circulation connected with the death of the princess Louisa, as if it had been caused rather by the maltreatment of her doctors than the disease. "Alas! the poor doctors did their best," replied her majesty, "but as your king said, they could not render mortals immortal!"[1]

The day after her arrival at Chaillot, Mary Beatrice found herself very much indisposed, and her physicians were summoned from St. Germains to her aid; but their prescriptions did her no good; her malady was the reaction of severe mental suffering on an enfeebled frame, and the more physic she took, the worse she became. On the morrow, every one was alarmed at the state of debility into which she had sunk, and her ladies said, one to another, "She will die here." One of her physicians, more sagacious than the rest, ordered that the portrait of her daughter, which was on the beaufet with that of the chevalier de St. George, should be removed out of her sight, for the eyes of the bereaved mother were always riveted upon those sweet familiar features.[2]

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection. [2] Ibid.

At last, grief found words again; the sick queen sent for lady Henrietta Douglas to her bedside, and confided to her a vexation that had touched her sensibly. The funeral oration for the princess Louisa, on which she had set her heart, could not take place. The court of France had signified to her, that it would be incompatible with the negotiations, into which his most Christian majesty had entered with queen Anne, to permit any public allusion to be made to the exiled royal family of England; therefore, it would be impossible for her to enjoy the mournful satisfaction, of causing the honours and respect to be paid to her beloved daughter's memory, which were legitimately due to her high rank as a princess of England, sharing the blood royal of France.

The maternal pride of the fallen queen was deeply wounded by this denial, which was the more grievous to her, because she had naturally calculated on the powerful appeal that would be made, by the most eloquent clerical orator in Paris, to the sympathies of a crowded congregation in allusion to her own desolate state, at this crisis, and the misfortunes of her son—an appeal which she fondly imagined would be echoed from Paris to London, and produce a strong revulsion of feeling in favour of the Stuart cause. It was for this very reason, the political use that would be made of this opportunity by the expatriated family of James II., that the French cabinet was compelled to deny the gratification to the afflicted queen, of having a funeral oration made for her departed child. "This mortification, then," said Mary Beatrice, "must be added to all the others which I have been doomed to suffer, and my only consolation, in submitting to it, must be, that such is the will of God."[1]

A needless aggravation to her grief was inflicted on the poor queen at the same time, by the folly of the nuns, in continually repeating to her the various malicious reports that had been invented by some pitiless enemy, relating to the last illness and death of her beloved daughter. It was said, that her majesty had compelled the princess to make her last confession, contrary to her wish, to Père

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

Gaillar, because he was a Jesuit; that she had caused her to be attended, against her inclination, by her brother's English physician, Dr. Wood, (who is styled, by our Chaillot authority, "*Monsieur Oude,*") and that the said *Oude* had either poisoned her royal highness, or allowed her to die for want of nourishment." Mary Beatrice said, "that it was strange how such unaccountable falsehoods could be spread; that she had allowed her children, full liberty in the choice, both of their physicians, and spiritual directors, from the time they arrived at years of discretion; that her daughter had earnestly desired to be attended by Dr. Wood, who had done the best for her, as regarded human power and skill; and as for allowing her to sink for want of nourishment, nothing could be more cruelly untrue, for they had fed her every two hours."[1] Her majesty having been a good deal excited by this painful discourse, went on to speak in praise of the Jesuits, more than would be worth the trouble of recording, and which came, as a matter of course, from the lips of a princess, educated under their influence. "Not," she said, "that she was blind to the faults of individuals belonging to the order," as an instance of which, she added, "that the late king, her lord, had caused her great vexation, by giving himself up to the guidance of father Petre, admitting him into his council, and trying to get him made a cardinal; that the man liked her not, and she had suffered much in consequence, but did not consider that the intemperance and bad conduct of one person ought to be visited on the whole company,"[2] to which she certainly regarded him as a reproach. Such, then, was the opinion of the consort of James II. of father Petre—such the real terms on which, she acknowledged to her confidential friends and *religieuses* of the same church, she stood with that mischievous ecclesiastic, with whom she has been unscrupulously represented as leagued in urging the king to the measures which led to his fall. Neither time nor Christian charity were able to subdue the bitterness of her feelings towards the evil coun-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France, Chaillot Collection.

[2] Inedited diary of a sister of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France. This avowal, recorded from the lips of the widow of James II., is confirmed by his own declaration, "that his queen was opposed to the counsels of father Petre."—See Journal of James II. in Macpherson and Clark.

sellor, who had overborne, by his violence, her gentle conjugal influence, and provoked the crisis which ended in depriving her husband of a crown, and forfeiting a regal inheritance for their son. William, Mary, and Anne, and others, who had benefited by the revolution, she had forgiven, but father Petre she could not forgive; and this is the more remarkable, because of the placability of her disposition towards her enemies. While she was at Chaillot, some of her ladies, speaking of the duke of Marlborough in her presence, observed, that "his being compelled to retire into Germany, was a very trifling punishment for one who had acted as he had done towards his late master, and that they could never think of his treachery without feeling disposed to invoke upon him the maledictions of the Psalmist on the wicked." "Never!" exclaimed the fallen queen, "have I used such prayers as those, nor will I ever use them."[1]

Her majesty continued sick and sad for several days; she told the nuns, "she had a presentiment that she should die that year." Her illness, however, ended only in a fit of the gout; and we find that, at the end of a week, she was up and able to attend the services of her church at the profession of a young lady, to whom she had promised to give the cross. The ecclesiastic who preached the sermon on that occasion, discoursed much of death, the vanity of human greatness, and the calamities of princes, and created a great sensation in the church, by a personal allusion to Mary Beatrice, and her misfortunes. "The queen of England," he said, "had given the cross to the probationer, without wishing to lose her own; she had chosen that convent to be her tomb, and had said with the prophet, 'Here will I make my rest, and for ever; here will I live, here will I die, and here will I be buried also.'"[2]

Every one was alarmed at hearing the preacher go on in this strain, dreading the effect it would have on her majesty, in her present depressed state, combined with her presages of death; but to the surprise of every one, she came smiling out of the church, and told M. de Sulpice, "that she thought the preacher had been addressing his sermon to her, instead of the new sister, Agathe." The

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena in the Archives of France.
[2] Ibid.

next day, when her son, who had been alarmed at the report of her illness, came over from Livry to see her, she repeated many parts of the discourse to him. The chevalier had been so much indisposed himself, since his departure from St. Germains, that he had been bled in the foot, and being still lame from that operation, he was obliged to lean on his cane for support, when he went to salute his mother as she came out of church. The gout having attacked her in the foot, she, too, was lame, and walking with a stick also; they both laughed at this coincidence. Yet it was a season of mortification to both mother and son, for the truce with England was proclaimed in Paris on the preceding day; they held sad councils together in the queen's private apartment, on the gloomy prospect of affairs. The abbess said to him, "Sire, we hope your majesty will do us the honour to dine with us, as your royal uncle, king Charles, breakfasted, when setting out for England." "That journey will not be yet," he replied, drily.[1]

He dined alone with the queen, and returned in the evening to Livry. On the following Friday, he came to dine with her again at the convent, dressed in deep mourning for his sister, and went to the opera at Paris in the evening, on purpose to show himself, because the English ambassador-extraordinary for the peace, St. John lord Bolingbroke, was expected to appear there in state, with his suite, that night. Of this circumstance, one of the absent ministers of the council of St. Germains, thus writes to an agent of the party in England:

"Among other news from France, we are told, that lord Bolingbroke happened to be at the opera with the chevalier de St. George, where they could not but see one another. I should like to know what my lord says of that knight, and whether he likes him, for they tell me he is a tall, proper, well-shaped, young gentleman; that he has an air of greatness mixed with mildness and good nature, and that his countenance is not spoiled with the small-pox, but on the contrary, that he looks more manly than he did, and is really healthier than he was before, and they say he goes to Chalons."[2]

It was a considerable mistake about the chevalier de St. George not being marked by the small pox; that malady marred his countenance in no slight degree, and destroyed his fine complexion. The queen and nuns, it seems, amused

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice of Modena in the Archives of France.
[2] Nairne's State Papers in the Scotch College.

themselves, after the departure of the chevalier, not in speculating on what impression his appearance was likely to make on the English nobles who might chance to see him, but how far it was consistent with a profession of Christian piety, to frequent such amusements as operas, comedies, and theatrical spectacles of any kind. Mary Beatrice said, "she was herself uncertain about it, for she had often asked spiritually-minded persons, to tell her whether it were a sin or not, and could get no positive answer; only the père Bourdaloue had said thus far, 'that he would not advise Christian princes to suffer their children to go often to such places; and when they did, to acquaint themselves first with the pieces that were to be represented, that they should not be of a nature to corrupt their morals.'"

On the Tuesday following, Mary Beatrice went to Livry to dine with her son; she was attended by the duchesses of Berwick and Perth, the countess of Middleton and lady Talbot, lady Clare, and lady Sophia Bulkeley. The duke of Lauzun lent his coach for the accommodation of those ladies who could not go in that of their royal mistress. The once stately equipages of that unfortunate princess, were now reduced to one great, old-fashioned coach; and the noble ladies who shared her adverse fortunes, were destitute of any conveyance, and frequently went out in hired *remises*.[1]

The visit to Livry is thus noticed in sir David Nairne's private report, to one of his official correspondents:

"Sept. 1st. Wisely [the queen] was here to-day, and dined with Kennedy [the chevalier], who is in better health, and heartier than I ever saw him at Stanley's [St. Germain's]."[2]

Her majesty and her ladies returned to the convent at eight o'clock in the evening. The chevalier came to dine with his mother again on the Sunday, and the marquis de Torcy had a long conference with him in her majesty's chamber. When that minister took his leave of him, the chevalier said, "Tell the king, your master, sir, that I shall always rely on his goodness—I shall preserve all my life a grateful remembrance of your good offices."

The luckless prince was, nevertheless, full well aware that he had outstayed his welcome, and that he must not

[1] MS. Memorials. [2] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

linger in the environs of Paris, beyond the seventh of that month. He came again to Chaillot on the sixth, to bid his sorrowful mother a long farewell. He was entirely unprovided with money for his journey; and this increased her distress of mind, for her treasurer, Mr. Dicconson, had vainly endeavoured to prevail on Desmarets, the French minister, through whom her pension was paid, to advance any part of what had been due to her for the last six months.[1] The chevalier, true nephew of Charles II., seemed not a whit disquieted at the state of his finances. He thanked the abbess of Chaillot very warmly, for the care she had taken of the queen, his mother, and engaged, if ever he should be called to the throne of England, to make good a broken promise of his late uncle, Charles II., for the benefit of that convent. He talked cheerfully to his mother at dinner, in order to keep up her spirits, and described to the nuns, who waited upon her, some of the peculiarities of the puritans, "such," he said, "as feasting on Good Friday."

The chevalier drank tea with her majesty, and when they exchanged their sorrowful adieux in her chamber they embraced each other many times with tears, then went together to the tribune, where the hearts of the late king James and the princess Louisa were enshrined, and there separated. Mary Beatrice wept bitterly at the departure of her son, her last earthly tie; he was himself much moved, and tenderly recommended her to the care of the abbess of Chaillot and the nuns, and, especially, to father Ruga, to whom, he said, he deputed the task of consoling her majesty.[2] He slept that night at Livry, and commenced his journey towards the frontier the next morning. In three days he arrived at Chalons-sur-Marne, where he was to remain, till some place for his future residence should be settled by France and the allies.

The negotiations for a general peace were then proceeding at Utrecht; lord Bolingbroke, during his brief stay at Paris for the arrangement of preliminary articles, had promised that the long withheld jointure of the widowed consort of James II. should be paid. Mary Beatrice had previously sent in a memorial, setting forth her claims,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Ibid.

and the incontrovertible fact, that they had been allowed at the peace of Ryswick, and that the English parliament had subsequently granted a supply for their settlement. Some delicate punctilios required to be adjusted as to the form in which the receipt should be given by the royal widow, without compromising the cause of her son. "Should the queen," observes lord Middleton, "style herself queen-mother, she supposes that will not be allowed; should she style herself queen-dowager, that would be a lessening of herself, and a prejudice to the king her son, which she will never do. The question is, whether the instrument may not be good without any title at all, only the word 'WE;' for inasmuch as it will be signed Maria R., and sealed with her seal, one would think the person would be sufficiently denoted. Our council here think she might sign herself thus—Mary, queen consort of James II., late king of England, Ireland, and France, defender of the faith, &c."[1] The last clause was certainly absurd; the simple regal signature, "Maria R." was finally adopted, after the long protracted negotiations were concluded.

Mary Beatrice remained at Chaillot, in a great state of dejection, after the departure of her son. The duchess dowager of Orleans, Elizabeth Charlotte, of Bavaria, came to visit her towards the latter end of September. Her majesty probably considered herself neglected at this sad epoch, by other members of the royal family of France, for tenderly embracing her, she said—"What, madam! have you given yourself the trouble of coming here to see an unfortunate recluse!"[2] Monsieur and madame de Beauvilliers came soon after to pay their respects to Mary Beatrice, she had a great esteem for them, and they conversed much on spiritual matters and books. Her majesty spoke with lively satisfaction of having received a consolatory letter from Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, in which, without entering into affairs of state or politics, he had said, "that he prayed the Lord to give the king, her son, all things that were needful for him, and that his heart might be always in the hands of the Most High, to guard and dispose it according to his will." Although neither wealth nor dominion were in-

[1] Nairne's State Papers from the Scotch College, printed in Macpherson's Stuart Papers.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

cluded in this petition for her son, the royal mother was well satisfied that better things had been asked.

When monsieur and madame St. Sulpice came to pay Mary Beatrice a visit in her retreat, they told her they had heard that the Scotch had made bonfires on the birthday of the chevalier St. George, and shouted God save king James VIII., and had burned a figure which they called the house of Hanover. "It is true," replied the queen, "and a little time before they burned the prince of Hanover in effigy, but that signifies nothing; our friends expose themselves too much by it—none of them, however, have been punished."

"It is to be wished, madam," replied her visitors, "that these crimes would augment sufficiently to give a turn to the fortunes of your son." Mary Beatrice spoke little at this crisis, of what was passing in England, but her looks were closely watched; one evening it was observed that she was laughing very much with her ladies over a packet she was reading with them. She afterwards told the curious sisterhood, that it was a paper ridiculing all that had been printed in London about her son. She also told them of a political fan which had a great sale in England, where it was, of course, regarded as a Jacobite badge. The device was merely the figure of a king, with this motto "*Chacun a son tour.*" On the reverse, a cornucopia, with the motto "Peace and plenty." Mary Beatrice spoke very kindly of queen Anne, whom she styled the princess of Denmark, and appeared distressed at the reports of her illness. She requested her friends to pray for her recovery and conversion, adding, "It would be a great misfortune for us, to lose her just now."[1]

The circular letter of the convent of Chaillot, on the death of her own lamented daughter, the princess Louisa, being finished, Mary Beatrice wished to be present when it was read. "She wept much at some passages, but gave her opinion very justly on others, where she considered correction necessary. They had said, "that the princess felt keenly the state to which her family and herself had been reduced by the injustice of fortune." "Ha!" cried the queen, "but that is not speaking Christianly," meaning that such figures

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

of speech savoured rather of heathen rhetoric, than the simplicity of Christian truth; they altered the sentence thus: "in which she had been placed by the decrees of Providence." "That is good," said her majesty. She desired them to alter another passage, in which it was asserted "that the princess was so entirely occupied at all times and places, with the love of God, that even when she was at the opera, or the play, her whole thoughts were on him, and that she adapted in her own mind the music, songs, and choruses to his praise with internal adoration." This Mary Beatrice said "would have been very edifying, if it had been strictly true, but she thought her daughter was passionately fond of music, songs, and poetry, and took the delight in those amusements which was natural to her time of life, though she was far from being carried away by pleasures of the kind." The nuns appealed to père Gaillar, if it were not so; but he replied, "that he could only answer for that part of the letter which he had furnished—namely, the account of the last sickness, and death of her royal highness." Mary Beatrice then sent for the duchess de Lauzun, who had been on the most intimate terms of friendship with the princess, and asked her what she thought of the passage. The duchess said, "that if they printed it, it would throw discredit on all the rest, for none who knew the delight the princess had taken in songs and music, and had observed, that when she was at the opera, she was so transported with the music, that she could not refrain from accompanying it even with her voice, would believe that she was occupied in spiritual contemplations on such subjects as life, and death, and eternity."[1] Her majesty then desired the passage should be omitted. The assertion had doubtless originated from the princess having remarked that some of the choruses in the opera had reminded her of the chants of her church.

In the beginning of October, madame de Maintenon came to pay a sympathizing visit to Mary Beatrice, and testified much regard for her. Her majesty went into the gallery to receive her, and at her departure accompanied her as far as the tribune. Maintenon promised to come again on the 25th of the month, but being prevented by a bad cold, she

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice.

sent some venison to her majesty, which had been hunted by the king. Mary Beatrice expressed herself, in reply, charmed with the attention of his majesty in thinking of her.[1] Madame de Maintenon came quite unexpectedly three days after, and brought with her a basket of beautiful oranges as a present for the queen. She had to wait a long time at the gate before the abbess, who was with her majesty, could come to receive her. The duc d'Aumale, who had accompanied madame de Maintenon, was annoyed at having to wait, but she said "it was the mark of a regular house that there should be a difficulty in obtaining admittance."

Mary Beatrice was much agitated two days later, by receiving from this lady a hasty letter apprising her of the alarming illness of Louis XIV. from cold and inflammation, which rendered it expedient to bleed him, an operation never resorted to with persons of his advanced age, except in cases of extremity. "Oh, my God!" exclaimed the exiled queen, when she had read the letter, "what a calamity for France, for his family, and for us poor unfortunates—what will become of us?" She wept bitterly and her ladies wept with her, at the anticipation of losing their only friend and protector whose existence appeared at that moment inexpressibly precious to the destitute British emigrants who were at that time dependent for food and shelter on the annual pension which he allowed their widowed queen.[1] Inadequate as this pittance was for the maintenance of the unfortunate colony, at St. Germains, it was rendered by the rigid economy and personal sacrifices of their royal mistress, a means of preserving several thousands of the faithful adherents of the cause of the Stuarts from perishing with hunger, and it was doubtful whether this fund would be renewed by a regent in the event of Louis XIV.'s death.

The queen was in too painful a state of excitement to eat at dinner. Lady Middleton read to her a chapter out of the "Imitation of Christ," but she sighed heavily and remained in great depression of spirits. All day she was in anxious expectation of receiving tidings of the king's health, but having none, she wrote to madame de Maintenon at eight in the evening to make inquiries. The next morning at nine o'clock, an equerry brought a letter from

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

madame de Maintenon, which reassured her. The king had borne the bleeding well, had passed a good night, and was out of danger.

The gratitude of the fallen queen for the shelter and support that had been accorded by Louis to her and her family and their distressed followers, and the scrupulous respect with which he had ever treated her, blinded her to the motives which had led him to confer personal benefits for political ends. How often he had played the part of the broken reed to her unfortunate consort, and disappointed the flattering hopes he had raised in the bosom of her son, she was willing to forget, or to attribute to the evil offices of his ministers.

Mary Beatrice gave her royal friend credit for all the generous romance of feeling that formed the beau ideal of the age of chivalry; the experience of four and twenty years of bitter pangs of hope deferred, had not convinced her of her mistake. One of the nuns of Chaillot told Mary Beatrice that she was wrong to imagine every one was as free from deceit as herself. "Your own nature, madam," said she, "is so upright and truthful, that you believe the same of the rest of the world, and you do not distrust any one; but God, who is good, knows the wickedness of human nature, and I could wish that your majesty would sometimes feel the necessity of a prudent mistrust." "It is true," replied the queen, "that I never suspect ill, and that I have not the spirit of intrigue, that belongs to courts." "Nevertheless, madame," rejoined the religieuse, "your majesty, through the grace of God, acquired in your adversity a wisdom that all the cunning and intrigue in the world could never have given you, that of conciliating and preserving the affection and confidence of the king your husband." "He knew," said the royal widow, "how much I loved him, and that produced reciprocal feelings in him."[1]

A few days after this conversation, Mary Beatrice said she could not think without pain, that the time of her departure from the convent drew near, and that she must return to St. Germains, to that melancholy and now desolate palace; her tears began to flow as she spoke of the loneliness that awaited her there. "Alas!" said she, "picture to your-

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

selves the state in which I shall find myself in that place, where I lost the king, my lord and husband, and my daughter, now that I am deprived of my son. What a frightful solitude does it appear. I shall be compelled to eat alone in public, and when the repast is ended, and I retire to my cabinet, who will there be to speak to there? Here I find at least a little society; I had thought to remain here always; I have spoken of it to the pères Ruga and Gaillar, and I asked père Ruga to entreat for me enlightenment from God on this subject, but he has told me 'I ought not to think of it.' I must, therefore, make the sacrifice and leave this retreat on which I had fixed my desire, for it will not be permitted me to enjoy it. I have not," continued her majesty, "relied on the opinions of the pères Ruga and Gaillar only; I have consulted madame Maintenon and the duke of Berwick, and all are of opinion that in the present position of my son's affairs, I ought not to retire from the world—in fact, that I ought to remain for some time at St. Germains,[1] not for any satisfaction that I can find in the world; for I have experienced this very day a severe mortification which has touched me sensibly." Mary Beatrice did not explain the circumstance that had annoyed her, but said, "I have written to the king, my son, about it, and see what he has sent in reply," she then read the following passage from the letter she held in her hand:—

"It is not for me, madam, to make an exhortation to your majesty, that would be great presumption on my part, but you know what St. Augustin says: '*Non pervenitur ad summam palem etiam in silentio nisi cum magno strepita pugnavit cum motibus suis.*'"

"Which means," explained her majesty, who appears to have been a better Latin scholar than her friends the religieuses, "that one cannot even find peace in the silence of a cloister, if one does not fight manfully against carnal inclinations."

She did not read any more of the letter, but only said, that "although her son had not the brilliant talents of the princess his sister, he had solid sense, "But my daughter," continued the fond mother, "had both the brilliant and the solid, they were united in her, and I may say so without vanity, since she is no more."

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France,

The chevalier was an excellent correspondent, and wrote many pleasant and often witty letters to cheer his sorrowful and anxious mother in his absence.

On the 11th of November, lord Galway came to inform Mary Beatrice that he had seen her son as he passed through Chalons, that he appeared thoughtful, but was very well, and even growing fat, though he took a great deal of exercise, and that he made the tour of the ramparts of that town every day on foot. "The king his father was accustomed to do the like," said her majesty; "and rarely sat down to table till he had taken his walk." Lord Galway said that, "the prince bade him tell her majesty that he was much better in health than at St. Germains, and wished she could see him." "It would give me extreme joy to see him again," replied Mary Beatrice, meekly, "but I must not desire what is not the will of God." It was upwards of two months since she had enjoyed that happiness.[1]

Her majesty afterwards walked with the community to the orangery, and a detached building, belonging to this conventual establishment, at some little distance in their grounds, which they called the small mansion. She returned vigorously from this walk without being the least out of breath, and having walked very fast, she asked the nun who had had the honour to give her her hand, "if she had not tired her?" to which the religieuse, being too polite to reply in the affirmative, said, "there were some moments in which she had not felt so strong as usual." "Your answer reminds me," rejoined the queen playfully, "of what we say in Italy when any one inquires of another, 'Are you hungry?' the reply to which question is not 'yes,' but 'I should have no objection to eat again.'"[2]

The next day, Mary Beatrice mentioned with great pleasure having received a letter from her aunt, who was then a Carmelite nun; "she writes to me with the most profound humility," said her majesty, "as if she were the least person in the world; I am ashamed to say I have not written to her for a long time. We used to dispute with one another which should be a nun. I was fifteen and she was thirty, when they first spoke of a marriage with the

[1] MS. Memorials.

[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

duke of York, and we each said to the other in secret, 'it will be you that shall be chosen,' but the lot fell to me."

On the 14th of November, Mary Beatrice found herself weary and indisposed; she had taken one of her bad colds, coughed all the time she was at her toilet, and grew worse towards evening; she had a bad night with cough and sore throat, and difficulty of breathing. At five in the morning, Madame Molza, who slept in her chamber, was alarmed, and called the nun who kept the keys, to come and give her opinion; the nun said her majesty was in a high fever, and went to tell the duchess of Perth, who immediately rose and wrote to St. Germains for her majesty's physician and M. Beaulieu, her French surgeon, to come to her. They did not arrive till two in the afternoon, which caused great uneasiness, for the queen grew visibly worse, and her mind was so deeply impressed with the death of her daughter, that she thought herself to be dying, and those about her had some trouble to compose her. The fever was so high that it was thought necessary to bleed her, and for two days she was in imminent danger; she was, besides, in great dejection of spirits.

"Her majesty," says our Chaillot diary, "was very sad during her sickness, not so much at the idea of death, but because she had not her children near her as on former occasions; and, above all, it renewed in her remembrance the princess, who had been accustomed whenever she was ill, to wait upon her as a nurse." Mary Beatrice had borne the first agony of her bereavement, terrible and unexpected as it was, with the resignation of a Christian heroine; but every day she felt it more acutely, and during her weary convalescence, she pined for her lost treasure with unutterable yearnings.[1]

While the poor queen was still confined to her chamber, a striking sermon was preached in the conventual church, on the love of God, by Père Gramin, in which he said, "that sometimes three sacrifices were required by our heavenly Father, which he should briefly express in three Latin words, *tua*, *tuos*, *te*—that is to say, "thy goods, thy children, and thyself." When this was repeated to Mary Beatrice, she cried with a deep sigh, "Small is the sacrifice

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

of *tua*, or, the goods, in comparison to *tuos*, the children." On a former occasion she had said, "Job bore the loss of his goods unmoved; but when he heard of the loss of his children, he rent his garments and fell prostrate on the earth."[1]

Mary Beatrice had the consolation of receiving a most affectionate and dutiful letter from her son, expressing the greatest concern for her illness, and begging her "to take care of her health for his sake, since the most overwhelming of all his calamities would be the loss of her."

The chevalier was still at Chalons-sur-Marne, waiting the event of the negotiations at Utrecht. The payment of two bills of 16,000 francs each, which cardinal Gualterio had persuaded the queen to hold, after she had regarded them as lost money, had enabled her to send her son some seasonable pecuniary relief at his greatest need, and also to discharge a few trifling debts of her own in England, of long standing, which had distressed her scrupulous sense of honesty. She gave 1000 francs among the three domestic sisters who had waited upon her in her sickness and during her long sojourn in the convent.

On the first Sunday in Advent, perceiving that all her ladies were worn out with fatigue, and weary of the monotony of the life they led at Chaillot, and hearing, withal, many complaints of her absence from St. Germains, she at last made up her mind to return thither the next day, Monday, December 5th. She was very low-spirited at the thought of it, coughed very much all night, and in the morning appeared wavering in her purpose; but, seeing everything prepared for her departure, she was about to make her adieux, when she was informed the duc de Lauzun wished to speak to her. It was inconvenient to give audience to any one just as she was setting off on her journey, but she judged that he had something important to communicate, and gave orders to admit him. He was the bearer of evil tidings; for he came to break to her the tragic death of the duke of Hamilton,[2] who had been slain in a duel with lord Mohun, not without strong suspicions of foul play on the part of his antagonist's second, general Macartney. The duke of Hamilton was,

[1] MS. Memorials.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives of France.

at that time, the main pillar of her son's cause in Scotland; he was in correspondence with herself, had just been appointed ambassador to the court of France, secretly empowered, it has generally been supposed, by queen Anne, to make arrangements with the court of St. Germains for the adoption of the exiled prince as her successor, on condition of his remaining quiet during her life, little doubt existing of the duke being able, by his great interest in parliament, to obtain the repeal of the act of settlement for the royal succession.

The queen was deeply affected by the melancholy news, and the ladies Perth and Middleton wept bitterly. It was a great blow to the whole party, and cast a deeper gloom on their return to the desolate palace of St. Germains.[1] Her majesty's chair being brought into the gallery—for she was still too feeble to walk—she prepared to enter it, after she had taken some bread in a little broth; but seeing one of the community, who had waited on her while she was in the convent, she presented her hand to her, and said, "I console myself with the hope of your seeing me again here very soon, if it please God." She was carried into the tribune, where the community attended her; and, having made her devotions there, she was conveyed in a chair to her coach.

Mary Beatrice arrived at St. Germains at two o'clock in the afternoon. The interests of her son required that she should stifle her own private feelings, and endeavour to maintain a shadow of royal state, by holding her courts and receptions with the same ceremonies, though on a smaller scale, as if she had been a recognised queen-mother of England. How well did the words of the royal preacher, "*Vanitas vanitatas*," which were so often on the lips of that pale, tearful Niobe, who, in her widow's coif and veil, and sable weeds of woe, occupied the chair of state on these occasions, describe the mockery of the attempt.

The melancholy Christmas of 1712 was rendered more distressing to Mary Beatrice, by the intrigues and divisions that agitated her council, and the suspicions that were instilled into the mind of her absent son, of his mentor, the earl of Middleton, who had accompanied him from St.

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Germains to Chalons, and acted as his principal adviser. The old story, that he was bribed by the court of St. James's to betray the state secrets of the exiled Stuarts, and had been in the practice of doing this ever since the death of James II., was revived, though without any sort of proof, and all the misfortunes and failures that had occurred were charged on his mismanagement and treachery.[1] It was also stated, that he had neglected the interests of the Stuart cause in Scotland, and had promoted, instead of opposing, the union. Middleton justified himself from those charges, but indignantly offered to withdraw from his troublesome and profitless office. Mary Beatrice, having a great esteem for this statesman, and a particular friendship for his countess, was very uneasy at the idea of his resignation. Her principal adviser, at this time, appears to have been the abbé Innes, who, in one of the mystified letters of that period, thus writes on the subject:—

"Paris, Jan. 9th, 1713.

"I never was more surprised than when the queen showed me some letters the king had sent her about Mr. Massey [*lord Middleton*], and the more I think of it, the more I am convinced that villany must proceed originally either from the Irish to remove one whom they look upon as none of their friends, to make way for one of their friends, or else that it is a trick of the whigs to ruin Jonathan [*the king*], by insinuating a correspondence with them, to give jealousy to the other party, and by that means to deprive *Jonathan* of the only person capable of giving him advice."

Mary Beatrice took upon herself the office of mediating between her son and their old servant, Middleton, whose wounded feelings she, not unsuccessfully, endeavoured to soothe in the following letter:—

"St. Germains, Jan. 28th, 1713.

"I have not had the heart all this while to write to you upon the dismal subject of your leaving the king; but I am sure you are just enough to believe that it has and does give to me a great deal of trouble, and that which I see it gives the king, increases mine.

"You tell me in your last letter upon Mr. Hamilton's coming away, that if your opinion had been followed, you had gone first, but if mine were, you should never go first nor last. But, alas! I am grown so insignificant and useless to my friends, that all I can do is, to pray for them, and God knows my poor prayers are worth but little. I own to you, that as weary as I am of the world, I am not yet so dead to it as not to feel the usage the king and I meet with. His troubles are more sensible to me than my own, and if all fell only on me, and his affairs went well, and he were easy, I think I could be so too, but we must take what God sends, and as he sends it, and submit

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson, and in the Bibliothêque du Roi.

ourselves entirely to his will, which I hope in his mercy he will give us grace to do, and then in spite of the world all will turn to our good."[1]

It can scarcely be forgotten, that the princess of Orange, when her sister Anne was endeavouring to inveigle her into the conspiracy for depriving their infant brother of the regal succession, by insinuating that he was a spurious child, feeling dubious whether she ought to credit so monstrous a charge without inquiring into the evidences of his paternity, propounded, among other queries, which she sent to Anne, the simple but important question, "Is the queen fond of him?"[2] Anne, being an interested witness, replied evasively. Nature, who cannot equivocate, has answered unconsciously to the test in the unaffected gush of maternal tenderness, with which Mary Beatrice speaks of her son to lord Middleton in this letter; she says:—

"You told me in one of your former letters, that you were charmed with the king being a good son. What do you think then that I must be that am the poor old doating mother of him? I do assure you, his kindness to me is all my support under God."[3]

Marry, but our unfortunate Italian queen, on whose ignorance some historians have been pleased to enlarge, could write plain English with the same endearing familiarity, as if it had been her mother-tongue! "Our hissing, growling, grunting northern gutturals," had become sweeter to her ear than the silvery intonations of her own poetic land, and flowed more naturally to her pen. English was the language of those she loved best on earth, the unforgotten husband of her youth and their children; of the last surviving of these, "the Pretender," she thus continues in her letter to his offended minister, the earl of Middleton:—

"And I am confirmed of late more than ever in my observation, that the better you are with him the kinder he is to me, but I am also charmed with him, for being a good master, and a true friend to those who deserve it of him, though I am sorry from my heart that you have not had so much cause of late to make experience of it. "M. R."

"I say nothing to you of business, nor of Mr. Hamilton, for I write all I know to the king, and it is to no purpose to make repetitions. I expect, with some impatience, and a great deal of fear, Humphrey's decision as to France."

The meaning of this enigmatical sentence, is, whether queen Anne would permit the Chevalier de St. George to

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

[2] Correspondence of the princess of Orange and princess Anne of Denmark, in Dalrymple's Appendix.

[3] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.

avail himself of the asylum which the duke of Lorraine had offered him in his dominions. This was in the end privately allowed by her, and publicly protested against by her ministers. Mary Beatrice writes again to the earl of Middleton, on the 9th of February; she had succeeded in prevailing on him to continue with her son, and she says many obliging and encouraging things to him in this letter, which is however dry, and chiefly on public business. She there speaks of their secret correspondent, Bolingbroke, by the appropriate cognomen of "Prattler,"[1] and certainly appears to set very little account on his flattering professions.

The position of the son of James II., appeared by no means in so bad a light to the potentates of Europe at this period, as it did to the desponding widow who sat in her companionless desolation at St. Germains, watching the chances of the political game. The emperor, though he had publicly demurred for nearly three months, whether he would or would not grant the chevalier a passport to travel through part of his dominions to Bar-le-duc, secretly entertained overtures for connecting the disinherited prince with his own family, by a marriage with an archduchess. The tender age of his daughter, who was only twelve years old, was objected by his imperial majesty as an obstacle to her union with a prince in his five and twentieth year, but he politely intimated, at the same time, that his sister was of a more suitable time of life.[2] Queen Anne's ill health at this period, the unsettled state of parties in England, and the lingering affection of the people to hereditary succession, rendered an alliance with the representative of the royal Stuarts by no means undeserving of the attention of the princesses of Europe. The chevalier did not improve the opening that had been made for him by his generous friend the duke of Lorraine, with the court of Vienna. His thoughts appear to have been more occupied on the forlorn state of his mother, than with matrimonial speculations for himself. The manner in which he speaks of this desolate princess, in the letter he addressed to Louis XIV. on the eve of his final departure from his

[1] Stuart Papers in Macpherson.
[2] Stuart Papers. Duke of Lorraine's Correspondence with the Emperor.

dominions, is interesting. After expressing his grateful sense of the kindness he and his family had experienced from that monarch, he says—

"It is with all possible earnestness that I entreat of your majesty a continuation of it, for me and the queen my mother, the only person who is left of all who were dearest to me, and who deserves so much of me as the best of mothers."[1]

In writing to Louis XIV. alone, the chevalier would have done little for his mother; he was aware, that to render her asylum secure, he must pay no less attention to the untitled consort by whom the counsels of the aged monarch of France were influenced; and with equal earnestness, recommended her to the friendship of Madame de Maintenon in the following elegant billet, which implies more than appears on the surface in the way of compliment:

"February 19th, 1713.

"Little satisfied, madam, with the letter I have written to the king, in which I have but faintly expressed my sentiments towards him, where can I better address myself than to you, with a request that you would supply for me everything wherein I have failed?

I venture to rely on the kindness of your heart, and the friendship you have always had for the queen and me, to ask a continuation of it for us both. Permit me to assure you, valueless though it be, of mine, as well as of the high esteem and gratitude I bear you, madam, to whom, after the king, I believe it to be entirely due."[2]

Madame de Maintenon was so well pleased with this mark of attention, that the next time she saw queen Mary Beatrice, although she made no remark on the letter addressed to herself, she set her majesty's heart at rest as to the impression produced by that which he had sent to Louis XIV., by saying, "The king your son, madam, has combined, in writing to his majesty (the king of France), the elegance of an academician, the tenderness of a son, and the dignity of a king."[3]

The royal mother, who had been sent copies of these letters by her son, could not refrain from reading them in the pride of her heart to the community at Chaillot. The abbess and her nuns extolled them to the skies, and begged her majesty to allow them to be transcribed and placed

[1] From the original French in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid. Chaillot Collection. [3] MS. Memorials.

among the archives of their house. Mary Beatrice expressed some reluctance to do so, observing, "that, in the present critical position of her son's affairs, it might be attended with injurious consequences, if letters so strictly private found their way into print." She added, significantly, "that she had been much annoyed, at seeing some things published in the Dutch Gazette, not being able in any manner to imagine how the information was obtained." This was certainly throwing out a delicate hint that her confidence had not been held sacred by some of the members of that community; nevertheless, she was persuaded to allow copies of her son's letters both to the king of France and Madame de Maintenon, to be taken. These have been so carefully preserved, that they have survived the dissolution of the convent.

Mary Beatrice spent the residue of this melancholy winter, the first she had passed without her children, at St. Germains. Her only comfort was hearing from her son that he had been honourably and affectionately received at the court of Lorraine by the duke and duchess, who were both related to him. The duchess of Lorraine, being the daughter of the late duke of Orleans by Elizabeth Charlotte of Bavaria, inherited a portion of the Stuart blood, through her descent from James I., and took the most lively interest in her exiled kinsman, and did everything in her power to render his sojourn at Bar-le-duc agreeable.

Mary Beatrice writes to her friend the abbess of Chaillot, on the 20th of March, a letter commencing with excuses for being an indifferent correspondent, because the frequent and long letters she wrote to her son, took up all her time. Her majesty had been making a small, but acceptable present to one of the nuns, for she says, "I am glad sister M. Gabrielle found the tea good, but surely that trifling gift did not merit so eloquent a letter of thanks." Mary Beatrice describes her own health to be better than usual, expresses herself well pleased with the general bulletin lady Strickland had brought of the health of the convent, and then says—

"The king my son, continues well at Bar, where the duke of Lorraine shows him all sorts of civilities. I recommend him earnestly to your prayers, my dear mother, and to those of your dear daughters; he requires patience,

courage, and prudence, and above all, that God should confirm him in the faith, and give him grace never to succumb to the temptations with which he will be assailed by his enemies, visible and invisible."[1]

Her majesty next recommends her aged protector Louis XIV., to the prayers of the sisters of Chaillot,—

"I hope, continues she, that God will long preserve him to us, and that he may enjoy himself the peace, he gives to others, and which we hope will be signed in this present month of March. I desire it with all my heart, for the sake of others rather than myself, although it is possible that in time my son may benefit by it. Meanwhile I leave him, and myself also, in the hands of God, to the end that he may do with us all that pleases him; but in whatever state I may find myself, be assured, my dear mother, that I shall be always, and with all my heart, yours," "MARIE R."

Endorsed, "For my dear mother, 1713."[2]

Before the proclamation of the peace of Utrecht, Mary Beatrice sought the welcome repose of her favourite retreat at Chaillot. The queen of England," says the diary of that convent, "came here on the 5th of May, 1713; she arrived at four o'clock in the afternoon, and testified much joy at finding herself at Chaillot once more. She asked our mother the news of the house, and inquired particularly after all the sisters. While they were preparing her majesty's table, she came into the ante-chamber herself, to speak to the two domestic sisters, Claire Antoinette, and J. M., who were accustomed to serve her. The next day, being very cold, she congratulated herself on having come as she did, for they would never have permitted her to leave St. Germains in such weather, lest it should make her ill; and she repeated many times, "that she was surprised at finding herself in such good health as she had been for the last six months, considering all she had suffered." On the Sunday after her arrival, her majesty said, "she had prayed to God that he would make her feel his consolations so that she might say with the royal prophet, 'In the multitude of sorrows that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed my soul;'" "but that," added she, "is what I have not experienced; the Lord does not make me taste his sweetness."

Mary Beatrice told the nuns "that since the departure of her son, she had no one to whom she could open her heart, a deprivation which she had felt as peculiarly hard;

[1] Autographs Letters of Mary Beatrice in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

yet," added she, "in losing the persons to whom one is accustomed to unburden our hearts, we lose also some opportunities of displeasing God by our complaints, and acquire the power of passing some days without speaking of those subjects that excite painful emotions." This was, indeed, a point of Christian philosophy to which few have been able to attain. It must be owned, that Mary Beatrice strove to improve the uses of adversity to the end for which they were designed by Him who chastens those he loves.

The moment, at length arrived, long dreaded by the sympathizing community of Chaillot, when the abbess was compelled to tell their afflicted guest, that a solemn *Te Deum* was appointed to be sung in their church, as well as all others throughout France, on the day of the Ascension, on account of the peace—that peace which had been purchased by the sacrifice of her son, and had poured the last phial of wrath on her devoted head, by driving him from St. Germains, and depriving him of the nominal title with which he had hitherto been complimented by the monarchs of France and Spain.[1] The intimation regarding the Te Deum was received by Mary Beatrice without a comment. She knew that it was a matter in which the abbess had no choice, and she endeavoured to relieve her embarrassment, by turning the conversation. Her majesty said afterwards, "that a printed copy of the treaty had been sent to her, but she had not yet had time to read it, as it was so bulky a document; and she had told lady Middleton to open it, who had looked for what concerned her, and made no further search."

On the evening of the 28th, the queen asked the nun who waited on her, "if she had seen the paper that was on her chimney piece?" "I have not had the courage to look at it," was the reply. "Ah, well," said the queen, "then I must for you;" and raising herself in the bed, where she was resting her exhausted frame, she put on her spectacles, and began to read it aloud.[2] It was a copy of the treaty. When her majesty came to the fourth and fifth articles, which stated "that to ensure for ever the peace and repose

[1] The peace was signed March 30th, by the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, but not solemnly ratified for several weeks after that date. It was proclaimed in London, May 6th.

[2] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume.

of Europe, and of England, the king of France recognised, for himself and his successors, the protestant line of Hanover, and engaged that he who has taken the title of king of Great Britain shall remain no longer in France, &c. &c.," she paused, and said, with a sigh, "The king of France knows the truth, whether my son is unjustly styled king or not; I am sure he is more grieved at this than we can be.'

The nun in waiting remained speechless with consternation at what she heard, and the queen resumed, "Hard necessity has no law. The king of France had no power to act otherwise, for the English would not have made peace on any other condition. God will take care of us; in him we repose our destinies." She added, "that the king, her son, had sent word to her, 'that his hope was in God, who would not forsake him when every other power abandoned him.'"[1]

The next morning, she maintained her equanimity, and even joined in the grace-chant before dinner. The nun who was present when she read the treaty on the preceding evening, drew near, and said, "Madam, I am astonished at the grace God has given you, in enabling you to appear tranquil; for my part, I was struck with such consternation at what I heard, that I could not sleep. Was it not so with you?" "No, I assure you," said the queen; "I have committed everything to God, he knows better what is good for us than we do ourselves." She ate as usual, and manifested no discomposure, even when her ladies came on the following day, and told her of the general rejoicings that were made in England for the peace.[2]

A few days afterwards, Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that her son had sent a protest to the plenipotentiaries at Utrecht, against the articles of the treaty, as regarded England, and had asserted his title to that crown, which had been retorted by the cabinet of St. James's addressing an atrocious libel to the same congress, complaining 'that an impostor like the pretender was permitted to remain so near as Bar-le-duc.'" The mother of the disinherited prince related this with emotion, but without anger. The sympathizing community said all they could to console her, telling

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

her the cause of her son was in the hands of God, who would, they hoped, soon restore him to the throne of his forefathers. "If it be God's good pleasure to do so, may his will be accomplished," replied the queen. She said, "that she had received an address from Edinburgh, professing the faithful attachment of the Scotch to the house of Stuart; that Scotland and Ireland were both well disposed, but in want of a leader."[1]

When Mary Beatrice found that the allied powers had agreed to compensate the elector of Bavaria for the loss of a part of his German territories, by making him king of Sardinia, while the duke of Savoy was in his turn to receive more than an equivalent for his Sardinian province, by the acquisition of the crown of Sicily, she said, with a sigh, "Thus we find that every one recovers his goods, in one shape or other, at this peace, but nothing is done for us; yet, my God," added she, raising her eyes to heaven, "it is your will that it should be so, and what you will must always be right." Being informed subsequently, that the duke of Savoy was about to embark, to take possession of his new kingdom of Sicily, she said, "Those who have kingdoms lose them, and those who had not, acquire them through this peace; but God rules everything, and must be adored in all he decrees." The duchess of Savoy, king James's cousin, had written to her in terms expressive of much affection and esteem, on which Mary Beatrice observed, "that she was very grateful for her regard; but she could not have the pleasure of recognising the duke of Savoy as king of Sicily, because her son had protested against everything that was done at the treaty of Utrecht."[2] This was, indeed, retaining the tone of a crowned head, when all that could give importance to that dignity was gone.

One day, after the peace of Utrecht had sensibly diminished the hopes that had been fondly cherished by the widowed queen of James II., of seeing her son established on the throne of England, the princess of Conti, who was an illegitimate daughter of Louis XIV., paid her a formal state visit at Chaillot, accompanied by her three daughters.

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

Mary Beatrice, with the delicate tact that was natural to her, always caused all the fauteuils to be removed from her reception-room whenever she expected any of the princesses who were not privileged to occupy those sort of seats in her presence. The three young ladies, as they were leaving the room, observing to one another on the absence of the fauteuils, scornfully exclaimed, as if imputing it to the destitution of the royal exile, "What a fine instance of economy! but they cannot be ignorant of our mother's rank. What will people say of this?" Mary Beatrice, who overheard their impertinence, replied, with quiet dignity, "They will say that I am a poor queen, and that this is your way of telling me that I have fallen from my proper rank."[1]

When the duchess dowager of Orleans came to visit Mary Beatrice, she tenderly embraced her, and told her how much charmed the duke of Lorraine and her daughter were with the chevalier de St. George, and that they were delighted at having him with them. Mary Beatrice was sensibly gratified at this communication, and begged madame to "convey her thanks to their highnesses for their goodness to her son, not having," she said, "words sufficiently eloquent to express her full sense of it herself." The chevalier had found it expedient to leave Bar for a temporary visit to Luneville, where everything was, however, arranged for his comfort, through the friendship of the duke and duchess of Lorraine. His only real trouble, at this time, was his pecuniary destitution, and this caused his mother much greater uneasiness than it did him.

So self-denying was Mary Beatrice in all her personal expenses, that, although she suffered much inconvenience, when at Chaillot, from writing on an ornamental escrutoire, faced with plates of china, she could not be persuaded to purchase a proper writing-table, even of the cheapest materials and form. Her ladies one day said to her, "Madam, you are not of the same disposition as other princesses, who, before they had been inconvenienced by their writing-tables, as you have been by this, would have changed them a dozen times." "They would have had

[1] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena, by one of the Nuns of Chaillot.

the means of gratifying their tastes, then," rejoined her majesty. "I have not; the little that can be called mine belongs to the poor."

The kind-hearted duchess of Lauzun, to whom this conversation was repeated, sent the queen a new writing-table, for a present; but no! Mary Beatrice would not accept the friendly offering. She was the widow of a king of England, the mother of a prince, who claimed the crown of that realm; and, dowerless exile as she was, she would not degrade the national honour of the proud land, over which she had reigned, by allowing any of the ladies of France to minister to her wants. Not that she conveyed her refusal in terms calculated to offend madame de Lauzun; she thanked her courteously, but said, "The table was too low, and that she was about to purchase one, for which she would give proper directions." Mary Beatrice found herself, at last, compelled to buy a writing-table, in order to evade the necessity of accepting the present of the duchess de Lauzun. It cost the mighty sum of five and forty livres,[1] less than eight and thirty shillings, and even this outlay occasioned the unfortunate queen a pang, when she thought of the starving families at St. Germains, and she asked the nuns, "Whether she ought to give so much money as five and forty livres for a writing-table?" The nuns replied, with much simplicity, "that, indeed, they seldom gave tradesmen as much as they asked for their goods, but they thought the table was worth the price named." Her majesty declared, "that she had no intention to cheapen the article, ordered my lady privy-purse to pay for it directly, and to give a proper recompence to the porter who had brought it."[2]

Poor Mary Beatrice! she must have been more than woman, if memories of the splendour that once surrounded her, at Whitehall, rose not before her mental vision on this occasion, while hesitating whether she ought to allow herself the indulgence of such an escrutoire as five and forty francs could purchase. It would have looked strangely, that same piece of furniture, in her apartment there, beside the costly cabinets and silver filigree-tables of Italian workmanship, which John Evelyn admired so greatly; and when he saw

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

[2] Ibid.

them decorating the chamber of her royal step-daughter, queen Mary, thought—good conscientious gentleman—"that they ought, in common honesty, to have been returned to their lawful owner."[1]

The duke and duchess of Berwick and the duchess of Lauzun, came one day to visit her majesty at Chaillot, and were beginning to devise many alterations and additions for the improvement of her apartments there, which were, in truth, in great need of renovation. She listened to everything with a playful smile, and then said, "When my dower shall be paid, I may be able to avail myself of some of your suggestions. All I have power to do, in the meantime, is to follow your advice, by changing the damask bed into the place where the velvet one now stands, which fills up the small chamber too much."[2]

The chair, in which her majesty was sometimes carried up into the tribune or gallery which she occupied in the chapel, had become so shabby and out of repair, that the nuns and her ladies pressed her to have a new one made. She refused at first, on account of the expense, but at last yielded to their persuasions. She ordered that it should be like a chair in the infirmary, but a little larger, and yet not too large to be carried through the door of the little alley that led to the infirmary; for she was constant in her visits to the sick, whether she were able to walk or not; and at this period, in consequence of her great debility, she was carried by her attendants in a chair. She wished the height from the ground to the top of the back to be five feet, like her chair of state at St. Germains, and that it should be covered with a silk, called *gros de Tours*, which, she thought, would be a cheap and suitable material; but when she heard that it was ten livres—that is to say, eight and fourpence an ell, which would make the chair cost altogether two hundred livres, little more than eight pounds, she exclaimed, that she would not have such a sum expended for that purpose. Lady Strickland recommended camelot, a thick-watered silk, with some mixture of wool, as more suitable for the cover of the chair, and the queen told her to bring her patterns, with the price; but as she found it

[1] Evelyn's Diary.

[2] Inedited MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Este, in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

would cost fourteen livres more than the other, she decided on having the gros de Tours. Of such serious importance had circumstances rendered that trivial saving to a princess who had once shared the British throne, and whose generous heart reluctantly abstracted this small indulgence for herself from the relief she accorded from her narrow income to the ruined emigrants at St. Germains.

"Madame," said one of the sisters of Chaillot, "you put us in mind of St. Thomas of Villeneuve, who disputed with his shoemaker about the price of his shoes, and a few days afterwards gave one of the shoemaker's daughters three hundred rials, to enable her to marry; for your majesty is parsimonious only to enable you to be munificent in your charities and your offerings at the altar." The queen smiled, and said, to turn the conversation, "I certainly have no disputes about the price of my shoes, but I would fain get them for as little cost as I can. When I was in England, I always had a new pair every week, I never had more than two pair of new shoes in any week. I had a new pair of gloves every day, and I could not do with less; if I changed them, it was to the profit of my chambermaids. Monsieur de Lauzun once used some exaggeration in speaking to the king, Louis XIV., on the subject of my penury, when he said, 'Sire, she has scarcely shoes to her feet!' This was going a little too far; but it is true," continued she, playfully, "that they have sewn these ribbons for the second time on my fine shoes;" she laughed, and showed the shoes as she spoke, adding, "they cost me ten livres. I think that is too much to pay for them, but they will not charge less for me. That is the way with the artizans. My mother would never submit to an imposition. She was both generous and magnificent; but she did not like to be charged more than the just price for anything. When, however, she had reason to think her tradespeople had been moderate in their charges, she would give them, out of her own pleasure, something over and above."[1]

The poor queen had cause, at this time, to apprehend that the cancer in her breast was going to break out again; she was also troubled with difficulty of breathing and general debility. Dr. Wood, whom her son sent to see her, advised

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

her majesty to quit Chaillot, because he said the air was too sharp for her, and he strenuously objected to the fasts and perpetual succession of devotional exercises, practised in that house, as most injurious to her. The abbess and sisterhood were displeased at the English physician's opinion, intimated that *monsieur Oude* had better attend to his own business, and begged their royal guest to send for Beaulieu, her own surgeon, to prescribe for her. Beaulieu contradicted all Dr. Wood had said, except on the subject of fasting, to which he was always opposed. As for the air of Chaillot, he said it was nothing so keen as that of St. Germains, which was almost on a mountain, and recommended her majesty to remain where she was. Mary Beatrice said, "that Chaillot must be a healthy place; for that luxurious princess, Catherine de Medicis, built a summer palace there for herself, because she considered it the most healthy site near Paris."[1]

The countess of Middleton observing, with uneasiness, that her royal mistress was sinking into ascetic habits, told the nuns one day in a pet, "that the queen spent too much time in prayer at Chaillot, that it was killing her; and if the king of France knew the sort of life she led there, he would come himself, and take her away from them." Mary Beatrice could not refrain from smiling when this was repeated to her by the offended sisters. "I do not think," said she, "that the king of France will trouble himself about my prayers, or that he is likely to interfere with my stay at Chaillot. My ladies, who like better to be at St. Germains, speak according to their own tastes, and are thinking more for themselves than for me, I doubt, in wishing to return; they may find pleasure in it; but, for me—think you the life I lead at St. Germains can be very agreeable, when I am shut up alone in my cabinet every evening, after supper, till I go to bed, writing three or four hours? When I am here, I write in the morning, which is a relief to my eyes. There, all my time is spent among the miserable, for of such alone is my society composed. Here I have, at least, cheerful company after my meals; and if I have a moment of comfort in life, it is here."[2]

[1] Buonaparte, it seems, was of the same opinion, when he demolished the convent, with the intention of building a nursery palace for the king of Rome on the spot.

[2] Diary of a Nun of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

She might have added, it is my city of refuge from the importunities and cares with which I am beset at St. Germains. It was again a year of scarcity, almost of famine, in France, and Mary Beatrice found herself reluctantly compelled, by the necessities of her own people, as she called the British emigration, to withdraw her subscriptions from the benevolent institutions in Paris, to which she had hitherto contributed, feeling herself bound to bestow all she had to give, to those who had the greatest claims on her.[1] One day, an ecclesiastic who came from St. Germains to see her, told her that every one there was starving, on account of the dearness of provisions. The intelligence made her very sad; "she could not sleep that night," she said, "for thinking of it, and when she slumbered a little towards morning, she awoke with a sensation, as if her heart were pierced with a pointed cross." It was at this distressing period that the old bishop of Condone de Matignan, who was going to Marseilles, came to solicit the unfortunate queen to send an offering to the shrine of the immaculate Virgin there. Nothing could be more unseasonable than such a request. Mary Beatrice replied, "that, in truth, she had nothing to send," and was sorely vexed by his importunity. She told the community, in the evening, of the vexatious application that had been made to her by the aged bishop, and the impossibility of her complying with his request, "since of all the profusion of costly jewels she once possessed, two only remained, one was the little ruby ring, which the late king, her dear lord and husband, when duke of York, had placed on her finger at the ratification of their nuptial contract, the other was her coronation ring, set with a fair large ruby, sole relic of the glories of the day of her consecration as queen-consort of England, and these she could not part with. The small diamond," added Mary Beatrice, "which, according to the customs of Italy, I received at the previous matrimonial solemnization at Modena, from the earl of Peterborough, I have sent to my son, with my daughter's hair, for which he had asked me."[2] The nuns endeavoured to comfort her, by telling her "that when her son should be called to the throne of England, she would be able to make offerings worthy of herself on all suitable

[1] Diary of a Nun of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

occasions." "On the subject of the contributions that are frequently solicited of me," said the queen, "I find myself much embarrassed, for it appears unsuitable in me, to give little, and it is impossible for me ever to give much—all I have, belonging rather to the poor than to myself." [1]

Wisely and well did the royal widow decide, in applying her mite to the relief of God's destitute creatures, rather than gratifying her pride, by adding to the decorations of a shrine. Yet, such is the weakness of human nature, the force of early impressions, and the manner in which even the strongest minded persons are biassed by the opinions of the world, that she was deeply mortified at being unable to send the gift that was expected of her, by the old bishop. She at last expressed her regret, that she had given her last diamond to her son, instead of adding it to the coronal of the Virgin of Marseilles. "Madam," replied the nuns, "the use you made of the diamond, in sending it to your son, was perfectly lawful, and these are times when saints themselves would sell the very ornaments of the altar, to afford succour to the poor." [2]

Mary Beatrice was much entreated to assist at the two-fold nuptials, of the prince de Conti and mademoiselle de Bourbon, and the duke de Bourbon with mademoiselle de Conti, by which a long feud between those illustrious houses would be reconciled. She excused herself, on account of her ill-health and great afflictions, when the princess dowager of Conti came in person to invite her; then the duke de Lauzun came from Louis XIV., to request her presence at Versailles on that occasion; and she declined, for the same reasons she had given to madame Conti. The duke de Lauzun took the liberty of a tried and sincere friend, to urge her to accept the invitation, telling her "that it was necessary that she should appear at Versailles on that occasion, lest the English ambassador should report her as wholly neglected and forgotten since the peace of Utrecht, which would prejudice the cause of her son in England." The royal widow replied, "that he had reason on his side, but for her part, wasted as she was with a mortal malady, and crushed with sorrow, she could not think of casting a gloom over the joy of others, at a bridal festival, by her tears,

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Ibid.

which, perhaps, she might be unable to restrain; she, therefore, prayed him to make her apologies, and to represent her wasted form, and depressed spirits, and her utter unfitness to appear on that occasion."[1]

Lauzun represented at Versailles the sickness and grief of the queen, and madame Maintenon, to whom her majesty wrote to beg her to make her excuses to the king of France, replied in a consolatory tone of kindness, expressing the regrets of the king and his young relatives at her absence, and requesting her to pray for the happiness of the bridal party. Madame de Maintenon added, "that she hoped to come to Chaillot on the following Monday to see her majesty, but, in the meantime, she could not help informing her that she had learned that many of the English were passing over from London to Calais, on purpose, as it was whispered, to come to Chaillot to pay their respects to her majesty, and to pass on to Bar to see her son." This flattering news was a cordial to the mother of the disinherited representative of the regal line of Stuart, him whom his visionary partizans in England fondly called "the king over the water." The peace of Utrecht had, indeed, driven him from the French dominions, and limited his title there to the simple style of the chevalier St. George, but that very truly would afford ready means of communication between him and those ardent friends who had sworn fealty to him in their hearts, and were ready, like the old cavaliers, who had fought for his grandfather and his uncle, to peril life and limb for his sake. He was remembered in England, and she, his mother, was not forgotten in the land of which she still called herself the queen, though four-and-twenty years had passed away since she had left its shores, on a stormy winter's night, with that son, Heaven's dearest but most fatal gift to her, then a sleeping infant in her arms. Now he had been driven from her, and for his sake she kept her court, in widowed loneliness, at St. Germains, as a centre and rallying point for his friends, and struggled with the sharp and deadly malady that was sapping her existence.

Some time in the month of July, 1713, a fat English merchant, a member of the society of friends, whom the worthy

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

sister of Chaillot, in her simplicity of heart, calls, "a *Trembleur* or *Coequere* by profession," came to the convent and craved an audience of the widow of his late sovereign James II. Mary Beatrice, who was always accessible to the English, admitted him without any hesitation. Before he entered her presence, the quaker gave his hat to a footman, and thus discreetly avoided compromising his principles by taking it off, or appearing to treat the fallen queen with disrespect, by wearing it before her.[1] As soon as he saw her majesty, he said to her, "Art thou the queen of England?" she answered in the affirmative. "Well then," said he, "I am come to tell thee that thy son will return to England; I am now going to Bar on purpose to tell him so." "But how know you this?" demanded the queen. "By the inspiration of the Holy Spirit," replied the quaker, showing her a thick pamphlet of his visions printed in London. "When will the event of which you tell me come to pass?" inquired her majesty. The quaker would not commit himself by naming any precise time for the fulfilment of his visions, but said, "if he had not been convinced of the truth of his predictions, he would never have put himself to the trouble and expense of a journey from London to Bar." The queen laughed heartily when she related the particulars of this interview to her friends. The holy sisters of Chaillot, not considering that three clever pinches would have transformed the quaker's broad brimmed beaver into the orthodox cocked hat of an abbé of their own church, regarded a Jacobite in drab as a very formidable personage; they protested "that he ought to be shut up and treated as a lunatic, and were sure he intended to make some attempt on the life of the king." The reply of Mary d'Esté proved that she was better acquainted with the tenets of the Society of Friends, and entertained a favourable opinion of their practice. "My son has no cause for alarm," said she; "these poor people are not wicked, they loved the late king very much, and they are so highly esteemed in England for their probity, that they are exempted from the oaths which others are compelled to take. They never overreach others in their merchandize, and they have adopted for their maxim the words of our Lord, when he bids

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

us be meek and lowly in heart, yet they are not baptized."[1] "In England all sorts of religions are permitted," pursued the queen; "the late king 'said all these varying sects had had one point of negative union, which was to oppose the authority of the pope.' My lord was convinced that he ought not to do violence to the conscience of any one on the subject of religion; they have been persuaded in England, nevertheless, that his majesty had made a league with the king of France to force them to adopt his religion. Yet when that king drove out the Huguenots, they were given refuge in England, as well as in Holland, where they rendered us odious, as was seen about the time of the birth of the king my son, when they conjured up false reports against us," continued she, in the bitterness of her heart, imputing to the harmless refugees whom James had sheltered from the persecutions of his more bigoted neighbour, the calumnies with which his nearest and dearest ties of kindred had endeavoured to stigmatize the birth of the unfortunate prince of Wales.[2] "Me have they accused of things of which I never thought," pursued the fallen queen, "as if I had been as great a deceiver as themselves—they have attributed to me crimes of which I am assuredly incapable—of imposing a spurious child, and committing perjuries; others who love me have imputed to me virtues which I do not possess, but God will be my judge."

The nuns endeavoured to soothe her by saying, "they hoped she would see their religion flourish when her son returned in triumph to take possession of his throne." "Should my son return," said the queen, "you will not see

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

[2] That the widow of James II. had been given this erroneous impression of the protestant emigration, by the parties who persecuted and drove them out of France, is not wonderful, but it is pleasant to be able to record one noble exception, at least, among that emigration, from the charge of ingratitude to the unfortunate prince who had received, cherished, and supported them in their distress.

Peter Allix, one of the most learned of the protestant divines, was forced, in 1685, to fly from the cruelty of the king of France, and retiring to the protection of James II., he met with the kindest reception from him. Allix showed his gratitude, by writing in English, a book, in defence of Christianity, which he dedicated to James II., in which he warmly acknowledged his obligations to him, and gratefully thanked him for his kind behaviour to the distressed refugees in general. It appears that this book was published after the misfortunes of his benefactor, for Peter had to learn the English language before he wrote it.—Biographia Brit., from Ant. a Wood. Oxoniensis.

any alteration in the established religion; the utmost that he can do will be to shield the catholics from persecution. He will be too prudent to attempt innovations."[1]

Meantime, this beloved object of her maternal hopes and fears, had been ordered to drink the waters of Aix-la-Chapelle, but the princes of Germany would not grant him passports. He wrote, a few days after, to the queen, and told her "he had seen his enthusiastic quaker liegeman, who had related to him his visions, and coolly added, 'I am not perhaps so great a prophet as Daniel, but I am as true a one.'" The prince said, "he had laughed much at the absurdities of this person, and that it must have appeared strange to him that he did not receive any present, "but," added he, "I am not rich enough to have it in my power to make suitable gifts; all I had to bestow on him were some medals. I do not love either prophets or readers of horoscopes." This trait of sound sense, the prince derived from his royal mother, whose mind revolted from everything of the sort. The same evening after she had read her son's letter, Mary Beatrice said, "that she could not endure any of those marvellous things, neither revelations nor ecstasies." Madame Molza, on this, spoke of an Italian lady, "the mother of father Seignery, who had lately died in the odour of sanctity, who often fell into a trance in which she remained until she was roused by the voice of her confessor," adding, "that her majesty's mother, the duchess of Modena, was delighted to see her. "It is true," replied the queen, "that my late mother took delight in seeing marvels and mysteries, but, for my part, I cannot endure them, and always avoid having anything to do with them."[2]

On the 18th of July, Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess-dowager of Orleans came, with her daughter, the duchess of Orleans, to cheer the royal recluse with a friendly visit. There was a great deal of kindness and good nature in Elizabeth Charlotte, notwithstanding the vulgarity of her person and manners. She had a sincere respect for the virtues and noble qualities of the widowed queen of James II., and although she was so nearly related to the parliamentary heir of the British crown, the elector of Hanover, she expressed a lively interest in the welfare of the unfortunate

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

chevalier de St. George, and when speaking of him to his mother, always gave him the title of the king of England. Both she and her daughter-in-law told the queen again how much affection the duke and duchess of Lorraine expressed for him, and how greatly they delighted in his company. The queen listened some time to them, before she could command utterance; at last, she said, "The duke of Lorraine has compassion on my son; he has had, from his own experience, but too much reason to feel for those who are deprived of their rank and possessions."

The following animated song was composed at this period, and sung at the secret meetings of the convivial Jacobite gentry, in allusion to the friendship experienced by the son of Mary Beatrice, from the court of Lorraine. All these poetical lyrics found their way to the convent of Chaillot, though we presume not to insinuate, that they were ever hummed by the holy sisters at the hour of recreation:—

SONG. (Tune, "Over the hills and far awa'.")

"Bring in the bowl, I'll toast you a health,
To one that has neither land nor wealth
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa.
Over the hills and over the dales,
No lasting peace till he prevails;
Pull up, my lads, with a loud huzza,
A health to him that's far awa.

By France, by Rome, likewise by Spain,
By all forsook but duke Lorraine;
The next remove appears most plain,
Will be to bring him back again.
The bonniest lad that e'er you saw,
Is over the hills and far awa.

He knew no harm, he knew no guilt,
No laws had broke, no blood had spilt,
If rogues his father did betray,
What's that to him that's far away?
Over the hills and far awa—
Beyond these hills and far awa,
The wind may change and fairly blaw,
And blow him back that's blown awa."[1]

[1] Quoted by Sir Henry Ellis, from the Harleian Miscellany. The air of this song is very spirited, and, together with other gems of inedited Jacobite minstrelsy, will shortly be published, arranged, with the original melodies, for the voice, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte, by Miss Charlotte Maxwell, of Monreith.

The feverish hopes which the inspirations of poetry and romance continued to feed in the bosom of the mother of the unfortunate chevalier de St. George, doomed her to many a pang, which might otherwise have been spared.

Mary Beatrice received so many visits, one day during her abode at Chaillot, that she was greatly fatigued, and said she would see no one else; but, at six o'clock in the evening, monsieur de Torcy arrived. As he was the prime minister of France, he was, of course, admitted. The interview was strictly private; on taking his leave of the royal widow, he said, "Her virtues were admirable, but her misfortunes were very great. The king, her son, might be restored, but it would not be yet."

At supper, the queen, which was unusual, was flushed and agitated; the nuns took the liberty of saying to her, they feared M. de Torcy had brought her bad news. "It is nothing more than I already knew," replied the queen. "God be blessed for all: his holy will be done." She ate little at supper, and went to prayers without saying what afflicted her. She had a restless night, and the next day she was very much depressed. They pressed her to take her chocolate, and at last, to silence the importunities of her ladies, she did. The same morning, she received a letter from Mr. Dicconson, the treasurer of her household, to show her that he could not send her any money. This seemed to augment her trouble; however, she performed all her devotional exercises as usual, but was so weak and exhausted, that she could not descend the stairs without extreme difficulty. The nuns entreated her to declare the cause of her affliction. She confessed that she had not been able to sleep. "Madame," said they, "it must be something that your majesty has heard from monsieur de Torcy, which has distressed you so much. The heart of that minister must be very hard and pitiless." "It is no fault of M. de Torcy," replied the queen; "he has a very good heart, and has always treated us well."[1]

The next day, in the evening, at the recreation, she revealed the cause of her vexation to the community; when she sent the London gazette to her confessor, she said, "That she had seen in it, that both houses of parliament had united in

[1] Diary of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.

demanding of the princess of Denmark [*queen Anne*] 'not to permit the pretender'—it is thus," said Mary Beatrice, "they call the king—'to be so near their shores;' and the princess had replied, 'that she had already sent a remonstrance to the duke of Lorraine, and would again, which might perhaps induce him to send him out of his dominions, but it was out of her power to force him to do so, as he was too far from the sea to fear the fleets of England.'" It was insinuated, that the duke of Lorraine would not have dared to receive the prince, without the consent of Anne, and that he was waiting there to take advantage of a change of popular feeling. "We are," continued the exiled queen, "in the hands of God, why then should we be cast down? I confess that this news disturbed me very much yesterday, so much so, that I did not wish to speak on the subject; I said to myself, why should I afflict these poor girls, who are about me? I ought to keep my trouble to myself, but seeing the news has been made public, I can no longer hide it."[1]

Phrenologists would say, after looking at the contour of this queen's lofty and somewhat elongated head, that the organs of caution and secretiveness were wholly absent. Her conduct through life, proves that she was deficient in those faculties. She told everything that befel her. She might have said with the Psalmist, "I kept silence, but it was pain and weariness to me; at last the fire kindled, and I spake."

It was generally at the hour of the evening recreation, when the rigid rule of conventual discipline was relaxed, and the sisters of Chaillot were permitted to converse or listen to discourse not strictly confined to religious subjects, that their royal guest gave vent to her feelings by discussing with the sympathizing circle, her hopes and fears on the subject of her son, or adverted to the trials of her past life, and the consolation she derived from religion, with impassioned eloquence. The promises of God in the Psalms, that he would protect the widow and the orphan, were frequently mentioned by her.

One day the duke of Berwick came to visit her, and bring her English news. In the evening, she told the com-

[1] Diary of Chaillot, Archives au Royaume de France.

munity, "that both houses of parliament had moved an address to queen Anne, that she should write to the allies not to suffer the pretender to be so near to England. In the course of the debate, an old gentleman of eighty years old, a member of the house of commons, exclaimed, 'Take care of what you do; I was a young man in the time when Cromwell, in like manner, urged the neighbouring states to drive away him whom they then only called Charles Stuart.' This bold hint gave a turn to the tone of the debate, which then became sufficiently animated, and it was found that 'the pretender,' as they called her son, had a strong party to speak for him even in that house."[1] The nuns told their royal friend, "that they hoped this good news would reach the king her son before he heard of the endeavour to deprive him of his refuge with the duke of Lorraine." "My son is not easily moved by these sort of things," replied Mary Beatrice; "he cares little about the agitation that is excited against him." The prince was not quite so stoical in this respect. His valet de chambre, St. Paul, who had been delayed on his journey, brought him the intelligence of the vote of the British parliament on St. James's day. He wrote to his mother, "that he had received a fine bouquet, but through God's grace he had not been much disturbed by it." Mary Beatrice wrote to him in reply, "that he had one subject of consolation, that the Lord had dealt with him as with those he loved, for such had their trials in this life."[2]

A little variation in the monotony of the convent was caused by the arrival of an artist named Gobert, with a portrait of the chevalier de St. George, which he had been painting for the queen at Bar. Her majesty was much pleased with it, but her ladies and the nuns did not think it quite handsome enough to be considered a successful likeness.

The chevalier de St. George had frequently asked his mother to give him her portrait in her widow's dress, and hitherto in vain. A spice of feminine weakness lingered in her heart; aware how strangely changed she was by time, sickness, and sorrow, since the days when Lely painted York's lovely duchess, among the dark-eyed beauties of

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena. [2] Ibid.

Charles II.'s courts, she refused to allow her likeness to be taken in the decline of life. She playfully explained her reluctance to sit again, by saying, "that cardinal Bellarmin had refused his portrait to his friends, because an old man was too ugly for a picture."[1] But when her son wrote to her from Bar to repeat his request, she said, "she could not refuse him anything that might be a solace to him during their separation, and as it would be more convenient for her to have it done at Chaillot, than at St. Germains, she would send for Gobert, the same artist who had painted his portrait, and sit to him." The abbess and nuns then joined in petitioning her to allow a copy to be made for them, but on this she at first put a decided negative. Gobert came the next day to begin the picture, but it was not without great difficulty that she could be persuaded even then to let him take the outline of her head and the dimensions, for that which was to be placed in the tribune with those of her daughter and her son. At last she said, "she would be painted in the character and costume of that royal British saint, the empress Helena, showing the cross, and that she would have her son painted as Edward the Confessor," drawing in her own mind a flattering inference for her son, from the resemblance between his present lot and the early history of that once expatriated prince of the elder royal line of England, and fondly imagining that the chevalier would, one day, be called like him, to the throne of Alfred. Mary Beatrice said, "the late princess her daughter should also be painted as a royal English saint;" a blank is left in the MS. for the name, but in all probability, Margaret Atheling, queen of Scotland, was the person intended. Her son wrote to beg her to let him have two copies of her portrait, one for the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and another for the princess of Vaudemonte, who had been very kind to him. He called the princess of Vaudemonte "an amiable saint," and said "that his greatest comfort was talking with her of his mother and the late princess, his sister." Mary Beatrice was very perverse about her portrait—childishly so; for she ought not to have hesitated for a moment to oblige the friends who had given that asylum to her son, which the kings of France and Spain were unable

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena.

to bestow. Such, however, are the weaknesses of human vanity. She wrote to her son, "that she had already refused her portrait to the community of Chaillot, and what she denied to them, she would not grant to others;" to which the chevalier replied, "that he thought it was very hard for her to deny such a trifle to the good nuns, and that she ought to oblige them, and his friends at the court of Lorraine as well."[1] She then reluctantly conceded the point.

When the painter came the next time, the queen was at her toilette, and, before she was ready to take her sitting, the duchess of Orleans came to pay her a visit, and, being admitted, remained with her till dinner time. She told her majesty, "that she thought her looking ill—much altered for the worse in appearance." This remark did not decrease the poor queen's reluctance to go through the business of sitting for her portrait. She took her dinner at half-past one, and appeared much fatigued and out of spirits, saying "she was very sorry she had consented to have her portrait taken," yet when she found Gobert was waiting, her natural kindness of heart caused her to receive him very graciously; she allowed him to place her in her fauteuil in the proper attitude, and gave him a long sitting. In the evening, her majesty, with three of her ladies, went to take the air in the Bois de Boulogne. They all set off in the queen's coach, but the royal owner left lady Middleton and lady Sophia Bulkeley in possession of that vehicle, while she walked on with Madame Molza, and they took a solitary ramble for three hours in the forest glades together. She returned refreshed, and in better spirits, from this little excursion.[2]

On another occasion, when Mary Beatrice and her ladies had been taking an incognito walk in the Bois de Boulogne, when they came to the ferry, her majesty had a great wish to cross the river in the ferry-boat, but, her ladies being afraid, they all crossed the Pont Royal, and returned through the Fauxbourg of St. Germains. There the queen betrayed her incognito by saluting the *tourière* of the convent of the Visitation in that quarter, who, although she was on foot, could not help recognising her, even if her coach had not been following, her person being well known to all the

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary of Modena. [2] Ibid.

religieuses of Paris. Mary Beatrice, on her return to Chaillot, was very merry, and related all the little adventures of her walk to the community. Her majesty walked as far as Longchamps, on one of these incognito expeditions, and visited, by way of recreation, a religious house there. The abbess offered her a collation which she declined, but partook of some maccaroons and fruit, which were handed about in baskets. Mary Beatrice attended the vespers in their chapel, and was so much delighted with the beautiful singing, led by the abbess, whose voice was one of the finest in France, that she remained for the last evening services, which made her and her ladies so late in their return, that the gates of St. Marie de Chaillot were closed for the night, and the royal devotee and her noble attendants might have had some trouble in gaining admittance, if père Gaillar had not, by a lucky chance, passed and found them waiting outside.[1]

The poor queen being without money at this time, in consequence of the unprincipled delays on the part of Desmarets, in the payment of her pension, was greatly troubled to meet the trifling current expenses even of her present economical way of life. Her coach and horses caused her some uneasiness, for the person at whose mews she had been accustomed to keep them, sent word "that he could not engage for their safety; every one was starving in the suburbs of Paris, and he was afraid they would be stolen from his place." The coachman told her majesty, "he thought it would be desirable to keep the coach, at any rate, in the convent court, where it would be locked up within double doors;" but this also involved a difficulty, for there was no covered place to put it under, and, if exposed to the weather, it would soon fall to pieces.[2] These petty cares of every day occurrence, about matters to which the attention of persons of royal birth is never directed, were very harassing to her—more so, perhaps, on the aggregate, than the great reverse of fortune which had caused them. "There were times, Mary Beatrice would say," when she felt so cast down, that the weight of a straw, in addition to her other troubles, appeared a burden, "and she dreaded every thing."

[1] Diary of a Nun of Chaillot.
[2] Diary of Chaillot in the Archives au Royaume de France.

Our Chaillot diary records, that, on the 6th of August, a protestant gentleman, whose name, from the way it is written there, it is impossible to decipher, came to take leave of the queen, before he returned to England, having obtained the leave of her son, whom he called his royal master, so to do. He was one of the St. Germains protestants, who had attended that prince to Lorraine, and he told the queen, that he and all of his religion had been perfectly satisfied with the liberality of their treatment. The chevalier had taken a protestant chaplain, a regular minister of the church of England, with him, for the sake of his followers of the reformed religion, the earl of Middleton being the only Roman catholic in his retinue.[1]

On the 12th of August, Mary Beatrice dined early, that she might give Gobert the final sitting for her portrait; she told him that he was, on no account to make any copies of it, which he confessed that many persons had been desirous of obtaining of him.[2]

The princess de Condé, who always treated Mary Beatrice with scrupulous attention, came to visit her in the convent that afternoon, and told her, "that she had sent a gentleman to Bar purposely to announce the recent marriages of her children to her majesty's son; but lord Middleton had warned her envoy, that he must not address him by the title of majesty, as his incognito was very strict; and this had disconcerted the gentleman so much, that he did not know what to say. However, the prince had soon put him at his ease, by the frankness of his reception, and had made him sit down to dinner with him." "It is thus," sighed the widow of James II., "that we have to play the parts of the kings and queens of comedy, or rather, I should say, of tragedy."[3]

The princess of Condé intreated her majesty to come and see her in her newly-built palace, the Petit Luxembourg, which she had fitted up with extraordinary taste and magnificence. The queen's ladies, who were, of course, eager to escape for one day of pleasure from the weary monotony of the life they had led at Chaillot, prevailed on their royal mistress to accept the princess's invitation; and the following Wednesday, being the day appointed,

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

Mary Beatrice went, for the first time since the death of her daughter, to Paris in her old state coach, with the arms and royal liveries of a queen of England.[1] She and her ladies set out from Chaillot at three o'clock, escorted by count Molza, who appears to have performed the duties of vice-chamberlain since the death of old Robert Strickland. When her majesty arrived at the Petit Luxembourg, mademoiselle de Clermont, the eldest daughter of Condé, came to receive and welcome her as she descended from her coach, and conducted her into the apartment of madame La Princesse,[2] who was on her bed. Mary Beatrice begged her not to disturb herself by rising on her account; but the princess insisted on doing the honours of her palace to her illustrious guest. The princess's chamber being in the highest suite of apartments, she requested her majesty to avoid the fatigue of going down so many stairs, by descending in her machine—a light fauteuil, which, by means of a pulley and cord, would lower her, in the course of a few minutes, from the top of the house into the garden. Mary Beatrice seated herself in this machine, and took the cordon in her hand, as directed; but she afterwards acknowledged to her ladies, that she felt a slight degree of trepidation when she found herself suspended so many feet from the ground. However, she performed her descent safely, and was immediately ushered into the gorgeous chapel, paved with mosaics, and the walls and roof embellished with gold, crystal, and precious stones, besides the most precious works of art, interspersed with large mirrors that reflected and multiplied the glittering show in all directions. Mary Beatrice said, "that it would take a full week before she should be able to divert her attention from such a variety of attractive objects sufficiently to compose her mind to prayer." An observation characteristic of the wisdom of a devout Christian, who knew how far a wandering eye might lead the soul from God. When the chapel had been duly admired,

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

[2] Madame la Princesse was the title of the consorts of the princes of Condé. The Petit Luxembourg is a palace or hotel situated in the Rue de Vaugirard, and is contiguous to the palace of the Luxembourg, and built at the same era by Cardinal de Richelieu, who gave it to his niece, the duchess d'Aquillon, from whom it descended to Henri-Jules of Bourbon Condé. It was inhabited by the princes of Bourbon Condé during the last century, when it was occasionally called the Petit Bourbon.—Delaure's Paris, vol. iii. pp. 9, 10.

the superb suite of state apartments that looked upon the gardens of the royal Luxembourg were exhibited. Everything was arranged with equal taste and magnificence; and though the fallen queen of England felt, perhaps, that there was a degree of ostentation in the manner in which madame La Princesse displayed her wealth and grandeur, she praised everything, and appeared to take much pleasure in examining the paintings, sculpture, and articles of *vertu*, with which she was surrounded. She and her ladies were greatly charmed with the hangings of one of the state beds, ornamented with festoons and bouquets of the most delicate flowers of cut paper, the work of nuns, which the princess herself had arranged on white satin, with gold fringes.

When her majesty rose to take her leave, she said, "she could not allow madame La Princesse to take the trouble of attending her to her carriage. It would be quite sufficient if mademoiselle de Clermont accompanied her," and was about to go down with that young lady; but the princess of Condé, seating herself in her machine, as she called the *chaise volante*, was at the foot of the stairs first, and stood in readiness to pay the ceremonial marks of respect due to the royal guest at her departure.

From this abode of luxury, Mary Beatrice and her ladies proceeded to a very different place, the great Ursuline Convent in the Fauxbourg de St. Jacques, where she saw two of her young English ladies, Miss Stafford and Miss Louisa Plowden, the youngest sister of king James's little pet, Mary Plowden. "The queen," says our Chaillot diary, "had pity on *La petite Louison*—for so they called the youngest Plowden—who, not seeing her mother in her majesty's train, began to weep. Miss Stafford was unhappy, because she had been removed from the English Benedictines, where the rule was less rigid than in this French house."[1]

Mary Beatrice next visited the English Benedictine monastery of St. Jacques. As she was expected, all the world had collected to get a sight of "*la pauvre Reine d'Angleterre*;" so that when she alighted from her coach, count Molza, who had the honour to give her the hand, could not get her through the throng. The abbot and his brethren stood at the gates to receive her; but such was

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot.

the pressure and excitement of the crowd, that two of the ecclesiastics, who were endeavouring to assist her majesty, found themselves increasing her distress, by stepping on the train of her long black mantle, so that she could neither advance nor recede, and was in some danger of suffocation. At last, through the assistance of the officer of the guard, a passage was forced for her and her ladies. She attended the evening service, in one of the chapels, and afterwards took her tea in the great chamber of assembly, which was full of privileged spectators, and finished with visiting another nunnery in that quarter, having again to encounter fresh crowds of eager gazers in passing to her coach. Mary Beatrice returned to Chaillot at eight in the evening, much fatigued.[1]

A general reconciliation had taken place, at the time of the inter-marriages between the Condé, Bourbon and Conti families, among all parties engaged in the late feuds, except the duke de Lauzun, who positively refused to go to a grand entertainment of re-union given by one of the dowager princesses, on this occasion, at Passy. Mary Beatrice being the only person in the world who had any influence over his stormy temper, endeavoured to persuade him to go. He replied, with some warmth, "that he would not," and mentioned several causes of offence which justified him, he thought, in keeping up the quarrel. "You mean to say that you will not oblige me," observed the queen. "Not oblige you, madam!" exclaimed Lauzun, vehemently: "you know very well, that if you were to tell me to walk up to the mouth of a cannon when it was going to fire, I would do it." "I am not likely to put you to such a test," said her majesty, gravely; "I only ask you to dine with our friends at Passy." She carried her point.[2]

Early in August, Mary Beatrice received a letter from her absent son, telling her "that he had received the precious gift she had sent him, of the ring, set with the diamond of her espousals, and the hair of the princess his sister," which, he said, "he should keep as long as he lived." He added, and that troubled his anxious mother, "that he had been ordered by his physicians to the waters of Plombières for

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot.
[2] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice, Archives au Royaume de France.

his health, but he could not undertake the journey without 20,000 livres."[1] "I know not how I am to come by them," observed Mary Beatrice to the nuns when she was reading her son's letter for their edification; "I have written to Mr. Dicconson about it, not knowing what else to do. God will, perhaps, provide!"

The royal widow was certainly right to place her trust in Providence, and not in her luckless treasurer and his exhausted funds. It is impossible not to compassionate the case of this poor Mr. Dicconson, who was called upon by every one for money, from the queen and her son, to their famishing followers. So far from obtaining any supply from St. Germains, her majesty received a heart-rending letter from her old almoner, père Ronchi,[2] describing the destitution of every one there, especially the poor Irish, "many of whom," he said, "must perish for want of food, not having had a sous amongst them for the last two months." Mary Beatrice, who was much in the same case, as regarded ready money, was penetrated with grief at being unable to assist them. "For myself," said she, "I have some remains of credit to procure the necessaries of life, but these poor people have not." She appeared very sad, and her only comfort was that a great many of her followers were beginning to take advantage of the peace to steal back to England. She told the community of Chaillot, "that of 20,000 persons, of whom the emigration at first consisted, not more than 6000 able-bodied men were left. That a great many had perished in the French armies; but the maintenance of their widows and children had fallen upon her;" this had been provided out of her French pension. "How often," said the unfortunate queen, "have I bewailed with bitter tears the life I led in England." Her ladies, knowing how

[1] The chevalier St. George was self-denying and moderate in his personal expenses from a child. He had been allowed 8000 livres (about three hundred and twenty pounds) a-year during his minority for pocket-money, and little pleasures in which all young persons of rank indulged, but this money he always gave away in alms. His expenses while at the court of Lorraine amounted to 80,000 livres a-year, for he was compelled to maintain some sort of state, and to be liberal in his fees to the officials there, where he was on a precarious footing; it was his only city of refuge, so completely had the treaty of Utrecht excluded him from all the other courts in Europe.

[2] Père Ronchi had been in her service ever since she was duchess of York, being the same ecclesiastic who escaped from the wreck of the Gloucester by clinging to a plank.

irreproachable her conduct had always been from her youth upwards, told her that she could have no cause for repentance. "Yes, indeed," she said, "I have, considering how little good I did when I had much in my power, especially in the way of charity. I see now, that many things which I then fancied necessary I might well have done without, and then I should have had more to bestow on others. I give now, in my adversity and poverty, double the sum in alms annually that I did when I had the revenues of a queen-consort of England." Infinitely precious, doubtless, in the sight of God were the self-sacrifices which enabled the fallen queen to minister to the wants of the numerous claimants of her bounty at St. Germains. It was literally in her case the division of the widow's mite, among those whose necessities she saw were greater than her own.[1]

The object of père Ronchi's pathetic representations was to induce Mary Beatrice to make a personal appeal to Louis XIV. on the subject of the unpunctual payment of her pension. No persuasions could prevail on her to do this on her own account, or even that of her son, her pride and delicacy of mind alike revolting from assuming the tone of an importunate beggar. Her ladies, her counsellors, her ecclesiastics, the sisters of Chaillot, all united in urging her to make the effort, telling her, "that the elector of Bavaria had made no scruple of complaining to his majesty of the inconvenience he had suffered from the procrastination of the officers of the exchequer, in disbursing his pension, and that it had been paid regularly ever since." "But," said Mary Beatrice, "I shall never have the courage to do it." "All in St. Germains will die of hunger, in the meantime, if your majesty does not," was the reply. Greatly agitated, she retired to her closet, threw herself on her knees, and prayed long and earnestly for spiritual succour and strength.[2] She was going that day, August 26th, to Marli, to see Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, before they went to Fontainebleau for the rest of the autumn. Madame de Maintenon had written to the exiled queen from a sick bed, requesting her to come and see her at Marli, for she was suffering very much from inflammation in the face, had been bled, and dreaded the approaching removal to Fontainebleau, and all the courtly

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

fatigues that awaited her there. "The young princesses," she said, alluding to the brides of Bourbon and Condé, "were charmed with the anticipation of their visit, but at her time of life people felt differently."

Mary Beatrice appeared much concerned when she read this letter, for she knew the writer was turned of eighty; she said, "madame de Maintenon had been a true friend to her, and she knew not what she should do if she were to lose her;" adding, "that she had reckoned on her good offices in speaking to the king for her." The day was intensely hot, and she was herself far from well; and as the hour for her journey approached, she became more and more restless and agitated. However, she composed herself by attending vespers; and after these were over, set off, attended only by Lady Sophia Bulkeley. She arrived at Marli at five o'clock, and found madame de Maintenon in bed, and very feeble. While they were conversing *tête à tête*, the king entered the chamber unattended. Mary Beatrice, who had not seen him for several months, was struck with the alteration in his appearance, for he was much broken. Regardless of the ceremonial restraints pertaining to her titular rank as a queen, she obeyed the kindly impulse of her benevolence by hastening to draw a fauteuil for him with her own hand, and, perceiving it was not high enough, she brought another cushion to raise it, saying at the same time, "Sire, I know you are incommoded by sitting so low." Louis, once the soul of gallantry, now a feeble, infirm old man, tottering on the verge of the grave, but still the most scrupulously regardful of all the courtesies due to ladies of every degree, made a thousand apologies for the trouble her majesty had given herself on his account. "However, madam," said he, "you were so brisk in your movements, you took me by surprise; they told me you were dying."[1] Mary Beatrice smiled, but had not the courage to avail herself of this opportunity of telling her adopted father that her sufferings had been more of the mind than the body, then declaring the cause, and appealing to his compassion. She said afterwards, "that she talked of subjects the most indifferent in the world, while her heart was ready to burst, not daring to give vent to her feelings."

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

When the king went to take his evening walk, or rather, to show himself, as usual, on the promenade, Mary Beatrice told madame de Maintenon "that she had a great desire to speak to the king on the subject of her pension, as eight months had passed since she had received any portion of it, and that in consequence, every one at St. Germains was dying of hunger—that she came partly to represent this to his majesty, but her courage had failed her, though her heart was pierced with anguish at the sufferings of so many people whom she knew so well." Madame de Maintenon appeared touched by this discourse, and said "she would not fail to mention it to the king, who would be much concerned." She added, "that she was, however, surprised to hear it, as she had been told that her majesty had been paid the sum of 50,000 livres the last time she came." "It is true," replied the queen, "but that 50,000 was the arrear of a previous seven months' delay, and was, of course, all anticipated."[1] The payment she now requested had been due for two months when the last instalment was disbursed, and she ought to have received it then, but it was too painful to her to press for it. "It is well known," continued she, sighing, "that I should not ask for it now, were it not for those poor Irish. How much do you think was reserved for my use of that last 50,000 livres? Less than a thousand crowns, to put in my privy purse for necessary expenses. Of that sum, the larger half went to the relief of urgent cases of distress."[2] When the poor queen had thus unburdened her mind, she went to make her round of visits to the princes and princesses. As she was passing through the salon where the great ladies had assembled to make their compliments to her, Lady Sophia Bulkeley told her that madame de Beauvilliers and madame de Remiremont were following her. Her majesty, who had not observed them in the noble circle, immediately turned back to speak to them, with every mark of respect, and gave them her hand to kiss. She would not, however, appear as if she were assuming the state of a queen of France holding a court, by sitting down, but stood while she conversed with the ladies, who expressed themselves charmed with her politeness to them,

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

one and all, and the graciousness of her deportment. When she visited the princesses, she made a point of speaking courteously to their ladies, so that she left an agreeable impression every where she went.[1]

"The queen," says our Chaillot chronicler, "did not return here till near ten o'clock. As she had said she would be here at nine: lady Middleton and madame Molza were waiting with us at the gate.[2] They were very uneasy, because they feared that the queen, who was not well when she went away, had been taken ill at Marli. It wanted about a quarter to ten when her majesty arrived. She made great apologies for being so late, and begged that the sisters who waited on her would go to bed, but they entreated to be permitted to remain. She would not herself go to bed till she had attended prayers in the tribune, before she performed her private devotions in her own apartments. Lady Sophia Bulkeley was well pleased with this visit. She said, "that all the ladies at the French court had been charmed with her majesty; that they had talked of her at supper, and declared 'that no lady in France since the queen-mother, Anne of Austria, had afforded so perfect a model of dignity and politeness.'"[3] Thus, we see, that in the midst of all her trials and poverty, Mary Beatrice had the singular good luck of maintaining, in that fastidious and fickle court, the favourable impression she had made at her first appearance there, in 1689, when Louis XIV. had said of her, "See what a queen ought to be!"[4]

The French ladies had told lady Sophia Bulkeley that they were always charmed with the queen of England's visits to Fontainebleau. Her ladyship would have repeated more of the agreeable things that had been said of her royal mistress to the nuns, but Mary Beatrice, who always discouraged everything like flattery, interrupted her by saying, gravely, "The ladies here have much kindness for me, which was not the case in England, truth to

[1] Inedited MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] This expression shows that the author of the Diary of Chaillot and Memorials of Mary Beatrice must have been either the portress or the *tourriere* of the convent, or one of the lay sisters, as the rule would not have permitted the other nuns to have been at the gate.

[3] Diary of Chaillot. [4] Madame de Sévigné.

tell; but I have lived since then to become wiser by my misfortunes." At the evening recreation, she said to the nuns, "Can you believe that I have returned, without having ventured to speak to the king on my business; but I hope what I have done will be the same as if I had, as I have spoken to Madame de Maintenon." The mind of the fallen queen misgave her that she had committed herself, and she cried, "But what shall I do if she should fail me? all would be lost then! But I am wrong," continued she, correcting herself; "my God, it is in Thee only that I should put my trust; Thou art my stay."[1]

So pressing was the want of money, that Mary Beatrice was reduced to the painful necessity of taking up a sum to relieve the direful pressure of distress, at this crisis. She found a merchant willing to accommodate her with a loan for three months, on the security of her French pension. "It was a painful duty," she said; "but if she waited till she touched what had been so long due to her, two-thirds of St. Germains would have perished."[2] She was also very anxious about her son's health, and determined to supply him with the means of going to the waters of Plombières, at any sacrifice.

One little expense which Mary Beatrice indulged herself in, out of this loan, was to give a day of pleasure to some lowly individuals in her household, to whom so long a sojourn in a convent had probably been weary work. Our Chaillot diary records, "that on Tuesday, August 29th, the queen hired a coach for the filles de chambres of her ladies to go to Paris, to see a young person, of their own degree, take the novitiate habit of a sœur-domestique, at the Ursuline convent, and in the afternoon to see the *Petit* Luxembourg. The girls came back in raptures, for the princess de Condé hearing that they were in the family of the queen of England, had, out of respect to their royal mistress, ordered all the grand apartments to be thrown open to them, and even that they should be introduced into her own private apartment, where she was playing cards."

The day Mary Beatrice was at Marli, she had called on the duc de Berri, the grandson of Louis XIV., as etiquette required, but he was not at home. On the morrow, he sent

[1] Diary of Chaillot, MSS. in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

a gentleman of his household to make his compliments to her majesty, and to express "his regret that he was absent, hunting in the plains of St. Denis, when she did him the honour of calling, but that he should take an early opportunity of returning her visit." The queen, who had no wish for his company, told the equerry, "that she thanked his royal highness for his polite attention, which she considered all the same as if he had put himself to the trouble of coming."[1]

This, her majesty told the abbess she had said, in the hope of being excused from his visit, as he was a prince for whose character she had no esteem; "nevertheless," added she, "you will see that he will come." The following day his royal highness made his appearance at the customary hour for formal calls—four o'clock. He came in state, and as he was the next in succession to the throne of France, after the infant dauphin, etiquette required that the abbess of Chaillot should pay him the respect of going with some of the community to receive him at the grate. She only took five or six of the sisters—doubtless, the elders of the house—and her reception was not the most courteous in the world, for she begged him not to bring any of his followers into her house. His royal highness appeared a little surprised, and explained that his visit was to the queen of England, and not to her reverence; however, the holy mother was resolute not to admit any of his train. He was, therefore, compelled to tell the chevalier du Roye and three other nobles of high rank, who were with him, that they could not enter; at which they were much offended.[2] The queen received him in the apartments belonging to the princess dowager of Condé, which were on the ground floor, "to spare him the trouble," as she politely observed, "of going up stairs," but doubtless in the hope of being rid of his company the sooner. However, he seated himself by her on the canapè, and appeared in no hurry to depart. While he was conversing with the queen, the duchess of Perth, wondering what had become of the lords of his retinue, went to inquire, and found them very malcontent, in consequence of the slight that had been put upon them; attributing their exclusion to the pride or over-nicety of the queen of England.

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.

Lady Perth returned, and told her royal mistress in English, of this misunderstanding. Her majesty, who had never thought of such a thing, was much vexed, and when the duke of Berri begged that she would permit his gentlemen to enter, she said, "Sir, it is not for me to give that order; the power rests with you, and I beseech you to use it." The gentlemen were then admitted, but chose to mark their displeasure by remaining with the princess de Condé, instead of entering her majesty's presence. "I am sure," said Mary Beatrice, "it was no fault of mine." She was greatly annoyed at the circumstance, trivial as it really was, but she felt the insecurity of her position in that court, and beheld in the duke de Berri the probable regent of France.[1]

The queen's principal physician, M. Garvan, came on the 13th of September, to try and persuade her to return to St. Germains, but she would not hear of it. She said she should write to her son to prevent him from paying any attention to those who were pressing him to importune her on that subject. "Nothing that any one else can say, will make me do it," added she; "but if my son asks me, I cannot refuse him."[2]

The duchess dowager of Orleans came to see Mary Beatrice in her retreat, and brought her a very kind letter from her daughter the duchess of Lorraine, expressing "the great satisfaction that both herself and her lord had experienced in the society of the chevalier de St. George, whom she styled a most accomplished prince." The delighted mother could not refrain from reading this letter to the sisters of Chaillot; she expressed her gratitude to the duke and duchess of Lorraine, and begged madame the duchess of Orleans, to tell them, "that she regarded them as friends, whom God had raised up for her and her son at their utmost need, when they looked in vain for any other succour." The duchess of Orleans said, "her daughter was greatly altered, which she attributed to the number of children she had had." "Or rather," rejoined the queen, "by the grief of losing them, for," added she, with great emotion, "there is nothing so afflicting as the loss of children."

[1] He died the following spring, having shortened his life by his own evil courses, leaving the post of guardian to the infant heir of France to be disputed between the duke of Maine, the son of Louis XIV., by Montespan, and the duke of Orleans, who obtained it.

[2] Diary of Chaillot.

"Her majesty," continues our recording nun, "repeated this several times, and it appeared as if it were only by an effort of virtue that she refrained from speaking of the princess her daughter."[1] That grief was too deep, too sacred to be named on every occasion, there was, withal, a delicacy of feeling in Mary Beatrice, which deterred her from wearing out sympathy by talking too much of her bereavement. When some one remarked in her presence, that people often loved their grandchildren better than they had done their own children; she replied, "When I shall have grandchildren, I hope my affection for them will not lead me to spoil them; but I am sure I shall not love them better than I love the king my son, or than I loved my poor daughter."[2] The affection of Mary Beatrice, for these her youngest children, was of so absorbing a nature, as to render her apparently forgetful of her buried family in England, her three elder daughters, and her first-born son, the infant duke of Cambridge. If any one alluded to the loss of those children, which had been among the trials of the first years of her wedded life, she generally replied, "that she acknowledged the wisdom and mercy of her Heavenly Father in that dispensation, as well as in all his other dealings with her; for now she felt an assurance of their eternal happiness, which she might not otherwise have done. Happy," she would add, "are those mothers who bear for the Lord."[3]

On the 16th of Sept., 1713, being the 12th anniversary of king James's death, her anguish was renewed by the commemorative offices at which she had assisted in the tribune, where the hearts of the husband and daughter she had loved so fondly were enshrined, yet she said, "that in the midst of her grief she had consolation in the thought that they were both happy in the enjoyment of everlasting peace." She added, "that she had often reflected with astonishment on the graciousness of God, in preserving to her her son, when he bereaved her of the princess; and that she was satisfied that He who is infinitely wise and good, had done all in mercy." From these expressions, and the general tone of her letters, it is certain that, although in compliance with the customs, perhaps in obedience to the

[1] Diary of Chaillot. [2] Ibid.
[3] Diary of the Nun of Chaillot, MSS. Archives au Royaume de France.

authority, of the church of which she was a member, Mary Beatrice continued to the end of her life to pray for the repose of the souls of her husband and daughter, she believed that they had already entered into "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

The next day, Saturday, 17th of September, Mary Beatrice received a packet of letters from her absent son, just after she had entered the chapel to attend complins, but, anxious as she was to hear from him, she would not open the envelope till the service was over. She read her letters while she was taking her tea. The same evening, the princess of Condé, who drank tea with her, showed her a print of the late princess her daughter, which the painter Lepel had caused to be engraved. The queen looked at it, and repressing the tears with which the sight of those dearly-loved features, now veiled for ever in the darkness of death, called to her eyes, pursued her discourse on indifferent subjects.[1] Eloquent as she generally was, when the name of that last and fairest of her buried hopes was mentioned, she could not speak of her then; her heart was too full.

She said, "that she had a copy of Rigaud's portrait of Louis XIV., made to send to her son. That portrait," she observed, "had always struck her as a great resemblance of his majesty, only it was full thirty years younger than he was, even when she came into France; and he was very much changed and bent since then." She added, "he perceives it himself, and says sometimes—'Formerly, I was taller than some of the people about me, who are now taller than me.'"[2]

On the 26th of September, an ecclesiastic came from St. Germains to consult with the queen, on the means to be taken for the relief of the destitution there, telling her, "that to his certain knowledge, several persons had passed thirty hours without food." Mary Beatrice was greatly afflicted, and said, "She was embarrassed to the last degree herself, not daring to importune the king of France, though her pension was several months in arrear, and her son was also without money." She was tantalized with promises from some of queen Anne's ministers, that her dowry should

[1] MS. Memorials of Mary Beatrice d'Esté, in the Archives au Royaume de France. [2] Ibid.

be paid. Secret engagements had been undoubtedly made between that sovereign and Louis XIV., before the peace of Utrecht, guaranteeing that provision for the widow of James II.; and the abbé Gautier had been sent to England, to receive the first instalment from Harley, the lord-treasurer, but was put off from day to day. Desmarets, the French minister of finance, made the promises of the British government, touching the payment of the dowry, an excuse for delaying the disbursements of her pension from his royal master.[1]

The distress of her followers roused the unfortunate queen once more from the quiescent state of endurance in which she was willing to remain, as regarded her own pecuniary difficulties; she wrote a heart-rending appeal to madame de Maintenon. She received a letter in reply, on Sunday, October 1st, while she was at dinner, in which that lady expressed great sympathy, saying "that her majesty's letter had filled her heart with pity; that she could not think of her situation without pain, and though she did everything in her power to avoid causing any to the king, she could not refrain from representing her distress to his majesty, and that he would speak himself to M. Desmarets on the subject." She said also, "that he had sent to M. de Torcy, requesting him to write to the abbé Gautier, not," added the cautious diplomatiste, "that I dare to solicit for your majesty anything that would be inconvenient to him, but merely to testify my zeal for your interests."[2]

This communication served to raise the spirits of the desolate widow, and the good effects of the intervention of the powerful advocate she had succeeded in interesting in her favour, appeared in the receipt of the payment of 50,000 livres of the arrears due to her on her pension. Small as that sum really was, reduced into English pounds, it was as the cup of cold water to the fainting caravan in the desert, and enabled the exiled queen to accord to many of the famishing emigrants at St. Germains the means of dragging on the fever of life for a few months longer. Common honesty also demanded that she should make a small instalment to the convent of

[1] MSS. in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] MSS. in the Secret Archives of France.

Chaillot, on account of the large sum in which she stood indebted to them, not only for a home, but very often for food, both for herself, her ladies, and their maids. "Her majesty," says the recording sister of Chaillot, "gave our mother, very privately, three thousand livres, all in gold, but entreated her not to let any one know that she had paid her anything." No sooner, indeed, was it suspected, much less known, that the widowed consort of James II. had received any portion of her income, than she was beset with clamorous demands from all her creditors and clients,—the Irish in particular.[1]

Some readers will, doubtless, feel disposed to censure Mary Beatrice for expending money she could ill afford, in the following manner: The *fête* day of the abbess occurring while she was at Chaillot, she could not avoid complying with the custom, which prescribed that every person in the convent should make some present, great or small, to that lady for the decoration of her church. Mary Beatrice was not only under great obligations to the house, but considered it necessary to give according to her rank, rather than her means; as the widow of a king of England, and bearing the title of queen she determined not to be outdone by any French lady on this occasion. Having privately got the assistant sister, Marie Helène, to measure the width of the choir, she sent her careful privy purse, lady Strickland, to Paris, to purchase the materials for a curtain, called by our nun an *aparament*, to hang up before it, instead of a piece of tapestry. Lady Strickland performed her commission, it seems, to admiration; for she made a choice of a beautiful piece of red brocade, flowered with gold and silver, and edged with a splendid gold fringe with a rich heading. Sister Marie Helène, who possessed the pen of a ready writer, composed, by the queen's desire, some verses, suitable to the occasion, to accompany the present. Meantime, the matter was kept as secret as anything could be, in which three ladies were concerned, till the important day arrived. After the abbess had received all the other little offerings, they were placed in the chamber of assembly, and the queen was invited to come and look at them. Her majesty had something obliging to say of everything; and when she had

[1] MS. Diary of Chaillot.

inspected all, she bade sister Marie Heléne bring her gift, and present it to the abbess, with the verses, in her name. It was quite a surprise, and the whole community were eloquent in their admiration of the elegance and magnificence of the offering; but the queen imposed silence, not loving to hear her own praise.[1] The community wished to have the arms and initials of the royal donor emblazoned on the *parament;* but Mary Beatrice would not permit it, saying, "that it would appear like vanity and ostentation, and that she should consider it highly presumptuous to allow anything to her own glorification to be placed in a church."

Cardinal Gaulterio, who had seen the chevalier de St. George, at the court of Lorraine, after his return from Plombières, came to bring letters from him to his widowed mother, and rejoiced her heart with good accounts of his health and commendations of his conduct. Mary Beatrice told the nuns, "that she had laughed and cried alternately at the sight of the cardinal, who was her countryman, because she had thought to see his face no more."

The "*cocquere,*" as our Chaillot chronicle designates the enthusiastic broad-brimmed Jacobite before mentioned, paid the queen a second visit about this time. Mary Beatrice received him in the presence of her friend, cardinal Gaulterio, and behaved so graciously to him, that he left her highly delighted with the interview. The conference between so remarkable a trio as our Italian queen, a cardinal, and a quaker, must have been an amusing one.[2]

[1] Chaillot Diary.

[2] Three years prior to this date, 1714, we find some curious particulars of the quaker, Bromfield, in the inedited diary despatches of secretary St. John to the earl of Strafford, ambassador to the states-general, which appear very similar to our nun's account of the *cocquere.* St. John writes April 20th, 1712:

"As to the quaker, Bromfield, the queen (Anne) hath had one or two letters from him, wherein he gives such an account of himself as would serve to convey him to Tyburn, and I own I look upon him as a madman. Your excellency will not, I believe, think fit to give him any passport. If you can make use of him to discover any Jacobite correspondence, it will be of service.

"May 18th.—Bromfield, the quaker, I have been in search of, ever since your excellency gave me notice of his being come over; my messenger has at last found him out, and he is in custody."

The Earl of Strafford, in his letter from the Hague to St. John, writes, April 21:—"There is one Bromfield, a quaker, who wrote me a letter with one enclosed to the queen, showing that the fellow had formerly been a private secretary to the late king James, and was no fool. I sent for him to see what I could get out of him. He at first inferred that he would sell his secret to

Martine, the Hessian envoy at Paris, notices the quaker's visit to the chevalier de St. George, in a letter to Robethon, the Hanoverian minister,[1] in which he mentions the return to Paris of one of his friends, who had spent two months with the exiled prince at Bar, where he got much into his confidence, and spoke very favourably of him. The chevalier himself told Martine's friend, "that a quaker, who was much spoken of in England at that time, came to Bar on purpose to see him, and when he entered the room, addressed him in these words: 'Good day, James; the Spirit desired me to come to thee to tell thee that thou shall reign over us, and we all wish it. I come to tell thee, that if thou hast need of money, we will pay thee amongst us from three to four millions."' The prince wanted to make him some present, but he would not take anything. The prince made him eat at his own table.[2]

Mary Beatrice would gladly have ended her days in the retirement of Chaillot; but for the sake of her beloved son's

no one but the queen; but I made him sensible that could not be done, and that he must trust me before I could let him have a pass." Strafford goes on to say that Bromfield's mighty secret was that he knew of a nobleman in France, who was the rightful representative of the house of Valois, and might be easily set up as a pretender to the crown of that realm, to disturb the government. He was very desirous of a pass to England, that he might have a private conference with queen Anne; but the ambassador says "he hopes to make a better use of him by getting secret intelligence of the court of St. Germains, against which Bromfield appeared much irritated." Strafford told him to get into the confidence of Taylor, a nonjuror, and the head of the Jacobite party at Rotterdam. Bromfield said he wanted money to keep company with them; to which Strafford replied, "that if he found him deserving of encouragement he should not want for money." He confessed "that he had been imprisoned by king William, having been sent over by king James to raise loans for him in England, in which he had succeeded," he said, "to the amount of two millions; adding, that there were people engaged in doing the same for his son, and that there was certainly some design on foot." The duke of Marlborough says he remembers to have heard of him as a person in credit, as master of the mint to king James in Ireland. 12th of May, Strafford writes, "I proposed to Bromfield, the quaker, to send me a letter for some of his friends at St. Germains, that the answers might be directed to the merchant at Rotterdam who sells me my wine, which part he accepted of. Really the quaker is no fool. 22nd of May.—I am informed that the quaker, Bromfield, who I mentioned to you in my former letters, finding I would not give him a pass, has contrived to go over without any, in the last merchant's ship that went from Rotterdam. He sent me the letter of his correspondent at Paris only as a blind, that I might not hear of his going over. You will easily discover him. He is of a middle stature, between fifty or sixty years old, with a long grisly beard."—Collection of State Letters and Papers, Birch MSS.

[1] Dated Paris, March 23rd, N.S., 1714. Bothmar State Papers in Macpherson.

[2] Ibid.

interest, she was induced to return to St. Germains towards the end of November, to the great joy of her ladies, the duchess of Perth, the countess of Middleton, lady Sophia Bulkeley, and madame Molza, who, though they were zealous Roman catholics, appear to have considered six months' conformity to conventual rules rather too much of a good thing. Before the widowed queen quitted Chaillot, one of the nuns congratulated her on the beneficial effects the waters of Plombières had produced on the weakly constitution of the chevalier de St. George, adding, "that she should pray for the improvement of his health and the preservation of his life, as the most important things to be desired for him." "How can you say so?" cried the queen. "Is there no other good thing to be desired for my son?" "Madam," replied the nun, "we know that on these depend his fortunes." "Ah, my sister!" said the royal mother, "think not too much of his temporal good, but rather let us ask sanctification and constancy in his religion for my son, and the accomplishment of God's holy will, whatever it may be." With this strong feeling on her mind, Mary Beatrice ought not to have coveted the throne of a protestant realm for her son. Such, however, are the inconsistencies of maternal ambition.

General reports were, at that time, prevalent, that the chevalier de St. George was about to comply with the earnest solicitations of his friends of the church of England, by abjuring that of Rome. The resignation of the earl of Middleton, the only Roman catholic in his train at Bar, appeared a preliminary to that step. Few could believe that he would hesitate to imitate the example of his great grandfather, Henry of Navarre, when, under similar temptations, he had sacrificed his protestantism for a crown. The unfortunate family of Stuart were, with one exception only, singularly deficient in the wisdom of this world. The Merry Monarch was the only man of his line who possessed sufficient laxity of principle to adapt himself to the temper of the times in which he lived.

The son of James II. had not only been imbued by his parents with strong prejudices in favour of the faith in which he had been educated, but a feeling of spiritual romance induced him to cleave to it, as a point of honour, the more vehemently, whenever he was assailed with representations of

how much his profession was opposed to his worldly interests.

Among the Chaillot records,[1] a paper is preserved, in the well-known hand of the widow of James II., enclosed in a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, headed—

"EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM THE KING MY SON, WRITTEN BY HIM TO ME IN ENGLISH, THE 30TH OF DECEMBER, 1713.

"I doubt not that the reports, positive and circumstantial as they are, which are in circulation of my having changed my religion, have reached you, but you know me too well to be alarmed; and I can assure you, that with the grace of God, you will sooner see me dead than out of the church."[2]

Under this, the royal mother has, with characteristic enthusiasm, written:

"For my part, my dear mother, I pray God that it may be so, and rest in firm reliance that God in his mercy will never abandon that dear son whom he has given me, and of whom his divine Providence has, up to the present time, taken such peculiar care.

"At St. Germains, January 26th, 1714. MARIA R."

In the letter wherein the preceding extract is enclosed, the queen says—

"I have been delighted to see these lines written by his hand, and am well persuaded that they are imprinted on his heart. I have written to this dear

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[1] In the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] To render this extract intelligible to her friend, her majesty has translated it into French, of which the above is the literal version. If ever the original should be forthcoming, the phraseology will of course appear somewhat different. It may therefore be a satisfaction to the reader to see the inedited French document, of which, through the favour of monsieur Guizot, I was permitted to take a transcript, from the autograph of the royal mother, who, in her ardent zeal for the church of Rome, afforded, in this communication, sufficient reason for the exclusion of her son from the throne of a Protestant realm:

"EXTRAIT D'UNE LETTRE DU ROY MON FILS, QU'IL M'A ESCRITE EN ANGLOIS LE 30 DECEMB. 1713.

"Je ne doute pas, que les bruits positifs, et pleins de circonstances qui courent de mon changements de religion ne soint arrives jusques à vous, mais vous me conoisses trop bien pour en estre allarmeé, et je puis vous assurer, qu'avec la grace de Dieu, vous me verres plus tost mort que hors de l'Eglise."

"Pour moi, ma chere mere, je prie Dieu qu'il soit ainsi, et je me tiens en repos, quant une ferme confiance, que Dieu par sa misericorde n'abandonnerà jamais ce cher fils, qu'il m'a doné, et du quel sa Divine Providence à jusques icy pris un soin si particulier.

"MARIE R.

"A St. Germain, ce 26 Janr."
1714.

"*Au dos:*—Janvier 1714 sur la perseverance du Roy Jacques 3me dans nostre St. Religion."

son, that I threw myself on my knees after I had read them, and thanked God with all my heart that through his mercy both were inspired with the same sentiments, he in wishing rather to die, and I in desiring rather to see him dead than out of the church."[1]

The name of bigot will, doubtless, be applied to Mary Beatrice by many readers of the above passage, and perhaps with justice, for confining exclusively to one peculiar section a term which includes the righteous of every varying denomination of the great Christian family. The accidents of birth and education had made this princess a member of the Latin church, but if she had been born and brought up as a daughter of the church of England, or any other protestant community, there can be little doubt but she would have been equally zealous and sincere in her profession, and no less ready to sacrifice temporal advantages for conscience' sake.

The enthusiastic attachment of Mary Beatrice to her own religion prompted her to give as much publicity to her son's assurances on the subject of his determination to adhere to the Romish communion, as if it had been her great object to exclude him from the throne of England. Among Bothmar the Hanoverian minister's papers, there is an intercepted letter, headed thus in Robethon's hand:

"Paris, 31st January, 1714. — From the secretary of the Pretender's mother to lord Aylesbury."

Which ends with these words:—

"Our friend at Bar-le-duc remains firm to his persuasions as yet, though many efforts have been made to bring him over. It was a great comfort to his mother to find his firmness in that point, by a letter under his own hand. We shall see what the darling hopes of a crown will do when proper steps are made towards it."[2]

The death of queen Anne was almost hourly expected at that time; all Europe stood at gaze, awaiting, with eager curiosity, the proceedings of the rival claimants of the crown of Great Britain. That the prospects of the expatriated son of James II. and Mary Beatrice were regarded at that

[1] Archives au Royaume de France. Inedited autograph.

[2] Hanover State Papers, in Macpherson. "The chevalier St. George," says the duchess of Orleans, "was the best man in the world, and complaisance itself. One day he said to lord Douglas, 'What can I do to please my country,' meaning England. 'Take a dozen Jesuits,' replied Douglas, 'embark with them, and when you land, hang them all publicly. You cannot do anything more agreeable to the English than that!'"—Fragmens Historique.

crisis as flattering may be inferred from the encouragement given by the emperor of Germany to the secret overtures for a matrimonial alliance between that prince and the archduchess his sister.[1] The favourable dispositions of the dying sovereign of Great Britain toward her disinherited brother, were generally asserted, and it may, perhaps, be considered as symptomatic of the state of her mind at the approach of death, that she was willing to accord the long withheld provision of her royal father's widow.

Early in the year 1714, Mary Beatrice received the first, last, and only instalment from the British government, ever paid to her of the jointure settled upon her by the parliament of England. Queen Anne, on the 23rd of December, 1713, signed the warrant authorizing the payment of 11,750*l.* out of 500,000*l.* lately granted by parliament for the liquidation of her own private debts. 50,000*l.* per annum was the sum originally claimed by the exiled queen, but her necessities, and above all her desire of entering into amicable relations with queen Anne, for the sake of her son, induced her gladly to accept a first quarter's payment on the lord treasurer Harley's computation of the dower at 47,000*l.* The acquittance she gave was simply signed "Marie, Reine."

This transaction was subsequently made one of the heads of Harley earl of Oxford's impeachment in the house of lords, when, among other political offences, he was accused

"Of having by means of Matthew Prior (the poet) held secret correspondence with Mary, consort to the late king James, and that he had also had frequent conferences with the abbot Gualtier, a Popish priest, her emissary, to concert settling the yearly pension of the said 47,000*l.* upon her, for her life, under pretence of those letters-patent, and that he had advised her majesty, queen Anne, to sign a warrant to himself, reciting the said grant of the late king James for payment thereof."[2]

To this accusation, the earl of Oxford pleaded, "that the consort of James II. was legally entitled to receive the jointure, which had been secured to her by an act of parliament, and guaranteed by the private articles of the treaty of Ryswick, and the legality of her claims not being doubted by her majesty queen Anne's counsel-at-law, he had con-

[1] Letters of the duke of Lorraine, and the secretary of state to the court of Vienna.

[2] State Trials, vol. viii. 316.

sidered it his duty to pay proper attention to it; and being a debt he had thought himself authorized to pay it out of the fund of 500,000*l.* which had been provided for the liquidation of her majesty's debts."[1] The arrears of the dower, for all the years that this unfortunate queen had been deprived of her provision, amounted to upwards of a million of sterling English money; her urgent necessities rendered her glad to compound that claim, for the sake of touching the above eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds, in ready money; that sum enabled her to relieve the distresses of her unfortunate followers, who had been for many months perishing, before her eyes, of want.

The earl, or as he was entitled in that court, the duke, of Melfort, having returned to St. Germains, died there in the beginning of the year 1714, leaving his wife and family almost in a state of destitution. He was a man, whose violent temper, defective judgment, and headlong zeal for the interests of the church of Rome, contributed to the ruin of his royal master and mistress; but the assertion that the exiled family regarded him in any other light than that of a faithful servant, is disproved by the affectionate manner in which the chevalier de St. George recommended his family to the care and protection of queen Mary Beatrice. The following inedited letter of condolence, addressed by that prince to lady Melfort, which, through the courtesy of the present duke de Melfort is here, for the first time, placed before the historical reader, must set that dispute at rest for ever:

"Bar, Feb. 3, 1714.

"The true sense I have of the late duke de Melfort's long and faithful services, makes me sincerely share with you in the loss both you and I have made of him. It is a sensible mortification to me not to be able to be of that comfort and support to you and your son and whole afflicted family, which you so justly deserve from me. All I could do, was to recommend you all to the queen's goodness and bounty, which I did before the duke of Melfort's death, whose merit is too great ever to be forgot by me, who desire nothing more than to have it in my power of showing you and your family how truly sensible I am of it, and of the particular esteem and kindness I have for yourself.

"James R.

"For the duchess of Melfort."[2]

In consequence of her son's recommendation, her majesty

[1] Journals of the Lords. State Trials, vol. viii.

[2] From the original autograph in possession of the duke de Melfort, peer of France.

appointed the duchess de Melfort as lady of the bedchamber, and one of her daughters maid of honour. The same young lady, probably, who while in the service of the late princess Louisa, was celebrated by count Hamilton by the name of mademoiselle de Melfort, among the beauties of St. Germains. A melancholy change had come over those royal bowers since then. After the death of the princess, and the enforced absence of her brother, the sportive lyre of their merry old poet, chevalier Hamilton, was never strung again. His gay spirit was quenched at last with sorrow, age, and penury.[1]

Towards the spring of 1714, Mary Beatrice was attacked with so severe an illness that she was given up by her physicians. She received the intimation with perfect calmness; life had now nothing to attach her, except a longing desire to see her son. Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon came to take leave of her, and testified much concern; they paid her great attention during the whole of her illness, from first to last. After she had received the last sacraments of her church, contrary to all human expectation, she revived, and finally recovered.[2] Her great patience, tranquillity, and docility in sickness, were supposed to be the reasons that her feeble frame had survived through illnesses that would have proved fatal to younger and more vigorous persons, so true it is, "that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." The queen's beloved friend, Angelique Priolo, was so dangerously ill at the same time that her life was despaired of also, and she too recovered. The first letter written by Mary Beatrice during her convalescence, dated May 22, was to congratulate that lady on her amendment, and to express her regret that in consequence of bad weather she was unable to come and see her, and recruit both mind and body by spending a few days at Chaillot:

"It is very proper," she says, "that I should come to testify in person the joy I feel in the new life that God has given you, and that I should give you some signs of that which he has also restored to me, for no one could be nearer

[1] His sister, the countess de Grammont, was dead, and he retired to Poussé to live on the alms of his niece, who was abbess of the convent there, rather than increase the burdens of the widow of his royal master. He died at an advanced age, somewhere about the year 1716.

[2] Memoirs de St. Simon. Chaillot Records.

death, than I have been, without dying. I believe, however, that you have not been in less danger than I was, only you did not see it so plainly, for my head was perfectly clear and self possessed, even when it was supposed that I had less than an hour to live. But I was not worthy to appear before God, and it is meet that I should suffer still more in this life to do penance for my sins, and I shall be too happy if God, in his mercy, will spare me in the other."

Her majesty goes on to express "her intention of coming to Chaillot as soon as the weather should change for the better, provided her health continues to amend, seeing she gains strength very slowly." She sends affectionate messages to the "sisterhood in general, and to some of the invalids by name, requesting the prayers of the community for herself and her son, who is at present," she says, "at the waters of Plombières." This very interesting letter concludes with these words:

"Adieu, my dear mother, till I can give you in person the particulars of the state of mind and body in which I am at present, and of my feelings when I believed myself dying, at which time both my heart and soul were far more tranquil than when I am well. It was one of the effects of God's mercy on me."[1]

The utter prostration of physical powers in which the royal widow remained for many weeks after this severe and dangerous illness, is probably the reason that her name is so little mentioned in connexion with the political history of a crisis, in which, as the mother of the chevalier de St. George, she was only too painfully interested. The stormy conflicts, on the subject of the succession, that rudely shook the ebbing sands of her august step-daughter, queen Anne, will be related in the biography of that queen.[2]

During the last weeks of queen Anne's illness, Mary Beatrice transmitted the intelligence, she obtained on that subject, regularly to her son. Her proceedings were of course closely watched. Prior, in his dispatch to lord Bolingbroke, of August 17, expresses himself uncertain whether his royal mistress were alive or dead. The widow of James II. had received earlier tidings of the event, for we find, by the same letter, that she had sent off an express to

[1] Autograph letter of the widow of James II. to the abbess of Chaillot, in the Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] The general history of that exciting period has been ably condensed by a noble historian of the present day, Lord Mahon, who, having carefully collected many inedited documents, connected with the events related in the authorized annals of the times, gives a more impartial view of things, that so closely affected the passions and prejudices of contempories, than can rationally be expected from partisan writers on either side.

her son in Lorraine. This express was dispatched by Mary Beatrice on the 12th of August, the day the news of queen Anne's death reached her. The moment the chevalier de St. George learned the demise of his royal sister, he took post, and travelled incognito, with the utmost speed, from Bar to Paris, to consult the queen, his mother, and his other friends, "having resolved," says the duke of Berwick, "to cross over to England to assert his rights."[1] As he was prohibited from entering France, Mary Beatrice came to meet him at Chaillot, where the duc de Lauzun had hired a small house, in his own name, for the reception of the royal adventurer, whose person was too well known at St. Germains for him to venture to brave the authority of his most Christian majesty by appearing there. Surrounded as both the mother and son were with spies, the secret of his arrival in the purlieus of Paris was quickly carried to the court of France. Louis XIV. had paid too dearly for his romantic sympathy for the widow and son of James II. on a former occasion to commit himself a second time, by infringing the peace of Utrecht, as he had done that of Ryswick, to dry the tears of an afflicted queen.

France was not in a state to maintain a war; her monarch was turned of seventy-six—the age of chivalry was over; instead of trusting himself to listen to the impassioned pleadings of the Constance and Arthur of modern history, he wisely sent his cool-headed minister, de Torcy, to persuade the luckless claimant of the British crown to return whence he came, and if he could not prevail, to tell him that he had orders to compel him to leave France without delay. As no invitation arrived from England, but on the contrary George I. had been peacefully proclaimed, it was judged unadvisable for the chevalier to attempt to proceed thither, destitute as he was of money, ships, or men, and uncertain where to land.[2] To have had the slightest chance of success, he ought to have been on the spot before the death of queen Anne, ready to carry the field by a prompt appeal to the suffrages of the people. Now there was nothing to be done but to await quietly the effect that might be produced by the manners and appearance of the new sovereign, who had been called to the throne of the Plantagenets.

[1] Memoirs du marshal de Berwick, vol. ii. p. 134. [2] Ibid.

Mary Beatrice and her son perceived, too late, how completely they had been fooled by the diplomacy of Harley. It must be confessed that neither the queen nor the earl of Middleton had put any confidence in the professions of that statesman, till by the disbursement of a quarter's payment of the long-contested dower, he gave a tangible voucher of his good intentions towards the Stuart cause. It was, in sooth, eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty pounds cleverly employed, in throwing dust in the eyes of those whose confidence he, by that politic sacrifice, succeeded in winning.[1]

The parting between Mary Beatrice and her son was, of course, a sorrowful one. The prince returned to Bar, and from Bar proceeded to Plombières, where he issued a manifesto, asserting his right to the crown of England, and proclaiming "the good intentions of the late princess, his sister, in his favour." This declaration turned, in some measure, the table on the treacherous members of queen Anne's cabinet, who had played fast and loose with the court of St. Germains, and was followed by the disgrace of Harley, Ormond, and Bolingbroke.

The young queen of Spain, who was a princess of Savoy, sister to the late dauphiness, Adelaide, and granddaughter of Henrietta of England, kept up an affectionate correspondence with Mary Beatrice, whom she always addressed as her dear aunt. Mary Beatrice received a very pleasing letter from this friendly princess, during her abode at Chaillot, telling her, "how much pain she had felt at the reports of her illness, and thanking her for her goodness in having had prayers for her and her consort put up in the convent of Chaillot." Her majesty entreated, "that those might be continued till after her delivery, as she was now in her eighth month, and should be compelled to remain in bed for the rest of the time."

[1] Harley played too fine a game to be understood by the obtuse faculties of the sovereign whom he was the means of placing on the throne of Great Britain. He incurred the hatred and contempt of both parties by his diplomacy. The Jacobite mob threw halters into his coach as he went to proclaim George I.; and George I. in return for that service, took an early opportunity of impeaching him of high treason, for having entered into secret correspondence with the court of St. Germains; that correspondence which had, in effect, beguiled the son of James II. from coming over to make a personal appeal to the feelings of his sister and the people of England.

On the birth of the expected infant, which proved a son, the king of Spain wrote, with his own hand, to announce that event to Mary Beatrice; and as she was still treated by that monarch and his ceremonious court with the same punctilious respect as if she had been the queen-mother of a reigning sovereign, the royal letter was delivered to her, in all due form, by the secretary to the Spanish embassy, who came in state to Chaillot, and requested an audience of her majesty for that purpose. Mary Beatrice received also a letter from the princess des Ursins, giving a very favourable account of the progress of the queen, and telling her, "that the new infant was to be named Ferdinand—a name revered in Spain." Mary Beatrice wrote, in reply, to the king of Spain, congratulating him on this happy event. In her reply to the princess des Ursins, after expressing her joy at the safety of the queen of Spain, she says:

"I pray you to embrace for me the dear little prince of the Asturias, to whom I wish all the blessings spiritual and temporal, that God in his grace may be pleased to bestow; and I beg you to tell him as soon as he can understand what it means, that he has an old great great aunt who loves him very much."[1]

Meantime, in consequence of the death of the duc de Berri, the last surviving grandson of France, in the preceding May, the court of Versailles was scarcely less agitated with cabals and intrigues, regarding the choice of the future regent for the infant dauphin, than that of England had recently been on the question of the regal succession. The exiled queen of England has been accused of aiding, with her personal influence, the attempt of madame de Maintenon, to obtain that high and important post for her pupil, the duc de Maine, Louis XIV.'s son by Montespan, in preference to the duc d'Orleans, to whom it of right belonged; and, for this end, she constantly importuned his majesty to make a will, conferring the regency on the duc de Maine. The veteran intriguante, to whom the weight of four score years had not taught the wisdom of repose from the turmoils of state, fancied, that if her pupil obtained the regency, she should still continue to be the ruling power in France. Louis XIV. was reluctant to make a will at all, and, still more so, to degrade himself in the opinion of the

[1] Diary of Chaillot.

world, by making testamentary dispositions, such as he knew would be very properly set aside by the great peers of France. Madame de Maintenon carried her point, nevertheless, by the dint of her persevering importunity. The part ascribed to Mary Beatrice is not so well authenticated; on the contrary, it appears, that it was to her that the vexed monarch vented the bitterness of his soul on this occasion. When he came to Chaillot to meet her, on the 28th of August, 1714, the moment he saw her, he said "Madam, I have made my will. They tormented me to do it," continued he, turning his eyes significantly on madame de Maintenon as he spoke; "and I have had neither peace nor repose till it was done." Mary Beatrice attempted to soothe his irritation, by commending him for his prudential care in settling the government for his infant heir before his death. The answer of the aged king was striking: "I have purchased some repose for myself, by what I have done, but I know the perfect uselessness of it. Kings, while they live, can do more than other men; but after our deaths, our wills are less regarded than those of the humblest of our subjects. We have seen this by the little regard that was paid to the testamentary dispositions of the late king, my father, and many other monarchs. Well, madam, it is done, come what may of it; but, at least, they will not teaze me about it any more."[1]

"The queen Beatrix Eleanora, wife of James II., king of England," says Elizabeth Charlotte, the mother of the regent Orleans, "lived too well with the Maintenon for it to be credible that our late king was in love with her. I have seen a book, entitled, 'The Old Bastard Protector of the Young,' in which was recounted a piece of scandal of that queen and the late père de la Chaise. This confessor was an aged man, turned of four score, who bore no slight resemblance to an ass, having long ears, a large mouth, a great head, and a long face. It was ill imagined. That libel was even less credible than what they have said about our late king."[2]

It is rarely, indeed, that our caustic German princess rejects a gossip's tale; and her departure from her wonted

[1] St. Simon. Duclos, and the duke of Berwick's Autobiography.
[2] Fragmens Historique.

custom, of believing the worst of every one, is the more remarkable in this instance, inasmuch as the widowed consort of James II. was the intimate friend, and in some things unadvisedly the ally, of "*La vielle* Maintenon." The duchess of Orleans complains, that the latter had prejudiced the queen against her, so that she had, on some occasions, treated her with less attention than was her due. "For instance," she says, "when the queen of England came to Marli, and either walked with the king, or accompanied him in his coach on their return, the queen, the dauphiness, the princess of England, and all the other princesses, would be gathered round the king but me, for whom alone they did not send." This implies a negative rather than a positive slight; for the exiled queen certainly had no power of sending for any lady in that court. She ought, perhaps, on observing the absence of madame, to have inquired for her, especially as she was a family connexion of her late lord, king James, being the granddaughter of his aunt, the queen of Bohemia, and the widow of his brother-in-law and cousin, the late duke of Orleans. Our grumbling duchess is, however, candid enough to attribute the friendship with which Mary Beatrice honoured Maintenon, to the idea that ingenuous princess had formed of her sanctity. "She feigns so much humility and piety when with the queen of England," continues the duchess of Orleans, still speaking of Maintenon, "that her majesty regards her as a saint."[1] It was considered a conclusive evidence of the matrimonial tie between Louis XIV. and madame de Maintenon, when it was seen that she occupied a fauteuil in the presence of the consort of James II., who never abated one iota of the state pertaining to a queen of England in matters on which that ceremonious court placed an absurd importance.[2]

As soon as it was known that the king had been to visit queen Mary Beatrice at Chaillot, all the court considered it necessary to follow the royal example; and as she made a point of offending no one, by refusing to grant receptions, she found herself so much fatigued as to be glad to return to St. Germains. The following affectionate billet appears to have been written by her to the abbess of Chaillot after her return:—

[1] Fragmens Historique. [2] St. Simon.

"It is now eight days since I quitted you, my dear mother, in the crowd and embarrassment of visits which fatigued me much, and were troublesome, not only in themselves, but from having deprived me of the pleasure of conversing with you. It seemed to me, however, that I left you in a state of repose. I wish to-day to learn if that continues, and if the little depression in which you found yourself had any other effects. I hope that it is removed and that your heart is in that peace which I desire for it, as for my own. And I pray to God that he will grant it to us, as it is only Him who has power to give us what we wish. I shall go to-morrow to St. Cyr, and on Wednesday week to Fontainebleau, if it please God. You shall have tidings of me once before then. Send me yours, which cannot be indifferent to me assuredly, since I love you with all my heart."

This letter has no other date than Saturday, but certainly belongs to the period of her last utter loneliness, as there is no mention of husband or children, and the solitary pronoun "I," which she uses with reference to her visits to St. Cyr and Fontainebleau, tells the melancholy case in which the royal widow stood, after death had bereaved her of her sweet companion and comforter, the princess Louisa, and cruel circumstances had deprived her of the society of her son.

The following spring, strange manifestations of popular feeling in favour of the disinherited representative of the old royal line broke forth in various parts of England. The cries of "No foreign government—no Hanover." "Down with the roundheads." "St. George for England!" were reiterated in Oxford, London, Bristol, and Leicester, and other large towns. The oak leaves were, in spite of all prohibition, triumphantly displayed once more on the national festival of the 29th of May, with the words—"A new restoration," super-added in many places. In London, on the 10th of June, white roses were worn, in honour of the birth-day of the chevalier de St. George, and at night, the mob compelled the householders to illuminate, and broke the windows of those who did not, and finished their saturnalia by burning the effigy of William III. in Smithfield.[1] It was the 27th anniversary of the birth of the son of Mary Beatrice, and the only one which had been celebrated with anything like popular rejoicings. At Edinburgh, his health was publicly drunk at the town-cross, by the style and title of king James VIII., with acclamations.[2] The

[1] Jesse's History of the Two Pretenders. Calamy bears record of the excited state of the populace in favour of the pretender, and the insults offered to the reigning sovereign.

[2] Lockhart of Carnwarth.

object of this wild enthusiasm was, like Robert the Unready, too tardy to take advantage of the movement which might have borne him triumphantly to a throne, if he had been at hand to encourage his friends. He waited for foreign aid; if Henry IV., Edward IV., and Henry VII. had done so, neither would have died kings of England. The timidity of Mary Beatrice, arising from the excess of her maternal weakness for her son, continued to paralyse the spirit of enterprise that was requisite for the leader of such a cause. She declared, as lord Stair affirms, "that without a fleet, and a proper supply of arms and troops, her son ought not to imperil the lives and fortunes of his devoted friends, by attempting a descent either on England or Scotland."[1]

It was, probably, for the purpose of impressing this caution on the mind of her son, that we find the royal invalid rousing herself to personal exertion once more, and commencing a journey to Plombières, in a litter, on the 12th of June, to obtain an interview with him, as he was prohibited from entering the French dominions. The chevalier de St. George came to meet his mother at Plombières; and after she had reposed herself there for a few days, induced her to accompany him on his return to the court of Bar, where she was most affectionately received by the friendly duke and duchess of Lorraine. The earl of Stair was immediately, as in duty bound, on the alert to trace the proceedings of the exiled queen and her son. On the 24th of July, he writes to his own cabinet—

"I sent Barton to Lorraine, to be informed of the pretender's motions; I met the abbé du Bois in a wood, and gave him an account of the intelligence I had concerning the pretender. I desired he would be particularly careful in informing himself concerning the pretender's designs, and how far the court meddled with them. I set a man to observe lord Bolingbroke."[2]

Our ambassador also held secret intelligence with Mr. Hooke, a protestant divine, in the establishment of the chevalier, formerly chaplain to Monmouth, a fabricator of libels against James II., whom that infatuated prince, in an evil hour for himself, pardoned and took into his own service and confidence, fancying that by favours he could convert

[1] Stair's Despatches.

[2] Miscellaneous State Papers, in 2 quarto vols. printed for Cadell, vol. ii. p. 532.

a factious divine into a friend. Barton returned on the 29th of July from Bar, and the same day lord Stair reports that "the pretender is still there with the queen (his mother); everything quiet, and few people there. They talk of his (the pretender) going to Britain; when his mother comes back, he will probably set out."

The following passage, in a letter from the duke of Berwick to Torcy, the French minister, dated August 24, 1715, affords an amusing comment on the conduct and character of his renowned uncle:—

"I have received a letter from the duke of Marlborough in which he expresses to me that he hopes much to enjoy the protection of M. le chevalier (St. George), accompanying these professions with a second present of two thousand pounds sterling. This gives me much hope, considering the character of my uncle, who is not accustomed to scatter his money thus, unless he foresees that it will prove of some utility."

MARY BEATRICE OF MODENA.

QUEEN CONSORT OF JAMES II. KING OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER XII.

Mary Beatrice returns to St. Germains—Attends the death-bed of Louis XIV. —Retains her influence to the last — Her deposition touching Louis's will — Her constancy of friendship to madame de Maintenon — Their meeting at Chaillot — Lord Bolingbroke jealous of her majesty's influence with her son — Failure of promises made to Mary Beatrice in behalf of her son — The rebellion of 1715 — Mary Beatrice prayed for as queen-mother in England and Scotland — Lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters — Queen's uncertainty as to the fate of her son—His dangerous journey from Lorraine — Secret visit to Paris — Queen meets him at Chaillot—His frightful peril at Nonancourt—Queen writes to the post-mistress of that place—Chevalier sails for Scotland—Queen's suspense—Letters of lady Sophia Bulkeley, descriptive of her feelings—Conflicting rumours of successes and defeats—Queen receives news of her son's landing —Her sickness—Flattering news from Scotland—Reports of her son's coronation—Melancholy reverse—Desperate position of Jacobite cause—Queen's convalescence — Excited state of her court — Unfeeling conduct of lord Bolingbroke to the queen — Her pecuniary distress — Her son lands in France—Comes to St. Germains to see his mother—Compelled to leave her—His inconsiderate conduct—Maternal anxiety of the queen—Her son's rupture with Bolingbroke—Queen offers to mediate—Bolingbroke's rude reply—His dishonourable practices—Letters of lady Sophia Bulkeley—Depression of the queen and her ladies—Fate of Jacobite prisoners—Distress of Mary Beatrice—Her son goes to Avignon—Queen remains at St. Germains — Respect felt for her in France — Lingering affection in England for the Stuart cause—Oak-apple day and White-rose day—A new courtier presented to queen Mary Beatrice—Matrimonial projects for her son—Her correspondence with the old Jacobites—Plots for her son's restoration—Queen's letter to abbess of Chaillot—Her seals—Armorial bearings—Jacobite correspondence—Affectionate relations with her son—Her last illness—Unfinished farewell letter—Particulars of her last moments—Recommends her son to the regent Orleans—Her care for her ladies—Her death—Testimonials of her virtues—Malicious reports of her enemies—General lamentations at St. Germains—Funeral honours paid to her remains—Inedited letter of her son—Respect paid by the regent to her last request—Refuge granted to her ladies—Her apartment at St. Germains—Traditions of the place—Her portrait in old age.

MARY BEATRICE returned to St. Germains in time to attend the death-bed of her old friend, Louis XIV., and to

use her influence with him once more in behalf of her son. The dying monarch exerted himself to write with his own hand to his grandson, the king of Spain, urging him to render all the assistance he could to his adopted son, as he called the chevalier de St. George, to aid in establishing him on the British throne.[1] Louis had himself actually entered into serious engagements with queen Mary Beatrice to furnish arms for ten thousand men, and ships to transport them to Scotland. He had issued his commands for the preparation of the armament, and it was in a state of forwardness at the time when his death frustrated all the dispositions he had made in favour of the expected rising in the north of England.[2] "He gave," says the duke of Berwick, "all the orders that were necessary, and then calmly awaited his last hour. He had told the queen of England several times that he was not ignorant, that at his advanced age he must soon expect to die, and thus he prepared himself for it, day by day, that he might not be taken by surprise. They had a very different opinion of him in the world, for there they imagined that he would not suffer any one to speak to him of death. I know to a certainty, that what I have stated is true, having had it from the mouth of the queen herself, a princess of strict veracity."[3]

Louis XIV. breathed his last, September 1st, 1715.

Mary Beatrice, who was greatly afflicted, not only for the loss of her old friend, but on account of the damp that event was sure to cast on the hopes of the Jacobite cause at that painfully exciting crisis of the fortunes of her son, withdrew to Chaillot to indulge her grief. In the dispute that took place, touching the guardianship of the infant king, his successor, the exiled queen was appealed to by the duke of Maine and his party, as a person more in the confidence of the deceased monarch than any one. Her majesty deposed in the presence of the duke and duchess de Lauzun, what had been said to her by Louis XIV. on the subject of his testamentary dispositions. On which, the duke of Orleans, who had possessed himself of the power, observed with some point, "that a testament could be of little value when the testator doubted whether it would ever be carried into effect."[4]

[1] Lemontey's Histoire du Regency.
[2] Ibid. Memoires du Berwick. [3] Ibid.
[4] Duclos, Memoirs of the Regency, vol. i. p. 102-3.

It was unfortunate for Mary Beatrice, that by a sort of negative implication with the rival faction, patronised by madame de Maintenon, she incurred the ill-will of the regent Orleans, and furnished him with an excuse for repudiating the cause of her son. The death of Louis XIV. had produced an entire change in the aspect and interests of the French court. Madame de Maintenon found herself, in her present adversity, as carefully shunned by the minions of fortune, as she had recently been courted and caressed. The fallen queen of England was of a different spirit from the time-serving flatterers who feared to offend the prince, into whose hands the power of the French crown had fallen, by appearing to show the slightest marks of respect to his adversary.

Not so wise in her generation as the children of this world, and acting in the kind sincerity of an honest heart, Mary Beatrice treated her afflicted friend with the tender sympathy and attention that were due to the relict of the deceased sovereign. Their first meeting was by mutual appointment, at Chaillot. Madame de Maintenon was dressed in the deepest mourning, and looked ill and dejected. As soon as the queen saw her, she extended her arms towards her, and when they drew near each other, tenderly embraced her; both burst into tears. Their communications were long and affectionate. Mary Beatrice recurred frequently to the memory of her departed lord, king James, but with that holy sorrow which time and religion had softened and subdued. With her, there was a joy in her grief; and, whenever madame de Maintenon related any instance of piety shown by Louis on his death-bed, her majesty was sure to rejoin, "that was like my sainted king—even he could not have done better." Madame de Maintenon repeated this observation afterwards to the sisters of Chaillot, and said it had given her much comfort. Mary Beatrice returned the same evening to St. Germains. When she was ready to leave her chamber, after she had taken an affectionate farewell of madame de Maintenon, she asked for the abbess of Chaillot, who, with a train of the oldest sisters, attended her majesty to the gate. She spoke warmly in praise of madame de Maintenon, and the admirable frame of mind in which she appeared. The abbess replied, "that her majesty's example had been very proper to animate that lady." The queen raised

her eyes to Heaven with a look that sufficiently indicated the humility of her heart, and, entering the chapel, she knelt down for a few moments in the act of silent adoration, with an air of such perfect self-abasement, that all present were deeply touched. She took the arm of the abbess as they left the chapel, and talked much of madame de Maintenon, and what she had been saying of Louis XIV.,—repeating, "that it reminded her of her own sainted monarch." She bade the abbess a very gracious farewell, and requested her prayers for her son; and then, turning to the nuns, entreated that they would also pray for him.[1]

Mary Beatrice returned to St. Germains to hold her anxious councils with Berwick, and her son's new secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, as to the means of obtaining the necessary supplies for the Jacobite rising in Scotland. Bolingbroke's frequent solicitations for that purpose to the regent Orleans, only served to expose the designs of the friends of the cause, and to put the British government on the alert. The arms and stores that had been secretly provided by the friendship of the deceased king, Louis XIV., were on board twelve ships lying at Havre; but just as they were ready to sail, sir George Byng came into the roads with a squadron, and prevented them from coming out of harbour, and lord Stair, the British ambassador, demanded of the regent that they should be given up, as they were intended for the service of the pretender. The regent, instead of doing this, ordered the ships to be unloaded, and the arms and ammunition to be carried to the king of France's arsenal.[2] This was one of the leading causes of the failure of the enterprise, since the bravest champions can do little without weapons.

The rebellion in Scotland broke out prematurely, hurried on by the ardour of misjudging partisans; its details belong to our national annals; all we have to do with it is to trace its effects on the personal history of the royal mother of the representative of the fated line of Stuart. Bolingbroke, in his letter to that prince, of September 21st, after informing him that her majesty's almoner, Mr. Innes, and captain O'Flanighan, had been consulting about providing a vessel to convey him to the scene of action, says:

[1] Inedited MS. Fragment in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.
[2] Documents in Lord Mahon's Appendix. Berwick's Memoirs. St. Simon.

"The queen orders Mr. Innes to furnish money to O'Flanigan, and by that means he will guess at the service intended, as well as by what was said to him before my return; but I shall say nothing to him, nor any one else of the measure taken, because I know no better maxim, in all business, than that of trusting no creature with the least circumstance beyond what is absolutely necessary he should know in order to enable him to execute his part of the service."[1]

An excellent maxim, doubtless; but the object of the new minister was evidently to alienate the confidence of his master from the queen and her counsellors, and more than that, to estrange him from the only person capable of giving good advice, the duke of Berwick; and that he had succeeded in creating a coolness, may be perceived even from the manner in which he speaks of the duke:

"The duke of Berwick is gone to St. Germains, so that I shall have no opportunity of making either a secret or a confidence of this to him. I add no more as to his grace, though I should have something to say, because the queen tells me she has writ to your majesty her opinion, in which I most humbly concur."

The self-importance of the new secretary of state was piqued at finding Mary Beatrice confided implicitly in Berwick, and only partially in himself, and that, instead of having to communicate intelligence to her, she communicated it to him. He intended to be the head of the Stuart cause, and he found himself only employed as the hand. The queen and Berwick transacted all the secret important correspondence and negotiations together, and then employed him, not as a minister of state, but as an official secretary. Berwick had been empowered by her majesty to press the king of Sweden for performance of his promise of landing 8000 troops in Scotland, to assist her son; but Charles was himself in great difficulties, being closely besieged at Stralsund at the very time his aid was solicited, and could only express his regret at being unable to accord the needful succours. The king of Spain revoked his promise of a pecuniary loan at the same time; and both these inauspicious circumstances being communicated by Mary Beatrice to Bolingbroke, he thus briefly announces the twofold disappointment to the luckless chevalier de St. George:

"I enclose to your majesty," continues Bolingbroke, "two letters from Stralsund with great reluctance, since you will find by them that all our hopes of troops are vanished. I received them from the queen, whose packet accompanies this, and who intends to send your majesty's servants down to you."[2]

[1] Lord Mahon's Appendix. [2] Ibid.

The chevalier replied, "that his affairs had a melancholy aspect, but that so far from discouraging him, it confirmed him in his determination to set out at once, since matters only became worse by delay, and that he ought to have been on the spot six months before."[1] It was necessary for him to come to Paris or its environs, in order to hold a private council with his mother and friends previous to his embarkation from one of the ports on the coast of Bretagne.

Some political overtures were made, at this time, in the vain hope of propitiating the regent, for a marriage between his unmarried daughter, mademoiselle de Valois, and the chevalier de St. George.[2] How far the queen was concerned in promoting this project, does not appear; it certainly was not pushed, with any degree of earnestness, on the part of the prince, who apprehended that it would be injurious to his popularity with his party in England. It has been said, that the young lady herself, being greatly in love with the royal knight-errant, who, at that period, excited a very romantic interest in France, besought her father to make her his wife, to which the cautious regent replied, "*Nous verrons, ma fille—nous verrons!*"

Meantime, the standard of the chevalier had been raised in Scotland, and a formidable insurrection, headed by lord Derwentwater and Mr. Forster, took place in Northumberland. On the second Sunday in October, the protestant clergymen, who acted as chaplains to the rebel muster, prayed for the son of James II., by the style and title of king James, and for Mary Beatrice, by the designation of "Mary, queen-mother."[3] The same was done at Kelso, where a mixed congregation of protestants and Roman catholics met in the great kirk, to listen to a political sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Patten, on the text, "The blessing of the first-born is his." The gentlemen of the latter persuasion told the preacher, "that they approved very well of our liturgy, which they had never heard before."[4]

On the 28th of October, the chevalier left Bar. Information was immediately given to the British ambassador, lord Stair, who went to the regent Orleans, and demanded,

[1] Lord Mahon's Appendix.
Bolingbroke's Correspondence. [3] Notes on the Life of Calamy.
[4] Patten's History of the Rebellion.

in the name of his sovereign, George I., that orders should be issued to prevent his passage through France. The regent, according to the duke of Berwick's statement, replied, "If you can point out, to a certainty, the precise place where he may be found, I will have him re-conducted to Lorraine; but I am not obliged to be either spy or gaoler for king George." Some days afterwards, lord Stair assured the regent, "that the pretender would arrive on such a day, which he named, at Chalons, in Champagne." "Prudence," says Lemontey, "prescribed to the regent a conduct, oblique enough to satisfy George I., without discouraging the Jacobites; but the events precipitated themselves, as it were, with a rapidity, which rendered it difficult to preserve a course sufficiently gliding.[1] He summoned Contades, the major of the guards, into his presence, and there, before lord Stair, gave positive orders to him to intercept the prince on the road, and conduct him back to Lorraine; but aware of the unpopularity in which such a proceeding would involve him, he secretly instructed Contades not to find the person of whom he went in quest."[2] Berwick adds, "that the chevalier, being warned of the intended arrest, kept out of the danger, by taking a circuitous route. Contades, on his return, gave a flourishing account to Stair of all he had done during an absence of several days; and his excellency affected to be satisfied; yet he shrewdly suspected, that the regent had no particular desire to hinder the passage of the chevalier, and Contades no great relish for the commission that had been imposed on him. Stair had also sent his myrmidons out in all directions, to try to discover the road the prince was taking; but he was so well disguised, and travelled with so few companions, that he never heard of him till it was too late to be of any use."[3]

No one was more uncertain of the movements of her son than the queen; for he dared not write to her, lest his letters should be intercepted. He had, withal, too much reason to suspect, that she could not keep a secret, and that there were traitors at St. Germains, and spies within the hallowed pale of her favourite retreat at Chaillot.

[1] Memoires du Regence par M. Lemontey.
[2] Memoires du Regence, by Lemontey. See also Duclos and St. Simon.
[3] Memoires du Mareschal Berwick.

The feelings of the anxious mother, though they have never been unveiled to public view, may be imagined, after her only son, her last surviving child, had left a place of security, and set forth to join a desperate enterprise, with a bill of attainder hanging over him, and the price of blood on his head, when a fortnight had elapsed since she had heard tidings of him. Twelve precious inedited letters from the queen's faithful lady-in-waiting, lady Sophia Bulkeley, who generally performed the office of private secretary to her royal mistress, when unable to write herself, to her friends at Chaillot, afford much interesting information, connected with the personal history of Mary Beatrice, at this period. They are addressed to the abbess and ex-abbess, *la mère deposée*, of Chaillot, written in very bad, but perfectly intelligible French, though illiterately spelled. Lady Sophia, though a Scotchwoman, and a Stuart of Blantyre by birth, had, during her seven and twenty years' exile with her royal mistress, nearly forgotten her mother tongue, and writes Perth, *Pairte*, and Stirling, *Sirle*. There is, however, a warmth of feeling, an affectionate simplicity in her style, that are worth all the meretricious graces and elegantly-turned periods of the classic Bolingbroke. The first letter, of this valuable series of domestic documents, is dated merely "this 13th of November," the date preceded by St. Andrew's cross, the distinctive mark of this lady's correspondence, from which our limits will only permit us to select such extracts as relate to the queen. Lady Sophia commences her first letter to the ex-abbess, written, she says, by desire of the queen, with inquiries after the health of the sisters of Chaillot, and then proceeds:

"God be thanked, that of the queen is good, though she looks ill enough, which is not wonderful, considering the painful inquietude she suffers, and must continue to do, till the king, her son, be established. Her majesty commands me to inform you, of what you have probably heard some time ago, which is, that the king, my master, has left Lorraine; but this is all she can tell you at present, except that his affairs go on prosperously in Scotland, and that we reckon that the earl of Mar has at Perth twenty thousand men, well disciplined, and firmly united for the good cause, and that the duke of Argyle has not more than three thousand men in his camp. Moreover, in the north of England, four provinces [*counties*] have declared for the good cause, and the Scotch—that is to say, a considerable portion of the army of the earl of Mar, are going, if possible, to join our friends in the north; but as Argyle is encamped at Stirling, and guards the passage of the river and the

bridges, where he is strongly entrenched, it is difficult to force it; nevertheless, they hope soon to pass into England." [1]

Such was the exaggerated account of the state of her son's affairs in Scotland, which flattered the maternal hopes of the widowed consort of James II., while she was, at the same time, tortured with suspense and uncertainty on his account, not knowing what had become of him, whether he was in France, Scotland, or England, living or dead, at this momentous crisis of his fortunes. The earl of Mar had written to her on the 12th of October, giving her a statement of the proceedings of the insurgents, and earnestly demanding the presence of him they styled their king.[2]

Lady Sophia Bulkeley concludes her letter to the abbess of Chaillot in these words:

"The queen begs you, my dear mother, and all the community, to redouble, if it be possible, your holy prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, and for the success of this great enterprise, and for the preservation of his faithful subjects. Her majesty ordered me to write yesterday, but we waited till this evening, having a hope that the letters from England, which ought to come to-day, might furnish some fresh news; but as the post is delayed, her majesty would not longer defer inquiring what tidings you have, and communicating hers to you. For myself, permit me, my dearest mother, to assure you, that no one can esteem and honour you more entirely than your very obedient servant,

"S. Bulkeley.

"I hope that Miss Plowden and her lady mother are both well. Have the goodness, my beloved mother, to tell my dear Catharine Angelique, that the queen is very sorry she has not time to answer her letter; but she must not allow that to discourage her from writing, as her majesty is very glad to receive letters from her."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mère deposée de Mouffle of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot." [3]

Almost immediately after the date of this letter, the queen received an intimation of the movements of her son, who, dodged by the spies of the British embassy, had been playing at hide and seek for many days, without venturing to approach the coast, though his friend, lord Walsh, lay at Nantes, with a light-armed, swift-sailing vessel, ready to convey him down the Loire. The chevalier de St. George and his friend, William Erskine, brother to the earl of Buchan, who were wandering about in disguise, observed that portraits and descriptions of his person were set up in some of

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Secret Archives au Royaume de France.

[2] Letter of the Earl of Mar in Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites, vol. i.

[3] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel Soubise, by favour of M. Guizot.

the post houses to facilitate his apprehension. Another of his attendants, colonel Hay, falling in with a party that were lying in wait to seize the royal adventurer, very narrowly escaped being assassinated, in mistake for him, as he was travelling in one of his post-carriages.[1] All of a sudden, the chevalier determined to come to Paris, to attend a general council of his friends, both French and English, that was to be held at the hotel de Breteul, the house of the baron de Breteul et de Preully, a nobleman of great wealth, and of distinguished family, who had married the beautiful daughter of lord and lady O'Brien Clare, who had accompanied queen Mary Beatrice on her voyage to France, when she fled with her infant son in 1688. Lady Clare was the state housekeeper at St. Germains, and one of the ladies of the bedchamber to the queen. The hotel de Breteul was the resort of all that was gay, gallant, and *spirituel* in Paris; it was also, of course, a general rendezvous for the friends of the house of Stuart. It was in the salons of the marquise de Chatelet, the sister of the baron de Breteul, they held their conferences.[2]

When the queen was informed that her son meant to take Paris in his route, she came to Chaillot to avail herself of the opportunity of making all necessary arrangements with him, and bidding him a personal farewell.[3] The following interesting particulars are recorded in the autobiography of one of the nieces of the baron de Breteul. "The chevalier de St. George came very privately to Paris in the dress of an abbé, with only one or two companions. He went directly to the hotel de Breteul, where he met all his friends and confederates." It should seem, the young ladies of the family had the honour of being presented to him, which made a great impression on madame de Crequi, then mademoiselle de Froulay, a girl in her teens, who continues, "He was at that time a very handsome and accomplished prince, and did not appear more than five or six and twenty years of age. We had the honour of making our courtesies to him, and he addressed some complimentary words to us, after which, he withdrew with his followers into my uncle's cabinet, where they remained in conference great part of the night. At the dawn of day

[1] Stuart Papers. [2] Souvenances de Marquise de Crequi. [3] Ibid.

he departed for Chaillot, where the queen, his mother, who had come to meet him, was waiting for him at the convent of the Visitation. He slept in a little house which the duc de Lauzun had, no one knew why, retained for his own use in that village. He remained there four and twenty hours."[1] Mary Beatrice felt this parting with her son on an expedition so full of peril, a severe trial; he was dearer to her than ever—the last tie that bound her to a world of care and sorrow; but she suspected not, that the only serious danger he was to encounter would be within a few hours after he had bidden her adieu.[2]

The hotel de Breteul was a marked place, and everything that passed there was watched with jealous attention by the spies of lord Stair; there was, besides, an unsuspected traitress within the domestic circle. Mademoiselle Emilie de Chatelet was so greatly piqued at the preference evinced by one of the prince's gentlemen in waiting, lord Keith, for her cousin mademoiselle de Froulay, that she did all she could to injure the Jacobite cause out of revenge. Secret information of whatever designs came to her knowledge was communicated by her immediately to the earl of Stair.[3] It was, therefore, in all probability through the ill offices of this inimical member of the family circle at the hotel de Breteul, that the intelligence of the chevalier de St. George's visit was conveyed to the British embassy, together with the information that he was to set out the following day for Chateau Thierry, on his way to the coast of Bretagne, and that he would change horses at Nonancourt. If we may believe the following statement of madame de Crequi, which is corroborated by Lemontey, Duclos, St. Simon, and several other contemporary French writers, Lord Stair, misdoubting the regent Orleans, instead of claiming his promise of arresting the unfortunate prince, determined to take surer measures on his own account, by sending people in his own employ to waylay him. Be this as it may, it is certain that the prince, after he had taken leave of the queen, his mother, started from Chaillot in one of the post-carriages of the baron de Breteul, attended by some horsemen who had put on the livery of that noble French family. At the entrance of the village of Nonan-

[1] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi. [2] Chaillot Records.
[3] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

court, which is not more than twenty leagues from Paris, a woman begged the postilions to stop, and, stepping quickly on the boot of the carriage, she addressed the feigned abbé in these words. "If you are the king of England, go not to the post-house, or you are lost, for several villains are waiting there to murder you."

Rather a startling announcement, for a man on whose head the tremendous bribe of 100,000*l.* had been set by the British government. Without betraying any discomposure, he asked the woman who she was, and how she came by her information. She replied, "My name is L'Hopital. I am a lone woman, the mistress of the post-house of Nonancourt, which I warn you not to approach, for I have overheard three Englishmen, who are still drinking there, discussing with some desperate characters in this neighbourhood a design of setting upon a traveller, who was to change horses with me to-night, on his way to Chateau Thierry, where you are expected, on your road to England." She added, that she had taken care to intoxicate the ruffians, and having locked the door upon them, had stolen out to warn him of his danger, beseeching him at the same time to confide implicitly in her good intentions, and allow her to conduct him to the house of the curé, where he would be safe.[1]

There was something so simple and earnest in the woman's manner, that, stranger as she was to him, the royal adventurer resigned himself to her guidance, with that frank reliance on the generous impulses of the female character, which no one of his race had ever cause to rue. She led him and his attendants safely to the house of the village pastor, and then ran to summon M. D'Argenson, the nearest magistrate, who came properly supported, and took three persons into custody at the post-house, two of them were Englishmen, and produced lord Stair's passports; the other was a French baron, well known as a spy in the employ of that minister.[2] The leader of the party was colonel Douglas, son of sir William Douglas, an attaché to the embassy, who assumed a high tone, and said "that he and his companions were in the service of the Bri-

[1] Souvenances de la Marquise de Crequi.

[2] Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

tish ambassador." The magistrate coolly observed that "no ambassador would avow such actions as that in which he was engaged," and committed them all to prison.[1]

Meantime, the worthy L'Hopital despatched one of her couriers to the marquis de Torcy, with a statement of what had occurred, and took care to send the chevalier forward on his journey in another dress, and in one of her own voitures, with a fresh relay of horses, with which he reached Nantes, and finding the vessel in waiting for him, descended the Loire, and safely arrived at St. Maloes.

Mary Beatrice wrote with her own hand to mademoiselle L'Hopital, a letter full of thanks for the preservation of her son; but that which charmed the good woman most, was the acknowledgments she received from the regent, who sent her his portrait as a testimonial of his approbation of her conduct on this occasion. Reasons of state compelled the regent to stifle the noise made by this adventure, and he prevented the depositions of the post-mistress of Nonancourt and her servants from being published.[2]

Lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following confidential account of the state of mind in which her royal mistress and herself remained, during a second interval of suspense that intervened before tidings of the chevalier's proceedings reached the anxious little court at St. Germains:

"This 28 of November.

"As the queen intends to write to you, my dear mother, I shall not say much, except to let you know that, through the mercy of God, the queen is well, and received yesterday news from Scotland and the north of England; but still her majesty can hear no tidings of the king, her son. Her majesty doubts not of the fervour and zeal of your prayers to the Lord for his preservation. The lively and firm faith of the queen supports her, which makes me

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[1] Lemontey. Duclos. St. Simon. Madame de Crequi. See the depositions signed by the magistrates in Lemontey's Appendix.

[2] But those documents are still in existence, and have been printed in the Appendix of Lemontey's Histoire de la Regence. See also Letter of Marechal D'Uxelles to M. Iberville, Minister from France to the Court of Sweden, dated 9th December, 1715.

The Duke of Berwick, a great authority, affirms, "that there were no just grounds for imputing to the earl of Stair, the foul charge of suborning these men to assassinate the chevalier de St. George, and that he considered his lordship too honourable a man to be capable of such a design." In Paris, it was thought otherwise; and after he claimed the men and took them into his family again, the French nobility universally shunned him, and very few ladies would receive his visits, or admit him into their circles.

every moment reproach myself for being so frequently transported with fears for the safety of the king. I take shame to myself when I see how tranquil the hope she has in Divine Providence renders the queen; but I pray you not to notice this in your reply, for I put on the courageous before her majesty."[1]

Under the impression that her son had embarked at St. Malo, Mary Beatrice enclosed a packet of letters for him to the earl of Mar in Scotland, to whom she also wrote.[2] But the chevalier, though he went on board ship, waited several days for a favourable wind, and finally learning that the forces of George I. occupied Dunstafnage,[3] where he intended to land, and that there was a squadron on the look out for him, came on shore again, and travelled privately on horseback to Dunkirk, where he embarked on board a small vessel of eight guns, attended by six gentlemen only, who were disguised like himself in the dress of French naval officers.[4] He was seven days in performing the voyage, and it was long ere the news of his safe landing reached the court of St. Germains.

On the 5th of December, lady Sophia Bulkeley writes by the desire of her royal mistress, to the superior of Chaillot, to inquire after the health of the community, and to tell them the floating rumours that had reached her from the scene of action. "Her majesty," she says, "continues well, but, as you may truly suppose, very restless till she can receive sure intelligence of the arrival of the king, her son, in Scotland. There are reports, but we imagine without foundation, that the faithful friends of the king have been defeated in England, and, on the other hand, they say that the earl of Mar has beaten our enemies in Scotland, but that wants confirming. However, there are many letters which corroborate the latter rumour, yet we dare not flatter ourselves at present, for if it be really so, there will surely arrive between this and to-morrow morning, the verification, which the queen will not fail to communicate to the dear sister Catharine Angelique, as she intends to write to her; therefore, it will not be necessary for me to inflict on you the trouble of reading a longer letter of my scrawling."[5]

[1] Inedited Autograph Letter in the Hotel de Soubise.
[2] Mar Correspondence in Mrs. Thomson's Lives of the Jacobites.
[3] Memoirs of the Duke of Berwick.
[4] Lord Mahon's History of England from the peace of Utrecht.
[5] Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

"*Griffonage*," is the word; it is certainly graphically descriptive of the queer calligraphy of the noble amanuensis, to say nothing of her misapplication of capitals to adjectives and adverbs, and small letters for names of places, but her unaffected sympathy for the royal mistress, whose exile and adversity she had shared for seven-and-twenty years, makes every word from her pen precious. She adds two postscripts to this letter—the first, to tell the abbess that the duke de Lauzun had just arrived at St. Germains, but was not likely to remain more than twenty-four hours; the second, which is dated five o'clock in the evening, shows that he was the bearer of heavy tidings, which lady Sophia thus briefly intimates:

"The bad news from the north of England having been confirmed, and that from Scotland none too good, the queen orders me to tell you, my dearest mother, that she cannot write; and I am to tell you, that she doubts not that you will redouble your prayers for the preservation of the person of the king, her son, for the prosperity and consolation of his faithful subjects." [1]

The disastrous intelligence which Lauzun had come to St. Germains to break to Mary Beatrice, was no less than the death-blow of her son's cause in England, in consequence of the cowardly or treacherous conduct of Mr. Forster at Preston, and the defeat and surrender of the rebel army there on the 13th of November, together with the loss of the battle of Sheriff-muir in Scotland on the same day.

The queen and her faithful ladies spent their melancholy Christmas at St. Germains, in painful uncertainty of what had become of the chevalier de St. George. Lady Sophia Bulkeley writes again to the superior of Chaillot on the 29th of December, telling her "that the queen continued well, and had been able to attend for nine successive days, the services of the church for that holy season, which," continues lady Sophia, "have been very consolatory to her majesty, who only breathes for devotion." Her ladyship goes on to communicate the messages of her royal mistress to her cloistered friend in these words:—

"The queen commands me to tell you, that as soon as she receives any good news, she will not fail to impart it. She says, you are not to give credit to the report, which she understands you have heard, that the Scotch wish to make peace with the duke of Hanover, for it is not true, although their affairs are not in so good a condition as they were. The season is so inclement

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

there, that they cannot do anything on either side. God has his seasons for all things, and we must submit to his holy will, and not cease to hope in his mercy, since our cause is just." [1]

The manner in which lady Sophia speaks of her royal mistress is very interesting:

"Although you know the great virtue of the queen, my dear mother, you would be surprised to see with what firmness her majesty supports all the trying events that have come upon her since she has been at St. Germains. Return thanks to God, my dear mother, for all the grace He has given the queen, and request of Him a continuation of it for her and her preservation, who is so dear to us."

This unaffected tribute of affection and esteem from one of the noble British matrons of her bedchamber, who had lost everything for her sake, surely affords a presumptive evidence of the moral worth of the consort of James II. It is a common saying, that no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre; but this proverb appears reversed with regard to our unfortunate queen, for the more we search into the records that have been borne of her by her personal attendants, and all those who enjoyed the opportunity of observing her conduct in her most unreserved hours of privacy, the brighter does the picture grow. Be it also noted, that no one who knew her intimately has ever spoken ill of her, although she was not, of course, free from the faults and errors of judgment inherent in human nature. It will be said, that those who have commended Mary Beatrice, were partial witnesses, being her servants and personal friends; nor can this be denied, seeing that they gave proofs of attachment not often to be met with among courtiers. Partial they were, for they preferred her in her poverty, exile, and adversity, to her powerful and prosperous rivals, the regnant queens, Mary and Anne. They preferred her service to their own interests, and were contented to be poor expatriated outlaws for her sake, and being thus faithful in deeds, is it likely that they would be unfaithful in their words, or less worthy of credit than the unscrupulous writers who performed an acceptable service to her powerful enemies by calumniating her?

The new year, 1716, opened drearily on Mary Beatrice: every day agitated her with conflicting rumours of victories and defeats, and it was not till the 10th of

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise.

January that she received certain tidings that her son had reached his destination in safety. The following animated letter from the lady Sophia Bulkeley gives a brief but pleasing account of the welcome news to the abbess of Chaillot, and will best describe the feelings with which it was received by the royal mother.

"This Friday, 10th of Jan.

"By the order of the queen, my dearest mother, I have the honour and the pleasure of informing you, that, by the grace of God, the king, my master, landed in Scotland on Tuesday week, at *Peter's Head* [Peterhead], in spite of fourteen or fifteen English vessels that were hovering on the coast to take him. After that, can we doubt that Holy Providence protects him in all things, or of the goodness of God towards our dear king for the time to come? The queen is well, thanks be to the Lord! her majesty and all of us are, as you may well believe, transported with joy. Will you assist us, my very dear mother, in offering up thanksgivings to God for his goodness, and asking of Him a continuation of them. I cannot tell you more at present."

Endorsed, "To the very reverend mother, superior of the ladies of St. Marie de Chaillot, at Chaillot." [1]

The letter of the chevalier himself, announcing his arrival, was written to his secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, and is dated three weeks earlier; it is very short, and will, perhaps, be acceptable to the reader.

"James Stuart to Lord Bolingbroke. [2]

"Peterhead (Scotland), Dec. 22, 1715.

"I am at last, thank God, in my own antient kingdom, as the bearer will tell you, with all the particulars of my passage, and his own proposals of future service. Send the queen[3] the news I have got, and give a line to the regent *en attendant*, that I send you from the army a letter from our friends, to whom I am going to-morrow. I find things in a prosperous way; I hope all will go on well, if friends on your side do their part as I shall have done mine. My compliments to Magni; tell him the good news. I don't write to him; for I am wearied, and wont delay a moment the bearer.

"J. R."

In his letter dated Kinnaird, January 2, 1716, the chevalier sends several messages to the queen, his mother; he speaks of his own situation cheerfully, though he owns with some humour, that he has nothing to begin the campaign with, "*but himself.*"

"All was in confusion," he says, "before my arrival; terms of accommodation pretty openly talked of; the Highlanders returned home, and but 4000 men left at Perth. Had I retarded some days longer, I might have had a message not to come at all. My presence, indeed, has had, and will have, I

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[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris

[2] Lord Mahon, vol. i., Appendix, p. xxxiv.

[3] His mother, queen Mary Beatrice.

hope, good effects. The affection of the people is beyond all expression. . . . . We are too happy if we can maintain Perth this winter; that is a point of the last importance. We shall not leave it without blows.

"I send to the queen, my mother, all the letters I mention here, that she may peruse them, and then agree with you the best ways of forwarding them. You will show her this, for mine to her refers to it. There will go by the next messenger a duplicate of all this packet, except my letter to the queen."[1]

Mary Beatrice had endured the conflicts of hope and fear, the pangs of disappointment, and the tortures of suspense for upwards of four months, with the patience of a Christian, and the firmness of a heroine; so that, as we have seen by lady Sophia Bulkeley's letters, every one was astonished at her calmness, when all around her were in a state of excitement and alarm; but directly she received the cheering intelligence that her son had landed in Scotland, where his presence had been vainly demanded for the last thirteen years, the revulsion of feeling overpowered her feeble frame, and she was attacked with a nervous fever, which rendered her incapable of further exertion.

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, to whose correspondence with the *religieuses* of Chaillot we are indebted for these interesting particulars connected with the almost forgotten mother of the chevalier de St. George, at the period of the disastrous attempt of his friends in Scotland to restore him to the throne of his forefathers, writes on the 29th of January, 1716, by desire of her royal mistress, to the abbess of Chaillot, to tell her, "that her majesty was progressing favourably towards convalescence, though still feeble. After having kept her bed fifteen days, the queen had sat up the day before, for the first time, and was so much better, that nothing but her weakness prevented her from being dressed and going on as usual; that she now slept well, and the chevalier Garvan, her physician, would not allow her to take bark oftener than twice in four and twenty hours, which he meant her to continue for some time to come. If the weather were not so inclement, her majesty would soon be restored," continues lady Sophia, "for, thank God! she recovers very rapidly after these sort of illnesses, when once the fever leaves her, by which we perceive that her con-

[1] Lord Mahon's Appendix, from Stuart Papers in her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

stitution is naturally good. The queen has not received anything since the arrival of the courier from the king, who brought the news of his landing. She is expecting every moment to see one arrive, but apparently, the contrary winds cause the delay. In the meantime, some of the letters from Edinburgh notice that the king arrived at Perth on the 7th, and that all the nobles in the duke of Mar's army went on before to receive his majesty. They appeared transported with joy to see him, and the following day he reviewed his army at Perth." The enthusiastic affection of lady Sophia Bulkeley for the cause, combined with her droll French, has the effect of making her identify herself in this letter with the Jacobite army at Perth; for she says:—"The enemy threatens much to attack us before our forces can be drawn together. Their numbers much exceed ours at Perth; therefore," continues her ladyship, "we have the more need of your prayers for them." After communicating the usual petition of the queen to the community of Chaillot, for more prayers for the success and preservation of the king, she adds:

"To tell you the truth, I fear he will have much to do ere he can be put in possession of his crowns; but I doubt not that time will come after many troubles; for I should fail in my duty to God, if I doubted of his protecting the king, my master, after having preserved him through so many perils from the time he was three months old. I should have little faith, if I could doubt that his Holy Providence would always take care of our lawful king, and, after having thoroughly proved him as gold in the furnace, giving him the victory over his perfidious enemies."

After this enthusiastic burst of loyalty, which may be forgiven to a lady who claimed kindred with the royal house of Stuart, and who had been present at the birth of the exiled heir of that ill-fated line, lady Sophia adverts to a subject of nearer, if not dearer interest to herself:

"May I not venture," she says, "my dearest mother, to entreat you to think of me in your prayers to the Lord, and of my son, who set out on Wednesday fortnight for Scotland. God grant that he be arrived in some safe port; but, unhappily, a gentleman belonging to the king, my master, named Mr. Booth, is supposed to have perished on the English coast, or to have been taken prisoner.[1] God grant that the fate of my son may be better!"

Nothing could be nearer to a tragic termination than the

[1] "Poor Booth," writes the chevalier de St. George to Bolingbroke, "I am in pain for; we passed Dunkirk together, and I heard no more of him after the next day that his ship lagged behind mine."—Stuart Papers in Lord Mahon's Appendix, from her Majesty's Collection at Windsor.

expedition in which Mr. Bulkeley, the son of this noble lady, and his two companions, the marquess of Tynemouth, eldest son of the duke of Berwick, and Sir John Erskine, were engaged. They had been deputed by the queen and the duke of Berwick to convey to the aid of the chevalier, in Scotland, a hundred thousand crowns in ingots of gold, which the king of Spain had at last granted to the earnest importunities of the royal widow in behalf of her son; "But," says the duke of Berwick, "everything appeared to conspire to ruin our projects. The vessel in which they were was wrecked on the coast of Scotland, and, as it was in the night, they had barely time to save themselves, by means of the shallop, without being able to carry away any of the ingots, which they had concealed in the hold of the ship."[1]

The queen still kept her chamber, when lady Sophia Bulkeley wrote by her desire on the 5th of February, to communicate to the abbess of Chaillot the intelligence of her son's proceedings in Scotland. A gentleman had just arrived from Perth with letters, and had rejoiced the anxious ladies at St. Germains, and their royal mistress, with an account of the universal rapture which had pervaded all ranks of the people, in that quarter of Scotland, at beholding the representative of their ancient monarchs among them again, or, as the refrain of the Jacobite song written on that occasion has it,—

"The auld Stuarts back again,"

"The queen," writes lady Sophia Bulkeley,[2] "has waited, that she might send you her tidings, which, thanks to the Lord, are good! She was hoping to tell you all about the king, her son, because she was expecting every moment the arrival of a courier from him; and now a gentleman has just come, who left the king, my master, in perfect health on Saturday week. All the Scotch in that neighbourhood were delighted beyond description to see him. All the world came to kiss his hand in such crowds, that he was obliged to extend them both at once, so that he might be able to save a little

[1] The vessel was lost near the mouth of the Tay, for want of a pilot. A regal diadem was to have been made for the intended coronation of the luckless son of James II. at Scoon, of some of the gold with which this bark was freighted. Well might that prince, in his address to his council, observe: "For me it is no new thing if I am unfortunate. My whole life, even from my cradle, has been a constant series of misfortunes." He was, at that time, suffering from the depressing influence of the low intermittent fever, to which he inherited, from his mother, a constitutional tendency.

[2] Inedited Stuart Letters in the Hotel de Soubise.

time to attend to business. The noblemen and officers were charmed to find that he could understand them so well.

"My lord Edward wrote to my lady, his wife, that without seeing, no one could conceive the joy with which the people were transported. The gentleman who has come says, 'that he believes the king is crowned,' that is to say, consecrated; for he was to be in a few days, at the time of his departure. In short, my dear mother, the affairs of his majesty are in as favourable a train as they can be in this inclement season; for they have just the same weather there as here, only the cold is more severe."[1]

A melancholy reverse is presented to this flattering picture, by turning to the history of the rebellion, by which it appears, that at the very time queen Mary Beatrice and her ladies were rejoicing and offering up thanksgivings to God, for these imaginary successes, and the royal mother was pleasing herself with the idea, that the coronation of her son, as king of the ancient realm of Scotland, had actually taken place, that his recognition in London would quickly follow, and that her eyes would look upon his consecration in Westminster Abbey, the desperate enterprise was already at an end, and he in whose behalf it had been undertaken was a fugitive.

The duke of Berwick declares, "that from the first there were no hopes of a successful issue to this desperate enterprise, and that when the prince arrived in Scotland, he found his cause in a most melancholy position. His army, which the earl of Mar had, in his letters, exaggerated to sixteen thousand men, did not amount to more than four or five thousand, ill armed, and badly disciplined, while Argyle had a great train of artillery, and a very great superiority in numbers of well-armed veteran troops."[2] Argyle was, at one time, within eight miles of Perth, and, for reasons best known to himself, refrained from attacking the Jacobite forces.[3] It might be that he was willing to spare the slaughter of so many of his countrymen, and wished not to bring the blood of the unfortunate representative of the ancient royal line of Scotland on his house; but, from whatever motive, it is certain, that he allowed him to escape, when he might have annihilated him and his little army.

The chevalier, at first, refused to avail himself of the opportunity of retiring from Scotland; and it was not till

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise. Letter of Lady Sophia Bulkeley to the Superior of Chaillot.

[2] Memoires du Mareschal Berwick.

[3] Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion.

he was assured, that by withdrawing, he would enable his unhappy friends to make their peace with the Britannic government, that he could be induced to do so.[1] When he embarked for Montrose, he sent a sum of money, the remnant of his slender resources, with a letter to Argyle, desiring it might be applied to the relief of the poor people whose villages he had reluctantly given orders to burn. "So that," said he, "I may, at least, have the satisfaction of having been the destruction of none, at a time when I came to free all."[2] Such tenderness of conscience passed for an unheard of mixture of folly and weakness in times like those, and produced, as the unerring result, an overflowing access of calumny.

But to return to the queen, his mother, of whom lady Sophia Bulkeley gives the superior of Chaillot the following intelligence, in a letter dated Feb. 5th:

"Her majesty had entirely left her bed since my last, and had been daily taking a few turns in her chamber till yesterday, when the gout attacked her two feet. The chevalier Garvan (her physician) entreated her to keep in bed, because the inflammatory action would pass off the sooner. This her majesty has proved; for she is much better to-day than she was yesterday. Her majesty sends her regards to her dear friends."

In her concluding paragraph, lady Sophia adverts to the frightful peril in which her own son had been involved, of which she had just heard from the gentleman who had brought the letters from the chevalier to queen Mary Beatrice. She says:

"I entreat you, my dear mother, to have the goodness to assist me in returning thanks to the Almighty for the escape of the earl of Tynemouth and my son, about a fortnight back from the wreck on the coast of Scotland. Happily, they were not above twenty miles from Perth, and the gentleman who has arrived here to-day says, that they had joined the king before he departed. You see what great cause I have to offer up my thanksgivings to God, which I can never do sufficiently by myself without your charitable aid, and that of our dear sisters."[3]

The sanguine anticipations which had been raised at St. Germains by the flattering reports of the prince's messenger, were too quickly destroyed by accounts of the hopeless position of the Stuart cause.

On the 16th of February, lady Sophia Bulkeley tells the

[1] Lord Mahon's Hist. of England. Chambers' Hist. of the Rebellion. Memoires du Mareschal Berwick. [2] Lord Mahon. Chambers.
[3] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise, through the favour of M. Guizot.

abbess of Chaillot, "that anguish of heart had made the queen ill again; but still she trusted, that her majesty would rally in a day or two, unless some very sad news should arrive to agitate her."

"That which we have from England this evening,"[1] continues her ladyship, "intimates that our enemies intend to give us battle soon, if they have not done so already, as they far outnumber the king's army, and are all regular troops. We have much to fear. I tell you these things frankly, my dear mother, that you may see what need there is of your prayers; but make no observation, if you please, on this passage, for the queen reads all your letters herself."[2]

Thus we see that lady Sophia, although she was writing this letter in her capacity of private secretary to her majesty, was able to introduce information, of which the considerate ladies at St. Germains had deemed it expedient to keep their royal mistress in ignorance. Nothing could be more pitiable than the state of trembling apprehension in which both the queen and her noble attendants awaited the arrival of letters and newspapers from England, Scotland, and Holland. The Dutch Gazette was, at that time, a less restricted medium of publishing the events of the day than any English journal whatsoever. Editors and printers in London had, it is true, occasionally been induced to venture their ears for gold, but not during the suspension of the *habeas corpus* act.

The queen's distress of mind, at this trying season, was aggravated by the conduct of her son's secretary of state, lord Bolingbroke, who, instead of showing the slightest consideration for her maternal anxiety, treated her with marked disrespect, and neither attempted to communicate intelligence, nor to consult her on what steps ought to be taken for the assistance of him he called his master. Ever since the death of Louis XIV., he had regarded the cause of the chevalier de St. George as hopeless; and according to lord Stair's report, he did his utmost to render it so, by squandering, in his own profligate pursuits, the money with which he had been too confidingly entrusted to buy powder and other supplies for the Jacobite muster.[3]

Mary Beatrice was, meantime, suffering great pecuniary

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise, through the favour of M. Guizot. [2] Ibid.

[3] Letter of the Earl of Stair to Horace Walpole. Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe.

difficulties, which are alluded to by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in reply to some appeal that had been made to her majesty's benevolence, through the abbess of Chaillot, to whom she says: "The queen orders me to tell you, that she is much grieved (her finances are so scanty) that it is out of her power to do anything for this lady. The queen, between ourselves," continues lady Sophia, "has never been in greater distress for money than she is at present. They are now [the old story] eight months in arrear with her pension. The Lord, I hope, will comfort her majesty, and reward her great patience, by giving her shortly her own. I cannot cease to believe it, and to hope in God against all human hopes. The prisoners taken in England are condemned to death. There are many catholics among them."[1]

The next event in the life of Mary Beatrice, was the return of her luckless son. The chevalier de St. George, landed safely at Gravelines,[2] about February 22, and came secretly in disguise to see her at St. Germains, where, in spite of the interdict against his presence in the French dominions, he remained with her several days[3]—a consolation she had scarcely ventured to anticipate, after the disastrous termination of his expedition to Scotland. More than once she had said, during his absence, that she could be content if he were spared to her; to say, like Jacob, "It is enough; Joseph, my son, yet liveth:"[4] but to look upon his face once more, she had scarcely ventured to expect.

The morning after the arrival of the chevalier at St. Germains, lord Bolingbroke came to wait upon him, and advised him to return to Bar as quickly as possible, lest he should be denied an asylum there.[5] It was, however, an indispensable matter of etiquette, that permission should first be requested of the duke of Lorraine, and that the prince should wait for his answer. After lingering at St. Germains longer than prudence warranted, he bade his widowed mother farewell, and set out for Chalons-sur-Marne, where he told her and Bolingbroke it was his intention to wait for the reply of the duke of Lorraine; but he proceeded no farther

[1] Inedited Stuart Papers in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.
[2] Letter of Lord Bolingbroke to Wyndham.
[3] Memoires du Marechal de Berwick.
[4] MS. Memorials by a Nun of Chaillot.
[5] Memoirs du Berwick. Bolingbroke Correspondence.

than Malmaison, and then, retracing his steps, went to the house of mademoiselle de Chausseraye, at Neuilly; and her majesty had the surprise and mortification of learning that he spent eight days there,[1] in the society of several intriguing female politicians, and held private consultations with the Spanish and Swedish ambassadors, from which his best friends were excluded. The royal mother would possibly have remained in ignorance, of circumstances, alike painful to her and injurious to him, if his ill-managed rupture with Bolingbroke had not betrayed the unsuspected secret to her and all the world.

The duke of Berwick, dazzled with the wit and literary accomplishments of Bolingbroke, attached a value to that false brilliant, which he was far from meriting, and declared, "that the chevalier had committed an enormous blunder in dismissing from his service the only Englishman capable of managing his affairs."[2] Mary Beatrice, who placed a greater reliance on Berwick's judgment than on her own, acted, probably, in compliance with his suggestions, in sending a conciliatory message to Bolingbroke, assuring him "that she had had no concern in his dismissal, and expressed a hope, that she might be able to adjust the differences between him and her son." The tone in which "all-accomplished St. John" rejected her proffered mediation, savoured more of his Roundhead education than of the classical elegance of phraseology for which he has been celebrated. "He was now," he said, "a free man, and wished his arm might rot off if he ever again drew his sword or his pen in her son's cause."[3] It is doubtful, whether butcher Harrison, or any other low-bred mem-

[1] Berwick.

[2] The loss of the services of a statesman, who had changed his party rather oftener than the vicar of Bray, and had been false to all, was, with all due submission to honest Berwick, no great misfortune. "The enormous blunder," committed by the chevalier de St. George, was, in ever having employed and placed confidence in a person, devoid alike of religious principles and moral worth, and having done so, to dismiss him, in a manner which afforded a plausible excuse for proving that his enmity was not quite so lukewarm as his friendship. As might be expected, a series of treacherous intrigues between Bolingbroke and the Walpole ministry were commenced, to pave the way for his return from exile. Dr. Johnson's abhorrence of this infidel was founded more on principles of moral justice than on his own well-known predilection for the Jacobite cause.

[3] Lord Mahon's History of England.

ber of the Rump, could have replied to a fallen queen and distressed mother, in terms more coarsely unmannerly.

Lord Stair, who appears to have been somewhat better acquainted with Bolingbroke's proceedings than the duke of Berwick, gives the following jeering account of the affair to his friend, Horace Walpole:—

"Poor Harry is turned out from being secretary of state, and the seals are given to lord Mar; they call him knave and traitor, and God knows what! I believe all poor Harry's fault was, that he could not play his part with a grave enough face; he could not help laughing now and then at such kings and queens. He had a mistress here at Paris, and got drunk now and then; and he spent *the money* upon his mistress that he should have bought powder with, and neglected buying the powder or the arms, and never went near the *queen* [*Mary Beatrice*]. For the rest, they [*the Jacobites*] begin to believe that their king is unlucky, and that the westerly winds and Bolingbroke's treasons have defeated the finest project that ever was laid."[1]

The letters of Mary Beatrice to her friends at Chaillot at this exciting period, have been apparently abstracted from the collection preserved in the hotel de Soubise, for although she generally employed lady Sophia Bulkeley as her amanuensis in the Chaillot correspondence, she occasionally wrote herself, when time and the state of her health permitted, as we find from the commencing words of the following touching note, of that faithful friend, which, it seems, inclosed one of hers:

"This 6th of March.

"As I have the honour to put this envelope to the queen's letter, I have no need, my dearest mother, to give you the trouble of reading one in my bad writing, save to tell you, that we have great cause to praise God that her majesty continues well. The Lord gives us much consolation in that, while He chastens us in other things. His name be blessed for all. We remain in a constant state of uncertainty as to what will become of our friends who remain in Scotland, especially our husbands and sons. Permit me, my dear mother, to entreat a continuance of your charitable prayers for them, and believe me to be, with much attachment, your very humble and obedient servant,

"S. Bulkeley."

The son of lady Sophia happily escaped the dreadful penalty suffered, by too many of the unfortunate noblemen and gentlemen, who had been rash enough to engage in the desperate enterprise, which, in evil hour, was undertaken in 1715, for the restoration of the house of Stuart. "My son, and Mr. Bulkeley," says the duke of Berwick,

[1] Walpole Correspondence, by Coxe, vol. ii. pp. 307, 308. Letter of Lord Stair to Horace Walpole, brother of sir Robert Walpole, dated March 3, 1716, from Paris.

"whom the king had not been able to bring off with him, instead of endeavouring to conceal themselves in the highlands like the others, ventured to come from the north of Scotland to Edinburgh, where they remained undiscovered for eight days, and hired a vessel to land them in Holland, whence they made their way to France. The regent, at the solicitation of lord Stair, deprived them of their places under the French government."

The extreme depression in which the queen and her ladies remained during the melancholy spring of 1716, when every post from England brought them sad tidings of the tragic fate of the devoted friends who had engaged in the cause of the chevalier de St. George, is feelingly noticed by lady Sophia Bulkeley, in a letter to one of the sisters of Chaillot, dated March the 20th. She says:—

"The weather and ourselves are both so dismal, my dear sister, that I have scarcely courage to write to you, much less to come and see you, though the queen has had the goodness to propose it to me; but I have thought it better to defer it till Easter, in the hope that the holy festivals may a little tranquillize our spirits, which find little repose at present. Her majesty's health is, thanks to God! good, in spite of the continual and overwhelming afflictions with which she is surrounded. The deaths of the earls of Derwentwater and Kenmure have grieved her much. Nothing can be more beautiful than the speech of the first; if it were translated into French, I would send it to you. The other (Lord Kenmure) said nothing then, but merely delivered a letter addressed to our king, which he begged might be sent to him. He afterwards embraced his son on the scaffold, and told him, 'that he had sent for him there to show him how to shed the last drop of his blood for his rightful king, if he should ever be placed in like circumstances.' His poor son was not more than fourteen or fifteen years old. The three other lords were to die last Wednesday, but it is hoped they will be pardoned. Meantime, we can know nothing more till we have letters from England, and they will not arrive before Monday."

We may imagine the agonizing feelings that agitated the sad hearts of the anxious queen and her ladies during the interval. An un-confirmed rumour of the successful enterprise of that noble conjugal heroine, Winifred, countess of Nithesdale, for the preservation of her husband's life, had reached the court of St. Germains, and caused great excitement in the tearful circle there, as we find from the context of lady Sophia Bulkeley's letter, in which she says—

"The earl of Nithesdale, who married one of the daughters of the duke of Powys, and sister of lady Montague, has been fortunate enough to escape out of the Tower, on the eve of the day appointed for his execution. Lady Nithesdale, who came to see him that evening, dressed him in her clothes, and he went out with two other ladies who had accompanied her. Some letters say that lady Nithesdale remained in the Tower in his place; others, more

recent, affirm, that she went away with him; but this is very certain, that they did not know the husband from the wife, and that they cannot punish her for what she has done. My letter begins to get very long, and is so scrawled, that you will find it difficult to decipher some passages."

The "*griffonage*" for which her ladyship apologizes, is, truth to tell, so bad, that if the holy sister of Chaillot succeeded in making out the next paragraph, she was cleverer than all the experienced transcribers of queer caligraphy in the hotel de Soubise, who were unable to unriddle the mystery. For the satisfaction of the curious reader, it may, however. be confidently affirmed, that neither Jacobite intrigues nor popish plots lurk in those unintelligible sentences, but rather, as we are inclined to suspect, some trifling matters of costume, of which, the nomenclature, as spelled by the noble writer, would be somewhat puzzling. Her ladyship, in conclusion, requests the nun, "to tell her daughter," who was *en pension* in the convent, "that she sends her four pairs of gloves, of the then fashionable tint, called *blanc de pomme de terre;* that she had requested a person to bring her some pairs of brown gloves to wear in the holy week, but as they could not arrive till the morrow, she thinks she may manage with her white ones, and to take a discreet opportunity of sending back all her soiled gloves to her." The last clause implies a piece of domestic economy practised by the impoverished ladies of the household of the exiled queen at St. Germains—namely, cleaning their own gloves.

The late unsuccessful enterprise of the Jacobites in Scotland and the north of England had not only involved in ruin and misery all the devoted partisans who had engaged in it, and exhausted the pecuniary resources of friends who had taken a more cautious part, but it had placed the son of Mary Beatrice in a far worse position with the powers of Europe, than that in which he had been left at the peace of Utrecht. His generous friends, the duke and duchess of Lorraine, were reluctantly compelled to exclude him from the asylum he had hitherto enjoyed at Bar, neither durst the prince of Vaudemonte or any other of the vassal princes of France or Germany receive him.

He was advised to retire to Sweden or Deux Ponts, as more likely to please the people of England than a resi-

dence in the papal dominions, but he chose to fix his abode at Avignon.[1]

Lady Sophia Bulkeley, in the postscript of a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, merely dated "*Ce Vendredy St., au soir,*" says—

"Lady Clare has just come to tell me, that the queen commands me to inform you that the king, my master, is well, and arrived on the 2nd of this month at Avignon. . The queen awaits with impatience the fine weather to come and see you."[2]

The regent Orleans, though he would neither assist nor tolerate the presence of the chevalier de St. George in France, could not be induced to deprive his widowed mother of the royal asylum and maintenance, she had been granted by his late uncle, Louis XIV. Profligate as he was, himself, Orleans regarded with reverence and compassion, a princess whose virtues and misfortunes entitled her to the sympathies of every gentleman in France. Even if he could have found it in his heart to listen to the remonstrances of the British ambassador against her residence at St. Germains, it would have been regarded as derogatory to the national honour of the proud nation whose majesty he represented to do anything calculated to distress or trouble her, who was so universally beloved and venerated by all classes of people. Mary Beatrice therefore remained unmolested in the royal chateau of St. Germains, and retained the title and state of a queen dowager of England, and was treated as such in France, to her dying day. Her courts and receptions were attended by the mother of the regent, and all the French princes and princesses, with the same ceremonials of respect as in the lifetime of her powerful friend, Louis XIV. It would doubtless have been more congenial with the taste and feelings of Mary Beatrice, either to have passed the remnant of her weary pilgrimage in the quiet shades of Chaillot, or to have accompanied her beloved son to Avignon, but his interest required that she should continue to support, at any sacrifice, the state of queen-mother, and keep up friendly and confidential intercourse with the wife, mother, and daughters of the regent of France. The marquis de Torcy, mareschal Villeroi, and others of the cabinet of Versailles, cherished

[1] Lord Mahon. Chaillot Records and Correspondence.
[2] Inedited Stuart Papers, in the Hotel de Soubise.

great respect for her; and through the ladies of their families she enjoyed the opportunity of obtaining early information as to the political movements in England. It was, under these circumstances, much easier for the Jacobite correspondence to be carried on through the widow of James II., at the chateau of St. Germains, than with the more distant retreat of her son at Avignon. The communications between these two courts, as they were fondly styled by the adherents of the exiled family, were unremitting; and the pen of the royal mother was, during the last two years of her life, actively employed in secret correspondence with her old friends among the English and Scotch nobility, in behalf of her son.

The little Stuart sovereignty at St. Germains had been thinned by the events of the last few months. Many a brave gentleman, who had departed full of hope to join the Jacobite movement in the north, returned no more: the mourning garments and tearful eyes of their surviving families afforded only too sad a comment on the absence of well-remembered faces. Independently, however, of those who had perished by the contingencies of war, or, sadder still, by the hand of the executioner, the number of the faithful friends, who had held offices of state in her household, or that of her late consort, king James II., was diminishing every year by death. Among these, no one was more sincerely lamented by Mary Beatrice than James earl of Perth, or, as he was entitled in her court, the duke of Perth, who died in the spring of 1716. If she had followed the energetic councils of that nobleman, in the first years of her regency, her son would, in all probability, have recovered the crown to which he had been born heir apparent, or, at any rate, established himself as an independent sovereign of Scotland.

The following interesting letter of condolence was written by the chevalier de St. George, with his own hand, to the son and successor of his old preceptor:—

"Avignon, May 17, 1716.

"I was more troubled than surprised to hear this morning of your father's death. I lose in him a true faithful friend, whose merits were known to me, and had been recompensed by me if he had lived till it shall please God to give me happier days. I desire you will let the duchess of Perth and all your family know the share I take in their just grief, and the desire I have of giving them proofs of that regard and favour they deserve so well on their own as well as his account.

"I believe your absence will be now shorter than you first intended it. You

know how desirous I shall be of your company whilst abroad, and that I shall like it always, yet more to give you all the marks of favour and kindness my circumstances will allow of, or your merit deserve.

"J. R."

Addressed—"For the duke of Perth."[1]

The disastrous result of the Jacobite insurrection in the preceding year, ought to have convinced the widow and son of James II. of the hopelessness of devising plans for the renewal of a contest, which had cost the partisans of the Stuart cause so dear. They were, however, far from regarding that cause as desperate, seeing that the terrors of the sanguinary executions, which had just taken place in London and elsewhere, did not deter the people from wearing oaken boughs, in defiance of the prohibition of government, on the 29th of May, and white roses on the 10th of June.[2] Imprisonments, fines, and scourgings were inflicted on those who would not resign those picturesque badges of mis-directed loyalty to the soldiers, who were stationed in various parts of the city, to tear them from the hats and bosoms of the contumacious.

The names of "Oak apple day," for the 29th of May, and "White rose day," for the 10th of June, are still used by the peasantry in many parts of England, and tell their own tale as to the popularity of the customs to which they bear traditionary evidence. The symptoms of lingering affection for the representative of the old royal line, of which these badges were regarded as signs and tokens, were observed with uneasiness by the Walpole administration,

[1] Royal Stuart Letters, No. 17, in the Archives of the Baroness Willoughby de Eresby. Through the courtesy of this noble lady, the descendant and representative of the ancient historical family of Drummond of Perth, the above inedited letter is for the first time introduced to the public.

[2] Calamy, in his History of his own life and times, pours forth a jeremiad on the perversity of the people in displaying a spirit so inconsistent with their duty to that gracious sovereign George I. He affirms, that when the general service of thanksgiving for the suppression of the late tumults and seditions took place at St. Paul's, on the 7th of June, they were anything but suppressed, and instances the serious riots at Cambridge, on the 29th of May, when the scholars of Clarehall and Trinity College were miserably insulted for their loyalty to king George I., besides the pulling down of meeting-houses in various towns, which he, oddly enough, mentions among the tokens of disloyalty to the protestant branch of the royal family who had been called to the throne for the protection of the Established Church of England. He also groans in spirit over the number of white roses which he saw worn on the 10th of June to do honour to the birthday of the pretender. Life and Own Times, by Edmund Calamy, D.D.

and very severe measures were taken to prevent them.[1] A legislative act for the reform of the British kalendar, by the adoption of new style, would have done more to prevent white roses from being generally worn on the anniversary of the chevalier's birth, than all the penalties sir Robert Walpole could devise as a punishment for that offence. But owing to the ignorant bigotry of his party, in opposing the alteration in style, as a sinful conformity to popish fashions, the day called the 10th of June in England was, in reality, the 20th, when white roses are somewhat easier to obtain than they are ten days earlier, especially in cold ungenial seasons.

In the autumn of 1716, an unwonted visitor appeared at St. Germains, and requested the honour of a presentation to the queen-mother, as Mary Beatrice was called there. This was no other than the young marquis of Wharton, the son of one of the leaders of the revolution of 1688. He had been sent to finish his education in republican and Calvinistic principles at Geneva; and, out of sheer perversity, broke from his governor, travelled post to Lyons, whence he sent a present of a valuable horse to the chevalier de St. George, with a request to be permitted to pay his homage to him. The exiled prince sent one of his equerries to conduct him to his little court at Avignon, where he gave him a flattering reception, invested him with the order of the Garter, and admitted him into the number of his secret adherents. Wharton afterwards proceeded to St. Germains, on purpose to pay his court to queen Mary Beatrice,[2] who, like her son, was, doubtless, flattered by the attention. The British ambassador, lord Stair, having had full information of Wharton's presentation to the widowed consort of James II., made a point of expostulating with him very seriously on his proceedings, as likely to have a ruinous effect on his prospects in life, and earnestly recommended him to follow the example of his late father, the friend and counsellor of William III. Wharton made a

[1] On the 29th of May, 1717, "guards were placed to apprehend those who durst wear oaken boughs, and several persons were committed for this offence." Moreover, on the 6th of August following, "two soldiers were whipped almost to death in Hyde Park, and turned out of the service for wearing oak boughs in their hats, 29th of May."—Chronological History, vol. ii. pp. 63—7, 72.

[2] Life of Philip, duke of Wharton.

bitterly sarcastic retort; for he had wit at will, and used that dangerous weapon, as he did all the other talents which had been entrusted to him, with a reckless disregard to consequences. Wharton was a character made up of self-isms—a spoiled child of fortune, whose whim had been a law both to himself and all around him. He had never felt the necessity of caution—a quality in which villains of high degree are often found deficient. His apparent artlessness, at first, inspired confidence in those who did not perceive the difference between candour and audacity. The captivating manners and brilliant accomplishments of this young nobleman made, of course, a very agreeable impression on the exiled queen and her little court; but he was, in reality, a false diamond of the same class as Bolingbroke, equally devoid of religion, moral worth, or political honour, and proved, ultimately, almost as mischievous an acquisition to the cause of her son as that anti-Christian philosopher.

The attention of Mary Beatrice was a good deal occupied for the last two years of her life, in the various unsuccessful attempts that were made by her son to obtain a suitable consort. He was the last of the male line of Stuart, and many of those who were attached to his cause were reluctant to risk a scaffold and the ruin of their own families, on the contingency of his single life. The backwardness of the English nobles and gentlemen of his own religion, during the rebellion of the preceding year, was considered mainly attributable to his want of a successor. The death of his sister, the princess Louisa, had robbed the Stuart cause of its greatest strength, and was a misfortune that nothing but the offspring of a royal alliance of his own could repair. Of all the princesses that were proposed, the daughter of her uncle, Rinaldo d'Esté, duke of Modena, would have been undoubtedly the most agreeable to Mary Beatrice for a daughter-in-law; and also, it should appear, to her son, who writes with impassioned eloquence to the father of the lady to implore his consent. "My happiness, my dear uncle," he says, "is in your hands, as well as that of all my subjects, and religion itself is not less interested in your decision."[1]

[1] Stuart Papers, in possession of her Majesty the Queen, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq; vol. i. p. 15.

The answer was unfavourable, and much regret was felt in consequence.[1] The son of Mary Beatrice was almost as much at discount, in the matrimonial market, at this period, as his uncle Charles II. had been during the protectorate, but not quite, seeing that there was one princess highly connected, and possessed of great wealth, who was romantically attached to him from report. This was Clementine Sobieska, the grand-daughter of the illustrious John Sobieski, king of Poland, whom he afterwards married. Queen Mary Beatrice did not live to witness these espousals. Almost the last time this queen's name is mentioned in connexion with history, is in the correspondence between count Gyllenberg and baron Spaar, the Swedish ministers at London and Paris, and Charles XII.'s minister, baron Gortz, relating to the secret designs of that monarch for the invasion of Scotland with 12,000 men, to place her son on the British throne.[2] Spain, and even Russia, were engaged in the confederacy. In September, Bolingbroke writes, "The people who belong to St. Germains and Avignon, were never more sanguine in appearance."[3]

It appears from one of count Gyllenberg's intercepted letters to Gortz, dated January 18th, 1717, that the merchant of whom a large loan had been procured, was to remit 20,000*l.* into France, to be paid into the hands of the queen-mother, Mary Beatrice, who would hand it over to the persons empowered to take the management of the financial arrangements.[4] The most sanguine anticipations of the success of this confederacy were cherished, but secret information being conveyed to the British government, Gyllenberg, who had undoubtedly forfeited the privileges of an ambassador, was arrested, January 29th, 1717, by general Wade. His papers were seized, which contained abundant evidence of the formidable designs in preparation, which were thus happily prevented.[5]

Mary Beatrice paid her annual visit at Chaillot in the summer. She was in very ill health, and returned to St. Germains much earlier in the autumn than usual. The

[1] Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover.
[2] Intercepted correspondence published in London, 1717.
[3] Lord Mahon.
[4] Letters of Count Gyllenberg.
[5] Lord Mahon's Hist. of England.

following is an extract from a letter to the abbess of Chaillot, written apparently soon after:—

"St. Germains, Nov. 4th.

"The fine weather we have had since I quitted you, my dear mother, was not necessary to make me regret the abode at Chaillot, which is always charming to me, but it certainly makes me regret it doubly, although I cannot deny that since the three weeks I have been here, I have had more time to myself, and more solitude than during the whole period of my stay at Chaillot. This does not prevent me from wishing often for the company of my dear mother, and all the beloved sisters, in which I hope much to find myself again, if God gives me six months more of life. I took medicine last Friday because I have had during the last few days a return of the malady which has tormented me all the summer, but I have been better since then, thank God! and in three or four days I shall leave off the bark."[1]

After a page of kind inquiries after the health of the abbess, and the invalid sisters, whom she had left in the infirmary, and affectionate messages to Catherine Angelique, and others of her particular friends, in the community, the royal writer refers to some untoward occurrence connected with a religieuse of another convent, in which the name of her son is brought up:

"I send you, my dear mother, the letter of the mother of St. Antoine on that disagreeable business of the sister of Tibejeau. The king my son has never written to me about it, but as I know that he has much friendship for the family of Sillery, it must have been to do them a pleasure that he has mixed himself up in the affair, not knowing your customs, nor my opinion thereupon. I do not think that you ought to apply to Rome at present about it, but only to the regent [Orleans] by the cardinal de Noailles, who has promised me and the abbess that he will do it, and he hopes to obtain a promise from the regent, but he can do no more during the minority of the king [Louis XV.] and after that he must try to obtain one from the king himself."

Her majesty leaves the mystery unexplained, by telling her correspondent, "That she will enter more fully into the subject when she sees her, but must now bid her adieu, for her supper is on table."[2]

This letter is, apparently, one of the last of that curious correspondence of the exiled queen with the religieuses of Chaillot, which, surviving the dissolution of that monastery and all the storms of the revolution, has enabled her biographer to trace out many interesting incidents in her personal history, and more than this, to unveil her private feelings, as she herself recorded them in the unreserved confidence of friendship.

All the letters written by Mary Beatrice in her widowhood are sealed with black. Some bear the impression of

[1] Inedited Letter of Mary Beatrice, in the Chaillot MSS. [2] Ibid.

her diamond signet, her regal initials "M.R.," crowned and interlaced; but more frequently of a seal a size larger, having the royal arms of England, France, Ireland, and Scotland, on the dexter side, and her own paternal achievement of Esté of Modena and Ferrara, on the sinister—viz., on the first and fourth quarters, *argent*, an eagle displayed, *sable* crowned, *or*; the second and third, *azure*, charged with three *fleur-de-lys*, *or*, within a bordure indented, *or* and *gules*. One supporter, is the royal lion of England, the other, the crowned eagle of Esté. This was her small privy seal, the miniature of her great seal, as queen-consort of England, of which there is an engraving in Williment's Regal Heraldry.

In the commencement of the year 1718, Mary Beatrice, though fast approaching the termination of her weary pilgrimage, was occupied in corresponding with her old friends in England, in behalf of her son. Her pen appears to have been more persuasive, her name more influential, than those of the secretaries of state, either at Avignon or St. Germains. Early in January that year, general Dillon writes to lord Mar, "that Atterbury, whom he figures under the political alias of Mr. Rigg, presses earnestly for Andrew's [*the queen-mother*] writing to Hughes [lord Oxford] about the mantle affair, and thinks the most proper time for compassing that matter, will be during the next sessions of Percy [*parliament*], whilst friends are together in town."[1] This mantle affair seems to relate to a subscription loan for the use of the chevalier de St. George. It is further recommended, "that her majesty," signified by the sobriquet of "Andrew,[2] should send her instructions to the earl of Oxford, in order to bring him to the point," rather a difficult matter with so notable a shuffler, we should think. Her majesty was also to be asked if any applications had recently been made to her by the duke of Shrewsbury, because, Atterbury had been informed that he had said, "that if he were sure Mr. Knight the [chevalier] had any project on foot, and a secure person to deal with, he would advance him ten thousand pounds on his own behalf, and engage that

[1] Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by J. H. Glover, Esq. vol. i. p. 19. [2] Ibid.

another gentleman, a friend of his, (whose name he would not mention,) should do the same;" and, as Atterbury could not, with propriety, take any steps in the matter, he thought her majesty would do well to find a proper method of applying to the duke.[1] The queen was also to be requested "to write a letter to Mrs. Pooly, [*lady Petre,*] thanking her for what she had done, and informing her that her son's affairs required further assistance; and another letter to the same purpose to Mr. Newcomb, [*the duke of Norfolk,*] and to send with these letters two blank powers for raising mantle [money], one for Mr. Allen [*the earl of Arran*], which he might make use of with such of the Primrose family [protestants] as he should think fit, and another for any person which he and the duke of Norfolk should think proper to be employed among Rogers's people [Roman catholics]." Another paper to the same purpose, in her majesty's collection, is supposed, by the learned editor of the newly published volume of the Stuart papers,[2] containing the Atterbury correspondence, to have been sent, first, to the queen-mother at St. Germains, who forwarded it to James, at Urbino, where he was then residing.

From the same volume, it appears that the chevalier had been justly displeased with the conduct of her majesty's almoner, Mr. Lewis Innes, who, when employed to make a French translation of a letter addressed by that prince to the reverend Charles Leslie, and through him to the whole body of the protestant clergy, had put a false interpretation on certain passages. A most insidious piece of priestcraft, intended by Innes for the benefit of his own church, but calculated, like all crooked dealings, to injure the person he pretended to serve. James, in a letter to the duke of Ormond on the subject, expressed himself disgusted with the proceedings of the coterie at St. Germains, and said, that, with the exception of the queen, his mother, he did not desire to have anything more to do with any of them. "Their principles and notions, and mine," continues he, "are very different; former mistakes are fresh in my memory, and the good education I had under Anthony [queen Mary Beatrice] not less; so that I am not at all fond of the ways

[1] Stuart Papers, in her Majesty's possession, edited by Glover, vol. i. p. 20

[2] J. H. Glover, Esq., Librarian to her Majesty Queen Victoria.

of those I have lived so long with, nor the least imposed on by their ways and reasonings."[1]

Not contented with a strong expression of his displeasure at the dangerous liberty taken by Innes, James very properly insisted on his being dismissed from the queen-mother's service. Implicit submission to his authority was yielded, both by her majesty and her spiritual director. "The king is master," wrote Innes, to the duke of Ormond, "and I, having the honour to be both his subject and his servant, think myself doubly obliged simply to obey his majesty's orders, without saying anything for myself."[2]

This unpleasant occurrence happened towards the end of February, but whatever consternation the spirited conduct of the chevalier de St. George created among the reverend messieurs of the chapel royal of St. Germains, it is certain that it did not in the slightest degree disturb the affectionate confidence which had always subsisted between the royal mother and her son, and which remained unbroken till the hour of her death.[3]

The coldness of the weather, and the increasing debility of the queen, prevented her from paying her accustomed visit to Chaillot, at Easter. The fatal malady in her breast, though for a time apparently subdued, had broken out again with redoubled violence in the preceding summer. She had borne up bravely, and endured with unruffled patience the torturing pangs thatwere destroying the principles of life, and continued to exert herself in her beloved son's cause till within a few days of her decease.

Her last illness attacked her in the month of April, 1718. She had recovered from so many apparently more severe, that a fatal termination was not at first apprehended. A deceptive amendment took place, and she even talked of going to Chaillot, but a relapse followed, and she then felt an internal conviction that she should not recover.[4]

The following letter without date or signature, in her well-known characters, which is preserved among the Chaillot papers in the hotel de Soubise, appears to have been written by the dying queen, to her friend Francoise Angelique Priolo. It contains her last farewell to her, and

[1] Stuart Papers, edited by Glover, vol. i. pp. 24, 25.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Chaillot Records, inedited, in the Hotel de Soubise.
[4] Ibid.

the abbess and sisters; under such circumstances, it must certainly be regarded as a document of no common interest.

"*Patientia vobis necessaria est.*"

"Yes in verity, my dear mother, it is very necessary for us, this patience; I have felt it so at all moments. I confess to you that I am mortified at not being able to go to our dear Chaillot. I had hoped it till now, but my illness has returned since three o'clock, and I have lost all hope. There is not, however, anything very violent in my sickness, it has been trifling; but I believe that in two or three days I shall be out of the turmoil, if it please God, and if not, I hope that he will give me good patience. I am very weak and worn down, I leave the rest to lady ———, embracing you with all my heart. A thousand regards to our dear mother, and our poor sisters, above all to C. Ang———"[1]

Angelique[2] she would have written, but the failing hand has left the name of that much-loved friend unfinished.

About six o'clock on Friday evening, the 6th of May, Mary Beatrice, finding herself grow worse, desired to receive the last sacraments of her church, which, after she had prepared herself, were administered to her by the curé of St. Germains. As it was impossible for her to enjoy the consolation of taking a last farewell of her son, she resigned herself to that deprivation, as she had done to all her other trials, with much submission to the will of God, contenting herself with praying for him long and fervently. She desired, she said, to ask pardon, in the most humble manner, of all those to whom she had given cause of offence, or by any means injured, and declared she most heartily pardoned and forgave all who had in any manner injured or offended her. She then took leave of all her faithful friends and attendants, thanking them for their fidelity and services, and recommended herself to their prayers, and those of all present, desiring "that they would pray for her and for the king, her son, (for so she called him,) that he might serve God faithfully all his life." This she repeated twice, raising her voice as high as she could; and for fear she might

[1] Translated from the Original French.

[2] Catherine Angelique du Mesme is the religieuse indicated; her other friend, Claire Angelique de Beauvais, had already paid the debt of nature. Mary Beatrice in one of her preceding letters says, "I shall never cease to lament the loss of my dear Claire Angelique." A packet of letters from the exiled queen, to that religieuse, preserved in the Chaillot Collection, is thus endorsed: "Ces lettres de la reine ont été ecrites fire tres honble Mère Claire Angelique de Beauvais, pendant son dernier Trianal fini á cette ascention, 1709."

not be heard by everybody, the room being very full, she desired the curé to repeat it, which he did. Growing weaker, she ceased to speak, and bestowed all her attention on the prayers for a soul departing, which were continued all night.[1]

The dying queen had earnestly desired to see her friend marshal Villeroi, the governor of the young king of France, and when in obedience to her summons he came, and drew near her bed, she rallied the sinking energies of life to send an earnest message to the regent Orleans, and to the royal minor Louis XV. in behalf of her son. Nor was Mary Beatrice forgetful of those who had served her so long and faithfully, for she fervently recommended her servants and destitute dependents to their care, beseeching, with her last breath, that his royal highness, the regent, would not suffer them to perish for want in a foreign land, when she should be no more.[2]

These cares appear to have been the latest connected with earthly feelings that agitated the heart of the exiled queen, for though she retained her senses to the last gasp, she spoke no more. More than fifty persons were present when she breathed her last, between seven and eight in the morning of the 7th of May, 1718, in the sixtieth year of her age, and the thirtieth of her exile. She had survived her unfortunate consort James II. sixteen years and nearly eight months.

"The queen of England," says the duke de St. Simon, "died at St. Germains, after ten or twelve days' illness. Her life, since she had been in France, from the close of the year 1688, had been one continued course of sorrow and misfortune, which she sustained heroically to the last. She supported her mind by devotional exercises, faith in God, prayer, and good works, living in the practice of every virtue that constitutes true holiness. Her death was as holy as her life. Out of 600,000 livres allowed her yearly by the king of France, she devoted the whole to support the destitute Jacobites with whom St. Germains was crowded." The same contemporary annalist sums up the character of this princess in the following words:—"Combined with

[1] MS. Lansdowne, 849, fol. 308. Brit. Mus. Inedited Stuart Papers. Chaillot Coll.

[2] Ibid.

great sensibility she had much wit, and a natural haughtiness of temper, of which she was aware, and made it her constant study to subdue it, by the practice of humility. Her mien was the noblest, the most majestic and imposing in the world, but it was also sweet and modest."[1]

The testimony of St. Simon is fully corroborated by that of a witness of no less importance than the mother of the regent Orleans—a princess who, from her near relationship to the royal Stuarts, and an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment of the real characteristics of the exiled queen; and as she is not accustomed to speak too favourably of her own sex, and certainly could have no motive for flattering the dead, the following record of the virtues and worth of Mary Beatrice ought to have some weight, especially as it was written in a private letter of the duchess to one of her own German relatives.

"I write to you to-day with a troubled heart, and all yesterday I was weeping. Yesterday morning, about seven o'clock, the good, pious, and virtuous queen of England died at St. Germains. She must be in heaven. She left not a dollar for herself, but gave away all to the poor, maintaining many families. She never in her life," a strong expression, and from no hireling pen, "did wrong to any one. If you were about to tell her a story of anybody, she would say—'If it be any ill, I beg you not to relate it to me; I do not like histories which attack the reputation.'"[2]

As the besetting sin of the writer of this letter was the delight she took in repeating scandalous tales, she was doubtless among those to whom this admonitory check was occasionally given by the pure-minded widow of James II., who not only restrained her own lips from speaking amiss of others, but exerted a moral influence to prevent evil communications from being uttered in her presence.

Mary Beatrice had suffered too severely from the practices of those who had employed the pens and tongues of political slanderers to undermine her popularity, to allow any one to be assailed in like manner; nor was she ever known to retaliate on the suborners of those who had

[1] Memoires du duc de St. Simon, vol. xv. pp. 46, 47.

[2] From the Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans. Paris, 1844.

libelled her. The eagle of Esté, though smitten to the dust, could not condescend to imitate the creeping adder, "which bites the horse by the heel to make his rider fall backward;" it was not in her nature to act so mean a part. "She bore her misfortunes," continues the duchess of Orleans, "with the greatest patience, not from stupidity, for she had a great deal of mind, was lively in conversation, and could laugh and joke very pleasantly. She often praised the princess of Wales. [Caroline, consort of George II.] I loved this queen much, and her death has caused me much sorrow."[1]

Though Mary Beatrice was now where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest, hearts were found hard enough to falsify, for political purposes, the particulars of her calm and holy parting from a world that was little worthy of her. She had forgiven her enemies, her persecutors, and, those who were hardest of all to forgive, her slanderers; but those who had thus sinned against her, not only continued to bear false witness against her, but they accused her of having borne false witness against herself, by pretending, "that on her death bed she had disowned her son, and adopted their calumny on his birth." The absurdity of this tale, which appeared in the Dutch Gazette a few days after her death, is exposed in a contemporary letter, written by a gentleman at Paris, who, after relating the particulars of her late majesty's death, which, he says, "he had from a person who was in the room with her when she died, and sat up by her all night, as most of her servants and many others did," adds:[2]

"You will wonder therefore, upon what your Holland Gazetteer could ground such an apparent falsity, as to insinuate, that she disowned at her death, the chevalier de St. George's being her son, for whose safety and happiness she professed, both then, and at all times, a much greater concern than for her own life, as was manifest to all that were well acquainted with her, and to above fifty persons that were present at her death: for as she loved nothing in this world but him; so she seemed to desire to live no longer than she could be serviceable to him. She had suffered near thirty years' exile for his sake; and chose, rather to live upon the benevolence of a foreign prince, than to sign such a receipt for her jointure, as might give the least shadow of prejudicing what she thought her son's right. And yet what is still more wonderful the said gazetteer infers, from her desiring to see the

[1] From the Historical Correspondence and Remains of Elizabeth Charlotte, duchess of Orleans. Paris, 1844.

[2] MS. Lansd. 849, fol. 308.

mareschal de Villeroy, that it was to disown her son; whereas, quite the contrary, it was to recommend him to the regent of France with her dying breath; hoping that might induce his royal highness, to have a greater regard for him; and likewise to recommend her servants, and those that depended upon her, to his generosity, that he might not suffer them to perish for want, in a foreign country.

"The story of her being at variance with her son was as groundless as the rest; there was not a post but they mutually received letters from each other; and packets came from him directed to her, every post since her death, and will undoubtedly, till he hears of it. Her last will was sent to the chevalier de St. George by a courier. In fine, (to use my friend's words,) never mother loved a son better! Never mother suffered more for a son, or laboured more zealously to assist him! But if malicious men will still pursue that oppressed princess with lyes and calumnies, even after her death; that with the rest must be suffered. It is easier to blacken the innocent, than to wipe it away."[1]

It is now evident, whence Onslow, the speaker, derived the vague report, to which he alludes in his marginal note on Burnet's History of his Own Times, "that the widowed queen of James II. took no notice of her son in her will, and left all she had to dispose of to the regent Orleans." Poor Mary Beatrice! Her effects were literally personal, and those she disposed of as follows, without bestowing the smallest share on the regent. Her heart to the monastery of Chaillot, in perpetuity, to be placed in the tribune beside those of her late husband, king James, and the princess, their daughter; her brain and intestines to the Scotch college, to be deposited in the chapel of St. Andrew,[2] and her body to repose unburied in the choir of the conventual church of St. Marie de Chaillot, till the restoration of her son, or his descendants, to the throne of Great Britain, when, together with the remains of her consort and their daughter, the princess Louisa, it was to be conveyed to England, and interred with the royal dead in Westminster Abbey.[3]

[1] This remark illustrates the political maxim of the earl of Wharton, when he reminded his royal friend, William III., "that a clever lie, well believed, answered their purpose as well as the truth."

[2] Stuart Papers in the Archives au Royaume de France. The chapel dedicated to St. Andrew, at Paris, still exists, and contains a beautiful monument of marble, erected by the duke of Perth to the memory of James II., beneath which was placed an urn of gilt bronze containing the brain of that monarch. Monuments and epitaphs of Mary Beatrice, wife, and of Louisa Mary, daughter of James, and also of several members of the Perth family, are still to be seen, together with the tombs of Barclay the founder, and of Innes.

[3] Chaillot Records. Memorials de la Reine d'Angleterre, in the Archives of France.

Never did any queen of England die so poor as Mary Beatrice, as regarded the goods of this world. Instead of having anything to leave, she died deeply in debt to the community of Chaillot; "this debt, with sundry small legacies, she charged her son to pay, out of respect to her memory, whenever it should please God to call him to the throne of his ancestors."[1]

After the customary dirges, prayers, and offices of her church had been performed in the chamber of the deceased queen, her body was embalmed. The following day, being Sunday, it remained at St. Germains, where solemn requiems were chanted in the cathedral church for the repose of her soul.[2] All wept and lamented her loss, protestants as well as persons of her own faith; for she had made no distinction in her charities, but distributed to all out of her pittance. The poor were true mourners.

Her ladies, some of whom had been five and forty years in her service, were disconsolate for her loss, so were the officers of her household. The French, by whom she was much esteemed, also testified much regret, so that a general feeling of sorrow pervaded all classes. The duke de Noailles, as governor of St. Germains, and captain of the guards, came, by the order of the regency, to make the necessary arrangements for her funeral, which was to be at the expense of the French government, with the respect befitting her rank, and the relationship of her late consort to the king of France, but without pomp. A court mourning of six weeks, for her, was ordered by the regent; but the respect and affection of the people made it general, especially when her remains were removed, on the 9th of May, attended by her sorrowful ladies and officers of state. In the archives of France the official certificate of the governor of St. Germains is still preserved, stating, "that being ordered by his royal highness, the regent, duke of Orleans, to do all the honours to the corpse of the high, puissant, and excellent queen, Marie Beatrix Eleanora d'Esté of Modena, queen of Great Britain, who deceased at St. Germains-en-laye, 7th of May, he found, by her testament, that her body was to be deposited in the convent of the Visitation of St. Marie, at

[1] Chaillot Records. Memorials de la Reine d'Angleterre, in the Archives of France. [2] Ibid.

Chaillot, to be there *till the bodies of the king her husband, and the princess her daughter, should be transported;* but that her heart and part of her entrails should rest in perpetuity with the nuns of the said convent, with the heart of the king her husband, and that of his mother (queen Henrietta); and that he has in consequence, and by the express orders of the king of France, (through M. le Regent) caused the said remains of her late Britannic majesty to be conveyed to that convent, and delivered to the superior aud her *religieuses* by the abbé Ingleton, grand almoner to the defunct queen, in the presence of her ladies of honour, lord Middleton, &c." [1]

There is also an attestation of the said father Ingleton, stating, "that he assisted at the convoy of the remains of the royal widow of the very high and mighty prince, James II., king of Great Britain, on the 9th of May, 1718, to the convent of Chaillot, where they were received by the devout mother, Anne Charlotte Bochare, superior of that community, and all the religieuses of the said monastery, in the presence of the ladies of her late majesty's household, the earl of Middleton, her great chamberlain; Mr. Dicconson, comptroller-general of the household; count Molza, lord Caryl, Mr. Nugent, and Mr. Crane, her equerries, and père Gaillar, her confessor."

The following letter was addressed by the chevalier de St. George to the abbess of Chaillot, in reply to her letters of condolence, and contains a complete refutation of the malicious reports that were circulated as to any estrangement between the deceased queen and her son. The original is in French, written in his own hand:—

"June 16, 1718.

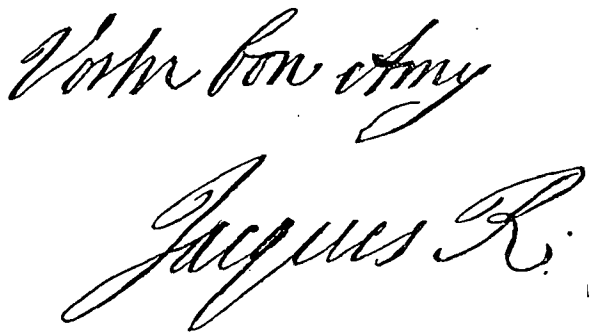
"My reverend mother,—You will have seen by a letter I have already written, that I am not ignorant of the attachment and particular esteem that the queen, my most honoured mother, had for you and all your community, and the affection with which it was returned.

"So far from disapproving of the letter of condolence you have written in your name, and in that of your holy community, I regard it as a new proof of your zeal, and I have received it with all the sensibility due to the sad subject. I require all your prayers to aid me in supporting the great and

[1] The date of this paper is the 12th of May. It certifies the fact that the remains of this unfortunate queen were conveyed with regal honours from St. Germains to Chaillot, by order of the regent Orleans, two days after her decease, but that her funeral did not take place till the end of the following month.

irreparable loss I have just sustained, with proper resignation. Continue your prayers for me, I entreat. Unite them with those, which I hope that righteous soul offers this day in heaven—for you as well as for me. This is the best consolation that her death has left us.

"In regard to her body and heart, they are in good hands, since they are where the queen herself wished them to be, and doubt not, that in this, as in all other things, the last wishes of so worthy a mother will be to me most sacred, and that I shall feel pleasure in bestowing on you and all your house, marks of my esteem and of my goodwill, whenever it shall please Providence to give me the means.



"Urbino, this 16th of June, 1718."

The obsequies of Mary Beatrice were solemnized in the conventual church of Chaillot, on the 27th of June. The sisters of that convent, and all the assistant mourners, were, by the tolling of the bell, assembled in the great chamber at noon on that day, for the procession, but as the ceremonial and offices were according to the ritual of the church of Rome, the detail would not interest the general reader.[1]

The earnest petition which the dying queen had preferred to the regent Orleans, in behalf of the faithful ladies of her household, who, with a self-devotion not often to be met with in the annals of fallen greatness, had sacrificed fortune and country for love of her, and out of loyalty to him they deemed their lawful sovereign, was not in vain. Orleans, however profligate in his general conduct, was neither devoid of good nature or generosity. Mary Beatrice had asked that the members of her household might be allowed pensions out of the fund that had been devoted to her maintenance by the court of France; and above all, as they were otherwise homeless, that they might be permitted,

[1] The particulars are preserved among the Archives of France in the Hotel de Soubise.

they and their children, to retain the apartments they occupied in the chateau of St. Germains, till the restoration of her son to his regal inheritance. Long as the freehold lease of grace might last, which a compliance with this request of the desolate widow of England involved, it was frankly granted by the gay, careless regent, in the name of his young sovereign. Thus the stately palace of the Valois and Bourbon monarchs of France continued to afford a shelter and a home to the noble British emigrants who had shared the ruined fortunes of the royal Stuarts. There they remained, they and their families, even to the third generation, undisturbed, a little British world, in that Hampton Court on the banks of the Seine, surrounded by an atmosphere of sympathy and veneration, till the revolution of France drove them from their shelter.[1]

Till that period, the chamber, in which Mary Beatrice of Modena died, was scrupulously kept in the same state in which it was wont to be during her life. Her toilette-table, with its costly plate and ornaments, the gift of Louis XIV., was set out daily, as if for her use, with the four wax candles in the gilt candlesticks ready to light, just as if her return had been expected. Such at least are the traditionary recollections of the oldest inhabitants of the town of St. Germains, relics, themselves, of a race almost as much forgotten in the land as the former Jacobite tenants of the royal chateau.

A time-honoured lady, who derives her descent from some of the noble emigrants who shared the exile of James II. and his consort, has favoured me with the following particulars in corroboration of the French traditions of the palace of the royal Stuarts:—

"I was a very young girl," writes her ladyship, "when I saw the castle of St. Germains; there were apartments there still occupied by the descendants of king James's household. Among these were my father's aunt, Miss Plowden,"—no other, gentle reader, than that 'petite Louison'

[1] The countess of Middleton survived her royal mistress eight-and-twenty years. She lived long enough to exult, in her ninety-seventh year, in the news of the triumphant entrance of the grandson of James II. and Mary Beatrice, Charles Edward Stuart into Edinburgh in 1745, and died in the fond delusion that a new restoration of the royal Stuarts was about to take place in England. This lady was the daughter of an earl of Cardigan.

whose childish burst of grief and disappointment at not seeing her mother among the ladies in attendance on the queen, moved her majesty's kind heart to pity the poor child—"niece to the earl of Stafford, and my mother's aunt, also an old maiden lady, sister to my grandfather lord Dillon. The state rooms were kept up, and I remember being struck with the splendour of the silver ornaments on the toilet of the queen. At the French revolution, all was plundered and destroyed."

An original portrait of Mary Beatrice, probably the last that was ever painted of her, is one of the few relics of the royal plunder that has been traced, authenticated, and preserved. It is now in the collection of James Smith, Esq., of St. Germains, and is a highly interesting and curious memorial of this unfortunate queen. Its value is not as a work of art, but as affording a faithful representation of Mary Beatrice of Modena in her last utter loneliness.

She is in her widow's dress, sitting by the urn which enshrines her husband's heart; she points to it with a mournful air. A large black crape veil is thrown over her head, according to the fashion of the royal widows of France, one corner forming a point on the forehead, and the rest of the drapery falling like a mantle over the shoulders nearly to the ground. Her robes are of some heavy mourning stuff, with hanging sleeves, which are turned back with white lawn weepers, and display the hands and arms a little above the wrist. She wears the round white lawn tippet, which then formed part of the widow's costume, and about her throat a single row of large round pearls, from which depends a cross. Her hair is shown from beneath the veil; it has lost its jetty hue, so have her eyebrows; and though decided vestiges of beauty may still be traced in the majestic outline of her face, it is of a different character from that which Lely and Kneller painted, and Waller, Dryden, and Granville, sang. A milder, a more subdued expression, marks the features of the fallen queen, the desolate widow, and bereaved mother, who had had so often cause to say with the Psalmist, "Thine indignation lieth hard upon me. Thou hast vexed me with all thy storms." But the chastening had been given in love, the afflictions had been sent in mercy; religion and the sweet uses of adversity had done their work; every natural alloy of pride, of vanity, and im-

patience, had been purified from the character of this princess. There is something more lovely than youth, more pleasing than beauty, in the divine placidity of her countenance, as she sits in her sable weeds by that urn, a mourner, but not without hope, for the book of holy writ lies near, as well it might, for it was her daily study. It was the fountain of consolation whence Mary Beatrice of Modena drew the sweetness that enabled her to drink the bitter waters of this world's cares with meekness, and to repeat, under every fresh trial that was decreed her,

"It is the Lord, he is the Master, and his holy name be for ever blessed and praised."[1]

The life of the unfortunate widow of James II. can scarcely conclude more appropriately, than with the following characteristic quotation from one of her letters, without date, but evidently written when the cause of her son was regarded, even by themselves, as hopeless:

"Truth to tell, there remains to us at present neither hope nor human resource from which we can derive comfort of any kind whatsoever, so that, according to the world, our condition may be pronounced desperate; but, according to God, we ought to believe ourselves happy, and bless and praise Him, for having driven us to the wholesome necessity of putting our whole trust in Him alone, so that we might be able to say—

'*Et nuncque est expectatio mea! Nonni dominus.*'

'Oh, blessed reliance! Oh, resource infallible."[2]

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[1] MS. Lettres de la Reine d'Angleterre, Veuve de Jacques II., in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

[2] Inedited letter of Mary Beatrice of Modena, to Francoise Angelique Priolo. Chaillot Collection in the Hotel de Soubise, Paris.

MARY II.[1]

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER I.

Love match of queen Mary's parents—James duke of York (James II.) and Anne Hyde — Its unpopularity — Birth of lady Mary of York (queen Mary II.)—Nursery at Twickenham palace—Fondness of her father, the duke of York—Plays with her before Pepys (*Vignette*)—Birth of lady Anne of York (queen Anne)—Duke takes his infants to York—Lady Anne's voracity and obesity—Sent to France to recover—Education at Richmond—Governess of the princesses—Their mother, Anne, duchess of York dies a Roman catholic—Their father professes the same faith—His unpopularity —Marries Mary Beatrice of Modena—The education of his daughters taken from him—They are educated in the tenets of the church of England—Richmond palace—Preceptor, tutors, and chaplain—Favourite playfellow of Lady Anne—Introduction of the princesses to court—Their masques, &c.—Confirmation of Mary—Remonstrances of her tutor on her Sunday card-playing —Marriage projects for Mary—Hopes of England for the prince of Orange (William III.)—Previous life of the prince—Mary refused by him—Treaty renewed by him—He arrives as her suitor—Diplomatic negotiations—Marriage determined—Mary informed by her father—Her agony of mind —Incidents of her marriage with the prince of Orange—Disinherited by the birth of a brother—Illness of lady Anne with small-pox—The princess of Orange forbidden to see her—Fears of infection—Interview between the princess and Dr. Lake—Her continual grief—Lady Anne's sick-chamber —Danger—Princess of Orange will stay at St. James's—Anger of her husband—Farewell to the queen and departure of the princess and prince of Orange—They land at Sheerness—Adventures at Canterbury—Their first acquaintance with Dr. Tillotson—They re-imbark—Voyage to Holland—The attendants of the princess—Her husband admires Elizabeth Villiers—Reception in Holland—Pageants and rejoicings, &c. &c.

THE personal life of Mary II. is the least known of all English queen-regnants. Long lapses of from seven

[1] For the purpose of preventing repetition, the events of the life of her sister Anne, whilst she was princess, are interwoven with this biography.

to ten years occur between the three political crises where her name appears in the history of her era. Mary is only mentioned therein at her marriage, her proclamation, and her death. Surely the current events in the career of an English born princess, one who ascended the throne of the island realms, who was withal the daughter of an Englishman and an Englishwoman, ought not to rest in obscurity. It has been the earnest object of the author of the following pages that they should no longer thus remain. Thanks to the memorials of three divines of our church, being those of her tutor, Dr. Lake, and of her chaplains, Dr. Hooper, dean of Canterbury, and of Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, many interesting particulars of Mary II. before she left England, and of the first seven years of her married life in Holland are really extant. These clergymen were successively domesticated with Mary for years in her youth, and chiefly from their evidence, and as far as possible, in their very words, have these chasms in her biography been supplied.

Mary II. owed her existence to the romantic love-match of James duke of York with her mother, Anne Hyde, daughter of lord-chancellor Clarendon. The extraordinary particulars of this marriage have been detailed in the biography of Mary's royal grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria. The father of Mary had made great sacrifices in keeping his plighted word to her mother: besides the utter renunciation of fortune and royal alliance, he displeased the lower and middle classes of England, who have a peculiar dislike to see persons raised much above their original station; the profligates of the court sneered exceedingly at the heir of three crowns paying the least regard to the anguish of a woman, while politicians of every party beheld with scornful astonishment so unprincely a phenomenon as disinterested affection. All this contempt the second son of Charles I. thought fit to brave, rather than break his trothplight with the woman his heart had elected; neither could he endure the thought of bringing shame and sorrow on the grey hairs of a faithful friend like Clarendon.

The lady Mary of York, as she was called in early life, was born at St. James's palace, April 30, 1662, at a time when public attention was much occupied by the fêtes and rejoicings for the arrival of the bride of her uncle,

king Charles II. Although the duke of York was heir-presumptive to the throne of Great Britain, few persons attached any importance to the existence of his daughter; for the people looked forward to heirs from the marriage of Charles II. with Catherine of Braganza, and expected, moreover, that the claims of the young princess would be soon superseded by those of sons. She was named Mary, in memory of her aunt the princess of Orange, and of her ancestress, Mary queen of Scots, and was baptized according to the rites of the church of England, in the chapel of St. James's palace; her godfather was her father's friend and kinsman, the celebrated prince Rupert,[1] her godmothers were the duchesses of Ormond and Buckingham. Soon afterwards, she was taken from St. James's to a nursery which was established for her in the household of her illustrious grandfather, the earl of Clarendon, at the ancient dower palace of the queens of England at Twickenham, a lease of which had been granted to him from the crown.[2] In the course of fifteen months Mary's brother, James duke of Cambridge, was born, an event which barred her in her infancy from any very near proximity to the succession of the crown.

The lady Mary was a beautiful and engaging child. She was loved by the duke of York with that absorbing passion which is often felt by fathers for a first-born daughter. Sometimes she was brought from her grandfather's house at Twickenham to see her parents, and on these occasions the duke of York could not spare her from his arms, even while he transacted the naval affairs of his country, as lord high-admiral. Once, when the little lady Mary was scarcely two years old, Pepys was witness of the duke of York's paternal fondness for her, which he commemorates by one of his odd notations, saying, "I was on business with the duke of York, and with great pleasure saw him play with his little girl just like an ordinary private father of a child."[3] It was at this period of her infant life that a beautiful picture was painted of the lady Mary, being a miniature, in oils on board, of the highest finish, representing her at whole length, holding a black rabbit in her

[1] Life of Mary II., 1795. Published by Daniel Dring, of the Harrow Fleet-street, near Chancery Lane.
[2] Clarendon's Life.
[3] Pepys' Diary, vol. ii. p. 215, 8vo.

arms.[1] The resemblance to her adult portraits is strikingly apparent. As a work of art this little painting is a gem of the first water, by the Flemish painter, Nechscher, who was patronised by James duke of York, and painted portraits of his infant children, by his first consort, Anne Hyde. Some idea may be formed of the design, as it is introduced into the vignette of the present volume, which illustrates the anecdote above so naively told by Pepys of his surprise at seeing the duke of York playing with his little Mary, just like any other father.

The birth of her sister the lady Anne of York took place on February 6, 1664-5, at St. James's palace. The children of James duke of York were at that time considered with increasing interest by the public, since their uncle, Charles II., had been married nearly three years without heirs, therefore the succession of the royal line, it was supposed, would be continued by the family of his brother. Lady Mary of York, not then three years old, stood sponsor for her infant sister; the heiress of Buccleuch, recently married to the duke of Monmouth, (illegitimate son of Charles II.) was the other godmother. Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, was godfather to the infant, who received her mother's name of Anne. She was afterwards queen-regnant of Great Britain.

The father of these sisters was at this epoch the idol of the British nation. After he had returned from his first great victory off Lowestoff and Solebay in 1665, he found that the awful pestilence called the Great Plague had extended its ravages from the metropolis to the nursery of his children at Twickenham, where several of the servants of his father-in-law had recently expired.[2] The duke hurried his wife and infants to the purer air of the north, and fixed his residence at York. From that city he found it was easy to visit the fleet, which was cruising off the north-east coast, to watch the proceedings of the Dutch. The duchess of York and her children lived in great splendour and happiness in the north, and remained there after the duke was summoned by the king to the parliament, which was forced to assemble that year at Oxford.

[1] General Sir James Reynett, the governor of Jersey, obligingly permitted the author to see this portrait at his residence, the Banqueting-house, Hampton Court, and has since, through the mediation of his accomplished sister, Miss Reynett, allowed a drawing to be taken from it.

[2] Lord Clarendon's Life, vol. ii.

The excessive fondness of the duchess of York for her youngest daughter caused her to be perniciously indulged. The only fault of the duchess was an inordinate love of eating, and the same propensity developed itself in both her daughters. The duchess encouraged it in the little lady Anne, who used to sup with her on chocolate and devour good things, till she grew as round as a ball.[1] Probably, these proceedings were unknown to the duke of York, who was moderate, and even abstemious, at the table.[2] When the health of the child was seriously impaired, she was sent to the coast of France to recover it. After being absent about eight months, she returned in robust health, but till the time of her mother's death, she was too often pampered into gluttony.[3]

The incursions of the plague seem to have broken up the nursery establishment at Twickenham; and the remains of the old palace at Richmond, where queen Elizabeth died, were put in repair for the residence of the children of the duke of York while their education proceeded. Lady Frances, the daughter of the earl of Suffolk, and wife to sir Edward Villiers, received the appointment of governess of lady Mary of York; she was given a lease of Richmond palace, and established herself there with her charge, and with a numerous tribe of daughters of her own.[4] Six girls, children of lady Villiers, were brought up there with the lady Mary and the lady Anne, future queens of Great Britain. Elizabeth Villiers, the eldest daughter of the governess, afterwards became the bane of Mary's wedded life, but she was thus, in the first dawn of existence, her school-fellow and companion, although four or five years older than the princess. The whole of the Villiers' sisterhood clung through life to places in the households of one or other of the princesses; they formed a family compact of formidable strength, whose energies were not always exercised for the benefit of their royal benefactresses.

The duchess of York had acknowledged by letter to her father, the earl of Clarendon, then in exile, that she was by conviction a Roman catholic, which added greatly to the troubles of her venerable parent, who wrote her a long

[1] Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct.
[2] Roger Coke's Detection. [3] Ibid.
[4] History of Surrey, (Richmond,) Collins's Peerage.

letter on the superior purity of the reformed catholic church of England, and exhorted her to conceal her partiality to the Roman ritual, or her children would be taken from her, and she would be debarred from having any concern in their education. The duchess of York was, at that time, drooping into the grave; she never had been well since the birth of her son Edgar in 1666, who survived her about a year. The duke of York had revived this Saxon name in the royal family in remembrance of Edgar, king of Scotland, the son of St. Margaret and Malcolm Canmore; likewise he wished to recal the memory of Edgar the Great, who styled himself monarch of the British seas.[1]

In her last moments, the duchess of York received the sacrament, according to the rites of the Roman church, with her husband, and a confidential gentleman of his, M. Dupuy, and a lady of her bedchamber, of the same religion, Lady Cranmer. It is singular, that the second appearance of the name of Cranmer in history should be in such a scene. Before this secret congregation, the duchess of York renounced the religion of her youth, and was prepared for death by father Hunt, a Franciscan. "She prepared to die," says her husband,[2] "with the greatest devotion and resignation; her sole request to him was that he would not leave her till she expired, without any of her old friends of the church of England came, and then that he would go and tell them she had communicated with the church of Rome, that she might not be disturbed with controversy." Soon after, bishop Blandford came, and the duke left the bedside of his dying partner, and explained to the bishop that she had conformed to the Roman-catholic church. The bishop requested leave to see her, and promised not to dispute with her, but to read to her a pious exhortation, in which a Christian of either church might join; the duke permitted this, and the duchess joined in prayer with him, and soon after expired in the arms of her husband, at the palace of St. James, March 31st, 1671.[3]

The duchess of York was interred with the greatest so-

[1] Autograph Memoirs of James II. Macpherson's Appendix, vol. i. p. 58.
[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by the Rev. Stanier Clarke.
[3] Bishop Blandford has been greatly blamed for his liberality, but he acted rightly; for by seeing and praying with the dying duchess of York, he satisfied himself that she exercised her free will in respect to the religion she had chosen.

lemnity in Henry VII.'s chapel, most of the nobility attending her obsequies. Her obituary is thus oddly discussed by a biographer of her husband.[1] "She was a lady of great virtue in the main; it was her misfortune rather than any crime that she had an extraordinary stomach; but much more than that, that she forsook the true religion."

No mention is made of any attendance of her daughters by the bedside of the dying duchess of York. The duke of York had been very ill since the death of his sister, the duchess of Orleans, the preceding May; he believed himself in a decline, and had passed the summer with the duchess and their children, at Richmond. The mysterious rites of the Romish communion round the death-bed of the mother had, perhaps, prevented her from seeing the little princesses and their train of prying attendants. The duchess left a baby only six weeks old, lady Catharine; duke Edgar, the heir of England, of the age of five years; both these little ones died in the ensuing twelvemonth. The lady Mary and the lady Anne, who reached maturity, were, when they lost their mother, the one nine and the other six years old. Whilst their mother survived, neither of these ladies had any very great prospect of becoming queens, for they usually saw young brothers in the nursery, of the ages from two to four years old. The death of the duchess of York was the signal for the friends of the duke to importune him to marry again. He replied, "that he should obey his brother if it was thought absolutely needful, but should take no steps on his own account towards marriage."

The approximation of the daughters of the duke to the British throne, even after the death of their brother Edgar, duke of Cambridge, was by no means considered in an important light, because the marriage of their father with some young princess was anticipated. Great troubles, nevertheless, seemed to surround the future prospects of their father, for, soon after the death of their mother, he was suspected of being a convert to the religion she died in. All his services in naval government, his inventions, his merits as a founder of colonies, and his victories won in person as an admiral, could not moderate the fierce abhorrence with which he was then pursued. His marriage with a catholic princess, which took place rather more than two years afterwards,

[1] Life of James II. 1702, p. 15.

completed his unpopularity. Mary Beatrice of Modena, the new duchess of York, was but four years older than the lady Mary Stuart. When the duke of York went to Richmond palace, and announced his marriage to his daughters, he added, "I have provided you a play-fellow."[1]

The education of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, of York, was, at this time, taken from their father's control by their uncle, Charles II. Alarmed by his brother's bias to the Roman-catholic religion, the king strove to counteract the injury that was likely to accrue to his family, by choosing for them a preceptor who had made himself remarkable by his attacks on popery. This was Henry Compton, bishop of London, who had forsaken the profession of a soldier, and assumed the clergyman's gown, at the age of thirty—the great loyalty of his family procured him rapid advancement in the church. The tendency of the duke of York to the Roman-catholic tenets, had been suspected by the world; and Henry Compton, by outdoing every other bishop, in his violence against him, not only atoned for his own want of education, in the minds of his countrymen, but gave him dominion over the children of the man he hated.[2] A feud, in fact, subsisted between the house of Compton and the duke of York, on account of the happiness of one of the bishop's brothers being seriously compromised by the preference Anne Hyde gave to the duke.[3] As to the office of preceptor, bishop Henry Compton possessing far less learning than soldiers of rank in general, it was not very likely that the princesses educated under his care would rival the daughters or nieces of Henry VIII. in their attainments. The lady Mary and the lady Anne Stuart either studied, or let it alone, just as suited their inclinations. It suited those of the lady Anne to let it alone, for she grew up in a state of utter ignorance. There are few housemaids at the present day, whose progress in the common business of reading and writing are not more respectable. Her spelling is not in the antiquated style of the seventeenth century, but in that style, lashed by her contemporary Swift, as peculiar to the ladies of his day:

"Here in beau spelling *tru tel deth.*"

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[1] Letters of lady Rachel Russell. [2] Dr. Lake's MS.
[3] Memoirs of the earl of Peterborough.

The construction of her letters and notes is vague and vulgar, as will be seen hereafter. The mind of her eldest sister was of a much higher cast, for the lady Mary had been long under the paternal care; her father, the duke of York, and her mother, Anne Hyde, both possessed literary abilities, and her grandfather, lord Clarendon, with whom her childhood was domesticated, takes high rank among the classics of his country. Mary, when an infant, met with more encouragement in her tendency to study in the domestic circle of her nearest relations, than from her ignorant preceptor, or a governess, whose name and memory is connected with nothing but mischief-making.[1]

The French tutor of the princesses was Peter de Laine; he has left honourable testimony to the docility and application of the lady Mary, his elder pupil; he declares, that she was a perfect mistress of the French language, and that all those who had been honoured with any share in her education, found their labours very light, as she possessed aptitude and faithfulness of memory, and ever showed obliging readiness in complying with their advice. His observation regarding her knowledge of French is correct; her French notes are far superior in diction to her English letters, although in these latter very charming passages occasionally occur. Mary's instructors in drawing were two noted little people, being master and mistress Gibson, the married dwarfs of her grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria, whose wedding is so playfully celebrated by Waller.[2] The Gibsons likewise taught the lady Anne to draw; it has been said, that these princesses had that taste for the fine arts, which seems inherent to every individual of the house of Stuart; but the miserable decadence of painting in their reigns does not corroborate such praise.

From the time of their mother's death, the ladies Mary and Anne were domesticated at Richmond palace with their governess, lady Frances Villiers, her daughters, and with

[1] Life of queen Mary II. 1695.

[2] Grainger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119, to which we must add, that the dwarfs of Charles I.'s court, contrary to custom, were good for something. Gibson and his wife were among the best English-born artists of their era. He was just three feet six inches in height; she was a dwarfess of the same proportion. This little couple had nine good-sized children, and having weathered the storms of civil war, lived happily together to old age. Little mistress Gibson was nearly a centegenarian when she died.

their assistant-tutors and chaplains, Dr. Lake and Dr. Doughty; their offices appear to have been limited to religious instruction. If these divines were not employed in imparting the worldly learning they possessed to their pupils, they, at least, did their utmost to imbue their minds with a strong bias towards the ritual of the church of England, according to its practical discipline in the seventeenth century. Every feast, fast, or saint's day in the Common Prayer Book was carefully observed, and Lent kept with catholic rigidity. Lady Mary was greatly beloved, before she left England, by the clergy of the old school of English divinity. There was one day in the year which the whole family of the duke of York always observed as one of deep sorrow. On the 30th of January, he and his children and his household assumed the garb of funereal black; they passed the day in fasting and tears, in prayer and mourning, in remembrance of the death of Charles I.[1]

The lady Mary of York was devotedly attached to a young lady who had been her play-fellow in infancy, Anne Trelawney. The lady Anne, likewise, had a play-fellow, for whom she formed an affection so strong, that it powerfully influenced her future destiny. The name of this girl was Sarah Jennings; her elder sister, Frances, had been one of the maids of honour of Anne, duchess of York, and had married a cadet of the noble house of Hamilton. If the assertion of Sarah herself may be believed, her father was the son of an impoverished cavalier-baronet, and, therefore, a gentleman; yet her nearest female relative on the father's side was of the rank of a servant maid.[2] It is a mystery who first introduced the fair Frances Jennings to court; as for the younger sister, Sarah, she was introduced to her highness, the little lady Anne of York, by Mrs. Cornwallis,[3] the best beloved lady of that princess. The mother of Frances and Sarah Jennings was possessed of an estate sufficiently large, at Sundridge, near St. Albans, to make her daughters looked upon as co-heiresses; her name is always mentioned with peculiar disrespect, when it occurs

[1] Despatches of d'Avaux, ambassador from France to Holland, corroborated by Pepys, who mentions "that his master, the duke of York, declined all business or pleasure on that day."

[2] Abigail Hill; see the Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Lord Dartmouth; Notes to Burnet's Own Times, vol. i. p. 89.

in the gossiping memoirs of that day.[1] Sarah herself, when taunting her descendants in after-life, "affirms that she raised them out of the dirt;" she was born at a small house at Holywell, near St. Albans, on the very day of Charles II.'s Restoration, 1660, consequently, she was four years older than the lady Anne of York; by her own account, she used to play with her highness, and amuse her in her infancy, and thus fixed an empire over her mind from childhood.

The princess Mary once told Sarah Churchill[2] a little anecdote of their girlhood, which they both agreed was illustrative of her sister Anne's character. The princesses were, in the days of their tutelage, walking together in Richmond-park, when a dispute arose between them — whether an object they beheld at a great distance, was a man or a tree. The lady Mary being of the former opinion, the lady Anne of the latter. At last they came nearer, and lady Mary, supposing her sister must be convinced it was according to her view, cried out, "Now, Anne, you must be certain what the object is?" But lady Anne turned away, and persisting in what she had once declared, cried, "No, sister, I still think it is a tree." The anecdote was told by Sarah Churchill long years afterwards for the purpose of depreciating the character of her royal friend, as an instance of imbecile obstinacy, that refused acknowledgment of error on conviction. But, after all, candour might suggest that the focus of vision in one sister had more extensive range than the other—that Mary

[1] Some stigma connected with fortune-telling and divination was attached to the mother of these fortunate beauties, Frances and Sarah Jennings. Count Anthony Hamilton, whilst doing justice to the virtues and goodness of her eldest daughter Frances, who had married into his own illustrious house, notices that "she did not learn her good conduct of her mother," and that this woman was not allowed to approach the court on account of her infamous character, although she had laid Charles II. under some mysterious obligation. As to the father of Frances and Sarah Jennings, no trace can be found of him in history, without he is the same major Jennings whose woeful story is attested in Salmon's Examination of Burnet's History, p. 533: how major Jennings, left bleeding and senseless among the slain at Langford, near Salop, was stabbed in cold blood by a Roundhead officer and cruelly treated by the common soldiers at the instigation of Baxter the nonconformist minister and author, who was incensed at finding round the cavalier's neck a medal of Charles I.

[2] Coxe MSS., vol. xlv., folios 90-92. Inedited letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Sir David Hamilton.

was long-sighted, and Anne, near-sighted. Indeed, the state of suffering from ophthalmia which the lady Anne endured in her childhood, gives probability to the more charitable supposition.

The first introduction of the royal sisters to court, was by their performance of a ballet, written for them by the poet Crowne, called "Calista, or the Chaste Nymph," acted December 2, 1674. While they were in course of rehearsal for this performance, Mrs. Betterton, the principal actress at the king's theatre, was permitted to train and instruct them in carriage and utterance.[1] Although such an instructress was not very desirable for girls of the age of the lady Mary and the lady Anne, they derived from her lessons the important accomplishment for which both were distinguished when queens, of pronouncing answers to addresses or speeches from the throne in a distinct and clear voice, with sweetness of intonation and grace of enunciation. The ballet was remarkable for the future historical note of the performers. The lady Mary of York took the part of the heroine, Calista; her sister, the lady Anne, that of Nyphe; while Sarah Jennings (afterwards duchess of Marlborough), acted Mercury; lady Harriet Wentworth, whose name was afterwards so lamentably connected with that of the duke of Monmouth, performed Jupiter. Monmouth himself danced in the ballet. Henrietta Blague,[2] a beautiful and virtuous maid of honour, afterwards the wife of lord Godolphin, (the friend of Evelyn,) performed the part of Diana, in a dress covered with stars of splendid diamonds. The epilogue was written by Dryden, and addressed to Charles II.; in the course of it, he thus compliments the royal sisters:

> "Two glorious nymphs of your own godlike line,
> Whose morning rays like noontide strike and shine,
> Whom you to suppliant monarchs shall dispose
> To bind your friends and to disarm your foes."[3]

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[1] Colley Cibber's Apology; he says, queen Mary allowed this actress a pension during her reign.

[2] This young lady had the misfortune to lose a diamond worth 80*l.* belonging to the countess of Suffolk, which the duke of York, (seeing her distress,) very kindly made good. (Evelyn's Diary.)

[3] Life of Dryden, by Sir Walter Scott, who mentioning the verbal mistake by which Merrick quoted the line—

> "Whom you to *supplant* monarchs shall dispose,"

says, "that as the glorious nymphs supplanted their father, the blunder proved an emendation on the original."

The lady Anne of York soon after acted Semandra in Lee's Mithridate; it was a part by no means advantageous to be studied by the young princess; her grandmother, Henrietta Maria, and her ancestress, Anne of Denmark, were more fortunate in the beautiful masques written for them by Ben Jonson, Daniel, and Fletcher. The impassioned lines of Lee, in his high-flown tragedies, had been more justly liable to the censures of master Prynne's furious pen. Mrs. Betterton instructed the princess in the part of Semandra, and her husband taught the young noblemen who took parts in the play. Anne, after she ascended the throne, allowed Mrs. Betterton a pension of £100 per annum, in gratitude for the services she rendered her in the art of elocution.[1]

Compton, bishop of London, thought that confirmation according to the church of England, preparatory to the first communion, was quite as needful to his young charges as this early introduction to the great world and the pomps and vanities thereof. He signified the same to the duke of York, and asked his leave to confirm the lady Mary when she was fourteen. The duke replied, "The reason I have not instructed my daughters in my own religion, is because they would have been taken from me; therefore, as I cannot communicate with them myself, I am against their receiving."[2] He, however, desired the bishop "to tell the king, his brother what had passed, and to obey his orders." The king ordered his eldest niece to be confirmed, which was done by the bishop, their preceptor, in state, at Whitehall Chapel,[3] to the great satisfaction of the people of England, who were naturally alarmed regarding the religious tendencies of the princesses.

Both the royal sisters possessed attractions of person, though of a very different character. The lady Mary of York was in person a Stuart; she was tall, slender, and graceful, with a clear complexion, almond shaped dark eyes, dark hair, and an elegant outline of features. The lady Anne of York resembled the Hydes, and had the round face and full form of her mother, and the lord chancellor Clarendon. In her youth, she was a pretty rosy Hebe. Her hair, a

[1] Langhorne's Drama, p. 2, edition, 1691.
[2] Autograph Memoirs of James II.
[3] Roger Coke's Detection. The chapel belonging to Whitehall Palace destroyed by fire.

dark chesnut-brown; her complexion, sanguine and ruddy; her face, round and comely; her features, strong and regular. The only blemish in her face, was that of a defluxion which had fallen on her eyes in her childhood—had contracted the lids, and given a cloudiness to her countenance. Her bones were very small, her hands and arms most beautiful. She had a good ear for music, and performed well on the guitar,[1] an instrument much in vogue in the reign of her uncle, Charles II. The disease which had fallen on her eyes, seems to have given the lady Anne a full immunity from a necessity of acquiring knowledge. She never willingly opened a book, but was an early proficient at cards and gossiping. Sarah Jennings had been settled in some office suitable for a young girl, in the court of the young duchess of York, and was inseparable from the lady Anne.[2]

King Charles II. thought proper to introduce his nieces to the city of London, and took them in state, with his queen and their father, to dine at Guildhall, at the lord mayor's feast, 1675. They were at this time completely out, or introduced into public life, and the ill effects of such introduction began to show itself in the conduct of lady Mary. Like her sister Anne, she became a constant card-player, and, not content with devoting her evenings in the week days to this dangerous diversion, she played at cards on the Sabbath. Her tutor, Dr. Lake, being in her closet with her, led the conversation to this subject, which gave him pain, and he was, moreover, apprehensive lest it should offend the people. Lady Mary asked him, "what he thought of it?" His answer will be thought, in these times, far too lenient. "I told her," he says, "I could not say it was *sin* to do so, but it was not expedient; and I advised her highness *not* to do it, for fear of giving offence. Nor did she play at cards on Sunday nights," he adds, "while she continued in England."[3] Her tutor had not denounced the detestable habit of gambling on Sabbath nights in terms sufficiently strong to prevent a relapse; for he afterwards deplored piteously that the lady Mary renewed her Sunday card parties in Holland. It *was* a noxious sin, and he ought plainly to have told her so. He

[1] Tindal's continuation of Rapin, p. 370.

[2] Conduct of Sarah duchess of Marlborough.

[3] Dr. Lake's Diary, January 9th, 1677, in manuscript; for the use of which we have to renew our acknowledgments to G. P. Eliot, Esq.

could have done his duty to his pupil without having the fear of royalty before his eyes, for neither the king nor the duke of York, her father, were gamblers.[1] Most likely, Dr. Lake was afraid of the ladies about the princesses, for the English court, since the time of Henry VIII., had been infamous for the devotion of both sexes to the sin of gambling. The lady Anne of York is described by her companion, Sarah Jennings (when, in after-life, she was duchess of Marlborough), as a little card-playing automaton, and this vile manner of passing her Sabbath evenings proves that the same corruption had entered the soul of her superior sister.

When the lady Mary attained her fifteenth year, projects for her marriage began to agitate the thoughts of her father and the councils of her uncle. The duke of York hoped to give her to the dauphin, son of his friend and kinsman, Louis XIV. Charles II. and the people of England destined her hand to her first cousin, William Henry, prince of Orange, son of the late stadtholder, William II., and Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I. The disastrous circumstances which rendered this prince fatherless before he was born, have been mentioned in the life of his grandmother, queen Henrietta Maria.

William of Orange (afterwards William III., elected king of Great Britain) came prematurely into this world in the first hours of his mother's excessive anguish for the loss of her husband. She was surrounded by the deepest symbols of woe, for the room in which William was born was hung with black; the cradle that was to receive him was black, even to the rockers. At the moment of his birth the candles were suddenly extinguished, and the room was left in the most profound darkness. Such was the description of one Mrs. Tanner, the princess of Orange's *sage-femme*, or midwife, who added the following marvellous tale, "that she plainly saw three circles of light over the new-born prince's head, which she supposed meant the three crowns which he afterwards attained."[2] No jealousy was felt on account of this prediction by his uncles, the expatriated heirs of Great Britain. James, duke of York, mentions, in his memoirs, the posthumous birth of his nephew, as a consolation for the grief he felt for the loss of the child's father.

[1] Memoirs of Sheffield, duke of Buckingham.

[2] Birch MS. 4460. Plut. Sampson Diary written 1698, p. 71.

The infant William of Orange was consigned to the care of Catharine lady Stanhope, who had accompanied queen Henrietta Maria to Holland, in the capacity of governess to the princess-royal, his mother. It was in lady Stanhope's apartments,[1] in the Palace in the Wood at the Hague, that young William was reared, and nursed during his sickly childhood, till he was ten years old. In after-life he spoke of her as his earliest friend. Her son Philip, earl of Chesterfield, was his playfellow.

More than one dangerous accident befel the Orange prince in his infancy. "You will hear," wrote his mother's aunt, the queen of Bohemia,[2] "what great peril my little nephew escaped yesterday, on the bridge at the princess of Orange's house; but, God be thanked, there was no hurt, only the coach broken. I took him into my coach, and brought him home." At the following Christmas, the queen of Bohemia wrote again, Jan. 10, 1654. "Yesterday was the naming of prince William's[3] child. I was invited to the supper, and my niece the princess of Orange. The little prince of Orange, her son, and prince Maurice, were the gossips. The States-general—I mean their deputies—the council of state, and myself and Louise, were the guests. My little nephew, the prince of Orange, was at the supper, and sat *verie* still all the time: those states that were there were *verie* much taken with him." Such praiseworthy Dutch gravity in a baby of two years old was, it seems, very attractive to their high mightinesses, the States deputies. These affectionate mynheers were of the minority in the senate belonging to the Orange party.

Notwithstanding the occasional visits of the deputies of the Dutch states, the prospects of the infant William were not very brilliant in his native land, for the republican party abolished the office of stadtholder whilst he was yet rocked in his sable cradle. It is true that the stadtholdership was elective, but it had been held from father to son since William I. had broken the cruel yoke of Spain from the necks of the Hollanders. The infant representative of this hero was,

[1] Letters of Philip earl of Chesterfield.

[2] Letters of the queen of Bohemia. Evelyn's Works, vol. iv. p. 144, and Memoirs of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 47.

[3] Ibid. p. 159, prince William of Nassau-Dietz, who had married the little prince's aunt Agnes Albertine.

therefore, reduced to the patrimony derived from the Dutch magnate of Nassau, who had married a former princess of Orange, expatriated from her beautiful patrimony in the south of France. A powerful party in Holland still looked with deep interest on the last scion of their great deliverer, William, but they were, like his family, forced to remain oppressed and silent under the government of the republican, de Witt, while England was under the sway of his ally, Cromwell. The young prince of Orange had no guardian or protector but his mother, Mary of England, and his grandmother, the widow of Henry Frederick, prince of Orange; who resided in the Old Court, or dower palace, about two miles from the ancient state palace of the Hague.

When William of Orange was a boy of eight or nine years old, he still inhabited his mother's Palace of the Wood at the Hague, and without any very settled discipline of instruction, he passed his days in her salons with his governess, lady Stanhope, or playing with the maids of honour in the ante-chamber. A droll scene, in which he participated, is related by Elizabeth Charlotte, princess-palatine, afterwards duchess of Orleans. The queen of Bohemia, her grandmother,[1] with whom she was staying at the Hague, summoned her one day to pay a state visit to the princess of Orange and her son. The princess Sophia,[2] who lived then with the queen of Bohemia, her mother, (not in the most prosperous circumstances, as she had made a love-match with a younger brother of the house of Hanover,) took upon herself to prepare her little niece for her presentation to the princess of Orange, by saying, "Lisette (Elizabeth), take care that you are not as giddy as usual. Follow the queen, your grandmother, step by step, and at her departure, do not let her have to wait for you." This exhortation was not needless, for, by her own account, a more uncouth little savage than the high and mighty princess Elizabeth Charlotte, was never seen in a courtly drawing-room. She replied, "Oh, aunt, I mean to conduct myself very sagely." The princess of Orange was

[1] Elizabeth Charlotte was the only daughter of Charles Louis, eldest son of the queen of Bohemia, daughter of our James I.

[2] The mother of George I. elector of Hanover, afterwards (as her representative) George I. king of Great Britain.

quite unknown to her, but she was on the most familiar terms with the young prince, William of Orange, with whom she had often played at the house of the queen of Bohemia. Before this pair of little cousins adjourned to renew their usual gambols, the young princess Elizabeth Charlotte did nothing but stare in the face of the princess of Orange; and as she could obtain no answer to her repeated questions of "Who is that woman?" she at last pointed to her, and bawled to the young prince of Orange, "Tell me, pray, who is that woman with the furious long nose?" William burst out laughing, with impish glee, and replied, "That is my mother, the princess-royal."[1] Anne Hyde, one of the ladies of the princess, seeing the unfortunate little guest look greatly alarmed at the blunder she had committed, very good-naturedly came forward, and led her and the young prince of Orange into the bed-chamber of his mother. Here a most notable game of romps commenced between William and his cousin, who, before she began to play, intreated her kind conductress, mistress Anne Hyde,[2] to call her in time when the queen, her grandmother, was about to depart. "We played at all sorts of games," continues Elizabeth Charlotte, "and the time flew very fast. William of Orange and I were rolling ourselves up in a Turkey carpet when I was summoned. Without losing an instant, up I jumped, and rushed into the salon. The queen of Bohemia was already in the ante-chamber. I had no time to lose: I twitched the princess-royal very hard by the robe to draw her attention, then sprang before her, and, having made her a very odd courtesy, I darted after the queen, my grandmother, whom I followed, step by step, to her coach, leaving every one in the presence-chamber in a roar of laughter, I knew not wherefore."

The death of the princess of Orange with the small-pox, in England, has already been mentioned; her young son

[1] The mother of William III. chose to retain the title of her birth-rank in preference to her husband's title.

[2] Elizabeth Charlotte spells the name Heyde, but it is plain that this amiable maid of honour who took pity on the *gaucherie* of the young princess, was the daughter of Clarendon the future wife of James duke of York, and the mother of two queens-regnant of Great Britain, for she was at that time in the service of the princess of Orange, or, as that princess chose to be called, princess royal of Great Britain.

was left an orphan at nine years of age, with no better protector than his grandmother, the dowager of Henry Frederick. The hopes of the young prince were dark and distant of anything like restoration to rank among the sovereign-princes of Europe, all rested on the good will and affection of his uncles in England. On her death-bed, the princess of Orange solemnly left her orphan son to the guardianship of her brother king Charles. Several letters exist in the state paper office, written in a round boyish hand, from William, confirming this choice, and entreating the fatherly protection of his royal uncles. There are likewise two from his grandmother on the same subject, and of condolence, for the loss of his mother, Mary, princess-royal, her daughter-in-law.[1]

The princess dowager has been praised for the education she gave her grandson, but it had not the least tendency to liberality or learning. He was in his youth economical, being nearly destitute of money; and he was abstinent from all expensive indulgences. He wrote an extraordinary hand of the Italian class of enormously large dimensions; his French letters, though brief, are worded with an elegance and courtesy which formed a contrast to the rudeness and dryness of his manners. He was a daily sufferer from ill-health, having, from his infancy, struggled with a cruel asthma, yet all his thoughts were set on war, and all his exercises tended to it. Notwithstanding his diminutive and weak form, which was not free from deformity, he rode well, and looked better on horseback than in any other position. He was a linguist by nature, not by study, and spoke several languages intelligibly. His earnest desire to regain his rank prompted him to centre all his studies in the art of war, because it was the office of the stadtholder to lead the army of Holland.

The prince of Orange spent the winter of 1670 in a friendly visit at the court of England, where he was received by his uncles with the utmost kindness, and it is said, that they, then and there, concerted with him some plans, which led to his subsequent restoration to the stadtholdership of Holland. William was nineteen, small and weak, and rather

[1] These being mere formal state notes, we need not bore our readers with them.

deformed. He seldom indulged in wine, but drank ale, or perhaps some schnaps of his native Hollands gin; he regularly went to bed at ten o'clock. Such a course of life was viewed invidiously by the riotous courtiers of Charles II., and they wickedly conspired to entice the phlegmatic prince into drinking a quantity of champagne, which flew to his head, and made him more mad and mischievous than even Buckingham himself, who was at the head of the joke. Nothing could restrain the Orange prince from sallying out and breaking the windows of the apartments of the maids of honour, and he would have committed farther outrages, if his wicked tempters had not seized him by the wrists and ancles, and carried him struggling and raging to his apartments. They exulted much in this outbreak of a quiet and well-behaved prince, but the triumph was a sorry one at the best. Sir John Reresby, who relates the anecdote,[1] declares, "that such an exertion of spirit was likely to recommend the prince to the lady Mary;" it was certainly more likely to frighten a child of her age into fits. At that time he was considered as the future spouse of his young cousin. The prince left England in February, 1670.

The princess Elizabeth-Charlotte declares, in her memoirs, "that she should not have objected to marry her cousin, William of Orange." Probably he was not so lovingly disposed towards his eccentric playfellow, for notwithstanding his own want of personal comeliness, this warlike modicum of humanity was vastly particular regarding the beauty, meekness, piety, and stately height of the lady to whom he aspired. None of these particulars were very pre-eminent in his early playfellow, who had, instead, wit at will, and that species of merry mischief called *espiéglerie*, sufficient to have governed him and all his heavy Dutchmen to boot. She had, however, a different destiny,[2] as the mother of the second royal line of France, and William was left to fulfil the intention of his mother's family, by reserving his hand for a daughter of England.

Previously to this event, the massacre of the De Witts occurred. The pretence for which outrage was, that De Ruart of Putten, the elder brother, the pensionary or chief

[1] Memoirs of Sir John Reresby.

[2] She is the direct ancestress of the king of the French, Louis Philippe.

civil magistrate of the republic, had hired an apothecary to poison the prince of Orange;[1] the mob, infuriated by this delusion, tore the two unfortunate brothers to pieces, with circumstances of horror not to be penned here. Such was the leading event that ushered the prince of Orange into political life; whether William was guilty of conspiring the deaths of these his opponents, remains a mystery, but his enemies certainly invented a term of reproach derived from their murder, for whensoever he obtained the ends of his ambition by the outcry of a mob, it was said that the prince of Orange had "*De Witted*" his enemies.[2] Be that as it may, the De Witts, the sturdy upholders of the original constitution of their country, were massacred by means of the faction-cry of his name, if not by his contrivance; their deaths inspired the awe of personal fear in many, both in Holland and England, who did not altogether approve of the principles by which the hero of Nassau obtained his ends.

Europe had been long divided with the violent contest for superiority between the French and Spanish monarchies. Since the days of the mighty accession of empire and wealth by Charles V., the kings of France had rather unequally struggled against the powers of Spain, leagued with the empire of Germany.

The real points of difference between Louis XIV. and the prince of Orange, were wholly personal ones, and had nothing to do with either liberty or religion. William, who was excessively proud of his Provençal ancestry, was haunted with an idea more worthy of a poet than a Dutchman; being the restoration of his titular principality, the dominions from whence he derived his title, the golden Aurausia[3] of the south of France, seated on the Rhone. William demanded the restitution of the city of Orange, from Louis XIV. after it had been resigned by his ancestors for two centuries, and the title of Orange had been

[1] See the chapter entitled "De Witt and his faction," (Sir William Temple, vol. ii. p. 245). The reader should, however, notice that republicanism was the legitimate government in Holland, and that William of Orange, as an hereditary ruler there, was a usurper.

[2] This term is even used by modern authors, see Mackintosh's History of the Revolution, (p. 603.)

[3] From the yellow stone of which the Romans built this town, not from the growth of oranges.

transplanted by the marriage of its heiress, among the fogs and frogs of the Low Countries. As William of Orange retained the title, and was the grandson of queen Henrietta Maria, and as such one of his nearest male relatives, Louis XIV., had no objection to receive him as a vassal-peer of France, and as a son withal, if he would have accepted the hand of his eldest illegitimate child, the fair daughter of the beautiful La Vallière, (who afterwards married the fourth prince of the blood-royal, Conti.) William refused the young lady, and the whole proposition, very rudely, and it is difficult to decide which of these two kinsmen cherished the more deadly rage of vengeful hatred against each other for the remainder of their lives.[1]

The first hint from an official person relative to the wedlock of Mary and William, occurs in a letter from sir William Temple to him. "The duke of York, your uncle," wrote this ambassador, "bade me assure your highness 'that he looked on your interest as his own, and if there was anything wherein you might use his services, you might be sure of it.' I replied, 'Pray, sir, remember there is nothing you except, and you do not know how far a young prince's desires may go; I will tell him what you say, and if there be occasion, be a witness of it.' The duke of York smiled, and said, 'Well, well, you may, for all that, tell him what I bid you.' Upon which I said, 'At least, I will tell the prince of Orange, that you smiled at my question, which is, I am sure, a great deal better than if you frowned.' I know," adds sir William to the prince of Orange, "that your highness will easily pardon me for entertaining you with these circumstances, but I will say no more of the kind unless you give me encouragement."[2]

No impartial person, conversant with the state-papers of the era, can doubt for a moment that the restoration of their nephew to his rights as stadtholder, was a point which Charles II. and his brother never forgot, while they were contesting the sovereignty of the seas with the republican faction which then governed Holland. Sir William Temple clearly points out three things that Charles II. had at heart, and which he finally effected. First, for the Dutch fleets to own his supremacy in the narrow seas, by striking their

[1] Dangeau and St. Simon's Memoirs.
[2] Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. iv. p. 22, Feb. 1674.

flags to the smallest craft that bore the banner of England, which was done, and has been done ever since—thanks to the victories of his brother. "The matter of the flag was carried to all the height his majesty Charles II. could wish, and the acknowledgment of its dominion in the narrow seas allowed by treaty from the most powerful of our neighbours at sea, which had never yet been yielded by the weakest of them."[1] The next, that his nephew William, who was at this period of his life regarded by Charles and James affectionately as if he were a cherished son, should be recognised not only as stadtholder,[2] but *hereditary* stadtholder, with succession to children. Directly this was done, Charles made a separate peace with Holland, with scarcely an apology to France.[3] Next it appears, by the same authority,[4] that king Charles II., poor as he was, remembered that England had never paid the portion stipulated with the princess-royal, his aunt; he now honourably paid it, not to the states of Holland, but insisted that it should be paid into the hands of her orphan son, his nephew, William of Orange, and this was done; and let those who doubt it, turn to the testimony of the man who effected it—sir William Temple.

After Charles had seen his bereaved and impoverished nephew firmly established as a sovereign prince, with his mother's dowry in his pocket to render him independent, he recalled all his subjects fighting under the banners of France,[5] and gave leave for the Dutch and their allies the

[1] Sir William Temple's Letters, vol. i. p. 250, edition of MDCCLVII.

[2] Ibid. pp. 247, 252, 258, 261.

[3] In the Atlas Geographicus, vol. i. p. 811, "there is an abstract of the demands of the king of Great Britain in behalf of his nephew, after the last great battle of Solebay, gained by his uncle James duke of York. Article VI. "That the prince of Orange and his posterity shall henceforward enjoy the sovereignty of the United Provinces, that the prince and his heirs should for ever enjoy the dignities of general, admiral, and stadtholder." That this clause might entrench on the liberties of Holland, is undeniable, but at the same time it redeemed the promise made by Charles to his dying sister "regarding the restoration of her orphan son as stadtholder, with far greater power than his ancestors had ever enjoyed." Nothing can be more diametrically opposite to truth than the perpetual assertion of the authors of the last century, that Charles II. and his brother oppressed their nephew, instead of being what they were, his indulgent benefactors.

[4] Temple's Memoirs, p. 251.

[5] Temple's Memoirs, p. 250. Party historians have taken advantage of these mercenaries fighting on both sides, to make the greatest confusion at this era.

Spaniards, and their generalissimo, his nephew William, to enlist his subjects in their service against France. Great personal courage was certainly possessed by William of Orange, and personal courage, before the Moloch centuries gradually blended into the sweeter sway of Mammon, was considered tantamount to all other virtues. In one of the bloody drawn battles, after the furious strife had commenced between Louis XIV. and Spain in the Low Countries, the prince of Orange received a musket shot in the arm; his loving Dutchmen groaned and retreated, when their young general took off his hat with the wounded arm, and waving it about his head to show his arm was not broken, cheered them on to renew the charge. Another anecdote of William's conduct in the field is not quite so pleasant. In his lost battle of Mont Cassel, his best Dutch regiment pertinaciously retreated. The prince rallied, and led them to the charge, till they utterly fled, and carried him with them to the main body. The diminutive hero, however, fought both the French and his own Dutch in his unwilling transit. One great cowardly Dutchman he slashed in the face, exclaiming, "*Coquin, je te marquerai au moins afin de te pendre.*" "Rascal! I will set a mark on thee, at least, that I may hang thee afterwards." This adventure leans from the perpendicular of the sublime somewhat to the ridiculous. It was an absurd cruelty, as well as an imprudent sally of venomous temper; there was no glory gained by slashing a man's face, who was too much of a poltroon not to demolish him on such provocation.[1]

Among the British subjects who studied the art of war under William, whilst that prince was generalissimo for Spain, was the renowned Graham of Claverhouse, who afterwards made his crown of Great Britain totter. At the bloody battle of Seneffe, Claverhouse saved the prince of Orange from death, or from what the prince would have liked less, captivity to Louis XIV. He rescued him from the French by a desperate charge, and sacrificing his own chance of retreat, placed the little man on his own swift and strong war-horse. Like his great-nephew, Frederick II. of Prussia, William of Orange sooner or later always manifested ungrateful hatred against those who saved his life.

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 399.

How William requited sir John Fenwick, who laid him under the same obligation the same day, or soon afterwards, is matter of history.[1] He, however, promised Claverhouse the command of the first regiment that should be vacant; but he broke his word, and gave it to the son of the earl of Portmore, subsequently one of his instruments in the Revolution. Claverhouse was indignant, and meeting his supplanter at Loo, he caned him. The prince of Orange told Claverhouse "that he had forfeited his right hand for striking any one within the verge of his palace." Claverhouse, in reply, undauntedly reproached him with his breach of promise. "I give you what is of more value to you than a regiment," said the prince, drily, "being your good right hand." "Your highness must likewise give me leave to serve elsewhere," returned Claverhouse. As he was departing, the prince of Orange sent him a purse of two hundred guineas, as the purchase of the good steed which had saved his life. Claverhouse ordered the horse to be led to the prince's stables, and tossed the contents of the purse among the Dutch grooms.[2]

Most persons suppose that William of Orange had to bide the ambitious attack of Louis XIV. in 1674 single-handed. A mistake; he was the general of all Europe combined against France, with the exception of Great Britain, who sat looking on, and very much in the right; seeing the Roman-catholic power of France contending with the ultra-papist states of Spain and Austria; the last championized, forsooth, by the young Orange protestant, whose repeated defeats, however, had placed Flanders (the usual European battle-ground) utterly at the mercy of Louis XIV.; for William of Orange, with more bravery than was needful, was not quite so great a general as he thought himself. His situation now became most interesting; for his own country was forthwith occupied by the victorious armies of France, and every one but himself gave him up for lost. Here his energetic firmness raises him at once to the rank of the hero, which he was, although he has received a greater share of hero-worship than we think his due. He was not an injured

[1] Memoirs of captain Bernardi. It rests not only on his testimony, but seems a well founded fact.

[2] Memoirs of sir Ewen Cameron, published by the Maitland Club, pp. 274, 275.

hero; he had provoked the storm, and he was fighting the battles of the most culpable of papist states. We have no space to enter into the detail of the heroic struggle maintained by the young stadtholder and his faithful Dutchmen; how they laid their country under water, and successfully kept the powerful invader at bay. Once the contest seemed utterly hopeless. William was advised to compromise the matter, and yield up Holland as the conquest of Louis XIV. "No," replied he; "I mean to die in the last ditch." A speech alone sufficient to render his memory immortal.

In the midst of the arduous war with France, just after the battle of Seneffe, William of Orange was seized with the same fatal disease which had destroyed both his father and his mother in the prime of their lives. The eruption refused to throw out, and he remained half dead. His physicians declared, that if some young healthy person who had not had the disease would enter the bed, and hold the prince in his arms for some time, the animal warmth might cause the small-pox to throw out, and the hope of his country might be saved. This announcement produced the greatest consternation among the attendants of the prince; even those who had had the disease were terrified at encountering the infection in its most virulent state, for the physicians acknowledged that the experiment might be fatal. One of the pages of the prince of Orange, a young noble of the line of Bentinck, who was eminently handsome, resolved to venture his safety for the life of his master, and volunteered to be the subject of the experiment, which, when tried, was completely successful. Bentinck caught the disease, and narrowly escaped with life; for many years, he was William's favourite and prime minister.

Soon after William's recovery from this dangerous disease, his royal uncles, supposing the boyish thirst of combat in their nephew might possibly be assuaged by witnessing or perpetrating the slaughter of a hundred thousand men, (the victims of the contest between France and Spain in four years,) gave him a hint that if he would pacify Europe he should be rewarded by the hand of his cousin, the princess Mary. The prospect of his uncle James becoming the father of a numerous family of sons, probably prompted a rude rejection, with the reply, "he was not in a condition to think

of a wife."[1] The duke of York was deeply hurt and angry[2] that any mention had been made of the pride and darling of his heart, his beautiful Mary, then in her fifteenth year; "though," continues Temple, "it was done only by my lord Ossory, and whether with any order from the king and duke, he best knew." Lord Ossory, the gallant son of Ormonde, the renowned ducal-cavalier, commanded the mercenary English troops before named. He was, of course, as little pleased as the insulted father at the slight cast on young Mary.

The Dutch prince experienced a change in the warmth of the letters which the father of the princess Mary had addressed to him, since the rude answer he had given to a very kind intent. It had, besides, been signified to him by Charles II., when he proposed a visit to England, "that he had better stay till invited." These intimations made the early wise politician understand that the insult he had offered, in an effervescence of brutal temper, to the fair young princess whose rank was so much above his own, was not likely to be soon forgotten by her fond father or her uncle. With infinite sagacity he changed his tactics, knowing that the king of Great Britain, (whatsoever party revilings may say to the contrary,) though pacific, really maintained the attitude of Henry VIII. when Charles V. and Francis I. were contending together. Young William of Orange did not need to be told, that if his uncles threw their swords into the scale against his Spanish and Austrian masters, all the contents of all the dykes of Holland would not then fence him against his mortal enemy Louis, whom, it will be remembered, he had likewise contrived to insult regarding the disposal of his charming self in wedlock.

With the wise intention of backing dexterously out of a pretty considerable scrape, the young hero of Nassau made an assignation with his devoted friend, sir William Temple,[3] to hold some discourse, touching love and marriage, in the gardens of his Hounslardyke palace, one morning in the pleasant month of January. "He appointed the hour," says sir William Temple, "and we met accordingly. The prince told me 'that I could easily believe that, being the

[1] Temple, vol. ii. p. 294. [2] Ibid. p. 295.
[3] Ibid. vol. ii. pp. 325, 334.

only son that was left of his family, he was often pressed by his friends to think of marrying, and had had many persons proposed to him, as their several humours led them; that, for his part, he knew it was a thing to be done at some time or other.'" After proceeding in this inimitable style through a long speech, setting forth "the offers made to him by ladies in France and Germany," he intimated that England was the only country to which he was likely to return a favourable answer; and added, "Before I make any paces that way, I am resolved to have your opinion upon two points; but yet I will not ask it, unless you promise to answer me as a friend, and not as king Charles's ambassador."

He knew very well that all he was pleased to say regarding "his paces," as he elegantly termed his matrimonial proposals, would be duly transmitted to his uncle, both as friend and ambassador, and that the points on which he called a consultation would be quoted as sufficient apology for his previous brutality. "He wished," he said, "to know somewhat of the person and disposition of the young lady Mary; for though *it would not pass in the world* (i. e., that the world would not give him credit for such delicacy) for a prince to seem concerned in those particulars, yet for himself, he would tell me without any sort of affectation that *he* was so, and to such a degree, that no circumstances of fortune and interest would engage him without those of person, especially those of humour and disposition, (*meaning temper and principles.*) As for himself, he might perhaps not be very easy for a wife to live with—he was sure he should not to such wives as were generally in the courts of this age; that if he should meet with one to give him trouble at home, *'twas* what he *shouldn't* be able to bear, who was like to have enough abroad in the course of his life. Besides, after the manner in which *he* was resolved to live with a wife—which should be the very best he could—he would have one that he thought likely to live well with him, which he thought chiefly depended on her disposition and education; and that if I (sir William Temple) knew anything particular in these points of the lady Mary, he desired I would tell him freely."[1] Sir William Temple replied, "that he was very glad to find that he was resolved

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 335, 336.

to marry;" and after some compliments, assured him "of his own observation he could say nothing of the temper and principles of the lady Mary, but that he had heard both his wife and sister speak with all advantage of what they could discern in a princess so young, and more from what they had been told by her governess, lady Villiers, for whom they had a particular friendship, and who, he was sure, took all the care that could be in that part of her education which fell to her share."

Who would have believed that the first exploit of the young prince,—then making such proper and sensible inquiries regarding the temper and principles of his wedded partner, with such fine sentiments of wedded felicity, on a throne,—should be, to corrupt the daughter of this governess, the constant companion of his wife, and subject her to the insult of such a companionship to the last hour of her life? Sir William Temple, who, good man, believed most guilelessly, all that the hero of Nassau chose to instil, thus proceeds:[1] "After two hours' discourse on this subject, the prince of Orange concluded, that he would enter on this pursuit"—that is, propose forthwith for his cousin Mary. "He meant to write both to the king and the duke of York to beg their favour in it, and their leave that he might go over into England at the end of the campaign. He requested that my wife, lady Temple, who was returning upon my private affairs in my own country, should carry and deliver both his letters to his royal uncles, and during her stay there, should endeavour to inform herself the most particularly, that she could, of all that concerned the person, humour and dispositions of the young princess. Within two or three days of this discourse, the prince of Orange brought his letters to lady Temple, and she went directly to England with them. "She left me," said Sir William Temple, "preparing for the treaty of Nimeguen," where, by the way, the Dutch and French were equally desirous of peace, although William of Orange contrived to eke out the war, in behalf of his Spanish master, for full three years.

The prince of Orange was better able to negotiate for a wife, having lost his grandmother, in 1675, who had possession of the "Palace in the Wood," and other immunities of

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 336.

dowagerhood at the Hague. This princess was remarkable for a gorgeous economy; she had never more than 12,000 crowns per annum revenue, yet she was entirely served in gold plate. Sir William Temple enumerates her water-bottles of gold, the key of her closet, of gold, and all her gold cisterns; everything this grand old dowager touched was of that adorable and adored metal. It was as well, perhaps, for young Mary, that her husband's grandmother had departed before her arrival. It may be doubted, whether the young bride inherited all the gold moveables. William had a bad habit of shooting away all the precious metals he could appropriate, in battles and sieges. The "plenishing" at Whitehall, although only of silver, were coined up, and departed on the same bad errand, in the last years of his life.

The campaign of 1677 being concluded, the Orange hero having nothing better to do, condescended to go in person to seek the hand of one of the finest girls in Europe, and the presumptive heiress of Great Britain. For this purpose he set sail from Holland, and arrived at Harwich, after a stormy passage, Oct. the $\frac{9}{19}$th, of the same year. Having disposed himself to act the wooer,[1] "he came," says Sir William Temple, "like a trusty lover, post from Harwich to Newmarket, where his uncles Charles II. and James, Duke of York, were enjoying the October Newmarket meeting." Charles had a shabby palace there, to which his nephew instantly repaired. Lord Arlington, the prime minister, waited on him at his alighting. "My lord treasurer Danby and I," continues sir William Temple, "went together to wait on the prince, but met him on the middle of the stairs, involved in a great crowd, coming *down* to the king. He whispered to us both, 'that he must desire me *to answer for him*[2] and my lord treasurer Danby, so that they might, from that time, enter into business and conversation, as if they were of longer acquaintance;' which was a wise strain, considering his lordship's credit at court at that time. It much shocked my lord Arlington."[3] This means that William demanded of

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 519, and en suite.

[2] This seems a technical term for introduction, being a sort of warranty that the person introduced was "good man and true."

[3] We have the testimony of M. Dumont, of Les Affaires Etrangère of France, that not the slightest evidence exists among the documents there, im-

Temple an introduction to Danby, with whom he was not personally acquainted, but with such kindred souls a deep and lasting intimacy soon was established.

The prince of Orange was very kindly received by king Charles and the duke of York, who both strove to enter into discussions of business, which they were both surprised and diverted to observe how dexterously he avoided. "So king Charles," says Temple, bade me "find out the reason of it." The prince of Orange told me, "he was resolved to see the young princess before he entered into affairs, and to proceed in that before the other affairs of the peace." The fact was, he did not mean to make peace, but to play the impassioned lover as well as he could, and obtain her from the good nature of his uncle Charles, and then trust to his alliance with the protestant heiress of England, to force the continuance of the war with France. He could not affect being in love with his cousin before he saw her;[1] and for this happiness he showed so much impatience, that his uncle Charles said, (laughing like a good-for-nothing person as he was, at a delicacy which would have been most respectable if it had been real,) he supposed "his whims must be humoured;"[2] and, leaving Newmarket some days before his inclination, he escorted the Orange to Whitehall, and presented him as a suitor to his fair niece.

"The prince," proceeds his friend Temple, "upon the sight of the princess Mary, was so pleased with her person,[3] and all those signs of such a 'humour' as had been described to him, that he immediately made his suit to the king, which was very well received, and assented to, but with this condition, that the terms of a peace abroad might first be agreed on between them. The prince of Orange excused himself, and said "he must end his marriage before he began the peace treaty;" whether he deemed marriage and peace incompatible he did not add, but his expressions, though per-

plicating the personal honesty of Arlington, Clifford, or the other members of the cabal. These are "dogs to whom a very bad name has been given," perhaps worse than they actually deserved.

[1] He did not really care for Mary, because he seduced her companion Elizabeth Villiers, directly after his engagement; this girl must have captivated him amidst the festivities of the marriage of her unfortunate young mistress.

[2] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 419, 420.

[3] Ibid.

fectly consistent with his usual measures, were not very suitable to the lover-like impatience he affected. "His allies," he growled, "would be apt to believe he had made this match at their cost, and, for his part, he would never sell his honour for—a wife!"

This gentlemanlike speech availed not, and the king continued so positive for three or four days, "that my lord treasurer (Danby) and I began to doubt the whole business would break upon this *punctilio*," says sir William Temple, adding:[1] "About that time I chanced to go to the prince at supper, and found him in the worst humour I ever saw; he told me, 'that he repented coming into England, and resolved that he would stay but two days longer, and then be gone, if the king continued in the mind he was, of treating of the peace before he was married, but that before he went, the king must choose how they should live hereafter, for he was sure it must be either like the 'greatest friends or the greatest enemies,' and desired me 'to let his majesty know so next morning, and give him an account of what he should say upon it.'"[2] This was abundantly insolent, even supposing William owed no more to his uncle than according to the general-history version; but when we see him raised from the dust, loaded with benefits, and put in a position to assume this arrogant tone—undeniable facts, allowed even by the partial pen of Temple,—the hero of Nassau assumes the ugly semblance of an ungrateful little person, a very spoiled mannikin withal, in a most ill-behaved humour.

Careless easy Charles, who let every man, woman, and child have its own way, that plagued him into compliance, was the very person with whom such airs had their intended effect. Sir William Temple having communicated to his sovereign this polite speech of defiance in his own palace, Charles replied, after listening with great attention, "Well, I never yet was deceived in judging of a man's honesty, by his looks; and if I am not deceived in the prince's face, he is the honestest man in the world. I will trust him—he *shall* have his wife. You go, Sir William Temple, and tell my brother so, and that it is a thing I am resolved on." "I did so," continues Sir William Temple,

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. p. 429. [2] Ibid. pp. 420, 421.

"and the duke of York seemed at first a little surprised; but, when I had done, he said 'the king shall be obeyed, and I would be glad if all his subjects would learn of me to obey him. I do tell him my opinion very freely upon all things; but, when I know his positive pleasure on a point, I obey him.'"[1] "From the duke of York I went," continues Temple, "to the prince of Orange, and told him my story, which he could hardly at first believe; but he embraced me, and told me I had made him a very happy man, and very unexpectedly. So I left him to give the king an account of what had passed. As I went through the ante-chamber of the prince of Orange, I encountered lord-treasurer Danby, and told him my story. Lord treasurer undertook to adjust all between the king and the prince of Orange." This he did so well, that the match was declared that evening in the cabinet council.[2] Then the prince of Orange requested an interview with his uncle the duke of York, in which he declared "that he had something to say to him about an affair which was the chief cause of his coming to England, this was to desire that he might have the happiness to be nearer related to him, by marrying the lady Mary." The duke replied, "that he had all the esteem for him he could desire; but, till they had brought to a conclusion the affair of war or peace, that discourse must be delayed."[3] The duke mentioned the conversation to king Charles in the evening, who owned that he had authorized the application of the prince of Orange.

Some private negotiation had taken place between the duke of York and Louis XIV., respecting the marriage of the lady Mary and the dauphin. This treaty had degenerated into a proposal for her from the prince de Conti, which had been rejected by the duke of York with infinite scorn.[4] He considered that the heir of France alone was

[1] Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii. pp. 420, 421.

[2] Memoirs of James II. edited by Stanier Clark.

[3] Sir William Temple's Memoirs, vol. ii.

[4] There is a story afloat, in a party book called, the "Secret History" of those times, that the king of France (taking advantage of the reluctance manifested by the duke of York to the Orange match) proposed, by his ambassador, that the young lady Mary should affect indisposition, and request to go, for the recovery of her health, to the baths of Bourbon, when she should be seized upon, and married directly to the dauphin; and he promised every toleration of her faith, and that the protestants in France, to humour the duke of

worthy of the hand of his beautiful Mary. Court gossip had declared that the suit of the prince of Orange was as unacceptable to her as to her father, and that her heart was already given to a handsome young Scotch lord, on whom her father would rather have bestowed her, than on his nephew. How the poor bride approved of the match, is a point that none of these diplomatists think it worth while to mention; for her manner of receiving the news, we must refer to the unprinted pages of her confidential friend and tutor, Dr. Lake.

The announcement was made to Mary, October 21: "That day," writes Dr. Lake,[1] "the duke of York dined at Whitehall, and after dinner came to St. James's (which was his family residence); he led his eldest daughter, the lady Mary, into her closet, and told her of the marriage designed between her and the prince of Orange, whereupon her highness wept all the afternoon, and all the following day. The same evening, the marriage was formally announced in the privy council; the duke of York assuring the members of it, 'that however he was represented abroad, he did herein, and would in all his actions, endeavour to ensure the security and peace of the kingdom; and that he would never hinder his children from being educated in the religion of the church of England, which caused great joy in the council." The next day, the privy council came to congratulate the yet weeping bride; and lord-chancellor Finch made her a complimentary speech. It appears that the prince shared in these congratulations, and was by her side when they were made. The day after, the judges complimented and congratulated their affianced highnesses—lord justice Rainsford, speaking to my lady Mary in the name of the rest, after which, they all kissed her hand."[2] The poor princess had several deputations to receive on Oct. 24, in company with her betrothed. These were the lord-mayor and aldermen,

York's passion for toleration, should have unusual privileges. Neither the duke nor the king were to appear as consenting in the scheme. Another version is, "that Louis XIV. sent the duke de Vendôme and a splendid embassy to London, proposing to the duke of York to steal or kidnap the princess, but that Charles II. was averse to the scheme, and had her guards doubled, and great precautions taken, and finished by marrying her suddenly to the prince." (Secret History of Whitehall, vol. i. 1678.) There is not a particle of this tale corroborated by documentary history.

[1] Lake: MS. Diary. Sir William Temple uses nearly the same words.

[2] Lake: MS. Diary.

the civilians of Doctors' Commons, and the commercial companies that her father had founded; she had to listen to speeches congratulatory on an event for which her heart was oppressed, and her eyes still streaming. The citizens gave a grand feast, to show their loyal joy at the pure protestantism of this alliance, on the 29th of October,[1] when her highness, the bride, accompanied by her sister, the lady Anne, and her step-mother, the duchess of York, witnessed the civic procession from the house of Sir Edward Waldo, in Cheapside, where they sat under a canopy of state; and afterwards partook of the banquet at Guildhall.

The marriage was appointed for the prince of Orange's birth-day, being Sunday, Nov. 4th, O.S. How startled would have been the persons who assembled round the altar, dressed in the bride's bed-chamber, in St. James's palace, could they have looked forward, and been aware of what was to happen on the eleventh anniversary of that date.[2] There were collected in the lady Mary's bed-chamber, at nine o'clock at night, to witness or assist at the ceremony: King Charles II., his queen Catherine, the duke of York, and his young duchess, Mary Beatrice of Modena, who was then hourly expected to bring an heir to England; these, with the bride and bridegroom, and Compton, bishop of London, the bride's preceptor, who performed the ceremony, were all that were ostensibly present, the marriage being strictly private. The official attendants of all these distinguished personages, were, nevertheless admitted, forming, altogether, a group sufficiently large for nuptials in a bed-chamber, and more than was wished by the sad bride. King Charles gave away his niece, and overbore her dejection by his noisy joviality. He hurried the bride and bridegroom to the altar, by saying to Compton, "Come, bishop, make all the haste you can! lest my sister, the duchess of York, here, should bring us a boy, and then the marriage will be disappointed."[3] Here was a slight hint, that he saw which way the hopes of the Orange prince were tending. In answer to the question "Who gives this

[1] Life of Mary II., 1695. Published at the Harrow, in Fleet-street. Sir Francis Chaplin commenced his mayoralty on that day.

[2] When William of Orange invaded England and dethroned his uncle and father-in-law, James II.

[3] Lake: MS. Diary.

woman?" king Charles exclaimed with emphasis, "*I* do," which words were an interpolation on the marriage service.[1] When the prince of Orange endowed his bride with all his wordly goods, he placed a handful of gold and silver coins on the open book; king Charles told his niece, "to gather it up, and to put all in her pocket, for 'twas all clear gain!"[2] After the ceremony was concluded, the bride and the royal family received the congratulations of the court and of the foreign ambassadors, among whom Barillon, the French ambassador, appeared remarkably discontented.

Sir Walter Scott certainly never saw Dr. Lake's manuscript; but, by some poetical divination, he anticipated Charles II.'s behaviour that night, when in his Marmion he affirms—

> "Queen Catherine's hand the stocking threw,
> And bluff king Hal the curtain drew,"

For at eleven the prince and princess of Orange retired to rest, and all the ceremonies took place, which were then national.[3] These were, at that time, breaking cake and drinking possets, in the presence of all those who assisted at the marriage. King Charles drew the curtains with his own royal hand, and departed, shouting, "St. George for England."

The next morning the prince of Orange, by his favourite, Bentinck, sent his princess a magnificent gift of jewels to the amount of £40,000. The lord mayor came with congratulations to the prince and princess of Orange, and the same routine of compliments from the high officials that had waited on the princess previously, now were repeated to her on account of her marriage.

This protestant alliance was so highly popular in Scotland, that it was celebrated with extraordinary and quaint festivities, being announced with great pomp by the duke of

[1] Lake: MS. Diary, and the Life of Mary II. 1695. [2] Ibid.

[3] Barbarous and uncivilized as these ceremonials were, in a MS. letter kindly communicated by Mrs. Shikelthorp of Wendling, in Norfolk, of the late lady Anne Hamilton (widow of lord *Anne* Hamilton, and one of the ladies of queen Charlotte), she notices that his majesty, Geo. III., and his queen, were the first royal pair married in England, who dispensed with these joyous uproars in their bridal chamber. Horace Walpole fully confirms the same by his account of the possets at the wedding of Frederick, prince of Wales, father of George III.

Lauderdale at Edinburgh, at the town Mercat-cross, which was hung with tapestry, and embellished with an arbour hung with many hundreds of oranges. His grace, with the lord provost, and as many of the civic magistrates and great nobles as it could hold, ascending to this Hymeneal temple, entered it, and there drank the good healths of their highnesses the prince and princess, next of their royal highnesses the duke and duchess of York, then the queen's, and last of all the king's, during which the cannon played from the castle, all the conduits from the cross ran with wine, and many voiders of sweetmeats were tossed among the people, who were loud and long in their applauses. Great bonfires were kindled as in London, and the popular rejoicings were prolonged till a late hour.[1]

Two days after the marriage, the bride was actually disinherited of her expectations on the throne of Great Britain, by the birth of a brother, who seemed sprightly, and likely to live. The prince of Orange had the compliment paid him of standing sponsor to this unwelcome relative, when it was baptized, November 8th. The lady-governess Villiers, stood godmother by proxy, for one of her charges, the young princess Isabella.

The ill-humour of the prince of Orange now became sufficiently visible to the courtiers; as for his unhappy bride, she is never mentioned by her tutor Dr. Lake, excepting as in tears. She had when married, and for some days afterwards, an excuse for her sadness, in the alarming illness of her sister lady Anne, whom at that time she passionately loved. Lady Anne is not named as being present at her sister's nuptials, an absence that is unaccounted for, excepting by Dr. Lake, who says,[2] "Her highness the lady Anne, having been sick for several days, appeared to have the small-pox;" she had most likely taken the infection when visiting the city. "I was commanded," added Dr. Lake, "not to go to her chamber to read prayers to her, because of my attendance on the princess of Orange, and on the other children;" these were lady Isabella, and the new-born Charles, who could have dispensed with his spiritual exhortations. "This troubled me," he resumes, "the more because the nurse of the lady Anne was a very busy zealous

[1] Life of Mary II. 1695. [2] Lake's MS. Diary, Nov. 7.

Roman-catholic, and would probably discompose her highness, if she had an opportunity; wherefore, November 11th, I waited on the lady-governess, (lady Frances Villiers,) and suggested this to her; she bade me 'do what I thought fit.' But little satisfied with what she said to me, I addressed myself to the bishop of London,[1] who commanded me to wait constantly on her highness lady Anne, and to do all suitable offices ministerial, incumbent on me.

The parental tenderness of the duke of York, had enjoined, that all communication must be cut off between his daughters, lest the infection of this plague of small-pox, should be communicated to the princess of Orange, as if he had anticipated how fatal it was one day to be to her. Dr. Lake was not permitted, if he continued his attendance on the princess Anne, to see the princess of Orange. "I thought it my duty,"[2] he says, "before I went to her highness lady Anne, to take my leave of the princess, who designed to depart for Holland with her husband the Friday next. I perceived her eyes full of tears, and herself very disconsolate, not only for her sister's illness, but on account of the prince urging her to remove her residence to Whitehall, to which the princess would, by no means, be persuaded." The reason the prince wished to quit St. James's was because the small-pox was raging there like a plague; besides her sister, the lady Villiers, and several of her father's household were sickening with this fatal disorder; but the disconsolate bride chose to run all risks rather than quit her father one hour, before she had to commence her unwelcome banishment.

Dr. Lake tried his reasoning powers to convince the princess of Orange of the propriety of this measure, but in vain. He then took the opportunity of preferring a request concerning his own interest. "I had the honour to retire with her to her closet," continues Dr. Lake,[3] "and I call God to witness, that I never said there, or elsewhere, anything contrary to the Holy Scriptures, or to the discipline of the church of England; and I hoped that the things in

[1] Compton, bishop of London, who was governor or preceptor to the princesses.

[2] Lake's MS. Diary.

[3] Ibid. On that very day Dr. Lake mentions that he had completed his thirty-fifth year.

which I had instructed her might still remain with her. I said, 'I had been with her seven years, and that no person who hath lived so long at court but did make a far greater advantage than I have done, having gotten but 100*l.* a year; wherefore, I did humbly request her highness, that, at her departure, she would recommend me to the king and the bishop of London, and that I would endeavour to requite the favour by being very careful of the right instruction of the lady Anne, her sister, of whom I had all the assurances in the world that she would be very good. Finally, I wished her highness all prosperity, and that God would bless her, and show her favour in the sight of the strange people among whom she was going!' Whereupon, I kneeled down and kissed her gown. Her highness of Orange gave me thanks for all my kindnesses, and assured me, 'that she would do all that she could for me.' She could say no more for excessive weeping. So she turned her back and went into her bed-room."[1]

"At three o'clock, I went to the lady Anne, and, considering her distemper, found her very well, without headache, or pain in her back, or fever. I read prayers to her." This was on Sunday, November the 11th, the princess of Orange having been married a week. Notwithstanding all the remonstrances of her husband, and her own danger of infection, the bride carried her point, and clave to her paternal home, at St. James's palace, to the last moment of her stay in England. Meantime, the duke of York kept her from seeing her sister Anne, who became worse from day to day, as the disease approached its climax.

"Her highness, lady Anne," says Dr. Lake,[2] "was somewhat giddy, and very much disordered; she requested me not to leave her, and recommended to me the care of her foster-sister's instruction in the protestant religion. At night, I christened her nurse's child Mary." This was the catholic nurse, of whom Compton, bishop of London, expressed so much apprehension: how she came to permit the church of England chaplain to christen her baby is not explained. The fifteenth of November was the queen's birth-day, which was celebrated with double pomp, on account of her niece's marriage. From Dr. Lake, it is impos-

[1] Lake, MS. Diary.

[2] Ibid.

sible to gather the slightest hint of the bridal costume, or of any particular of the dress of the bride, excepting, that her royal highness attired herself for that ball very richly, and wore all her jewels. She was very sad; the prince, her husband, was as sullen, he never spoke to her the whole evening, and his brutality was remarked by every one there. Yet the artists and the poets of England had combined to make that evening a scene of enchantment and delight. All seemed replete with joy and mirth, excepting the disconsolate Mary, who expected that she should have, before she retired to rest, to doff her courtly robes and jewels and embark on board the yacht that was to take her to Holland. On this account, the officials of the household of her father, and those of her own maiden establishment, in England, were permitted to kiss her hand at the ball, and to take leave of her, which they did, at eight o'clock in the evening.[1]

The epithalamium of this wedlock was from the pen of the courtly veteran, Waller, and was sung that night:—

"As once the lion honey gave
Out of the strong such sweetness came,
A royal hero[2] no less brave
Produced this sweet—this lovely dame.[3]

To her the prince[4] that did oppose
Gaul's mighty armies in the field,
And Holland from prevailing foes
Could so well free—himself does yield.

Not Belgia's fleets (his high command)
Which triumph where the sun does rise,
Nor all the force he leads by land,
Could guard him from her conquering eyes.

Orange with youth experience has,
In action young in council old,
Orange is what Augustus was—
Brave, wary, provident and bold.

On that fair tree[5] which bears his name,
Blossoms and fruit at once are found;
In him we all admire the same,
His flowery youth with wisdom crowned.

Thrice happy pair! so near allied
In royal blood and virtue too,
Now love has you together tied,
May none the triple knot undo."

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[1] Lake's MS. Diary.
[2] James duke of York,
[3] Mary, his daughter.
[4] William of Orange.
[5] The orange tree was the device of William, orange and green his liveries

The wind that night setting in easterly, gave the poor bride a reprieve, and she, in consequence, remained by the paternal side all the next day, November the 16th, in the home-palace of St. James. The perversity of the wind did not ameliorate the temper of her husband; he was excessively impatient of remaining in England to witness the continuance of festivities, dancing, and rejoicing. "This day," says Dr. Lake, "the court began to whisper of the sullenness and clownishness of the prince of Orange; it was observed, that he took no notice of his bride at the play, nor did he come to see her at St. James the day before their departure." Dr. Lake, and the indignant household of the princess, at St. James's, we see, blamed this conduct as unprovoked brutality; but that the prince was not angry without cause is obvious: being secretly exasperated at the unwelcome birth of Mary's young brother, he was not inclined, as his marriage bargain was much depreciated in value, to lose the beauty of his young bride as well as her kingdom; he was displeased, and not unjustly, at her obstinacy in continuing to risk her life and charms of person, surrounded by the infection at the palace of St. James.

The maids of honour of the queen, the duchess of York, and especially of the princess Anne, were enraged at the rude behaviour of the Dutch prince. They spoke of him at first as the "Dutch monster," till they found for him the name of "Caliban," a sobriquet which lady Anne, at least, never forgot.[1]

The lady Anne being dreadfully ill during the days when her sister's departure hung on the caprice of the wind, the paternal care of the duke of York deemed that any farewell between this loving pair would be dangerous for each. He gave orders that whenever the princess of Orange actually went away, the fact was to be carefully concealed from Anne, lest it should have a fatal effect on her.[2] The palace of St. James was still reeking with infection: several of the official attendants of the ducal court were dying or dead. The lady-governess, Frances Villiers, was desperately ill. She was to have accompanied the princess of Orange on her voyage, but it was impossible.[3]

[1] Letters of the princess Anne to Lady Marlborough.
[2] Dr. Lake, MS. Diary. [3] Ibid.

Dr. Lake thus enumerates, with a foreboding heart, the disasters accompanying this marriage: "There were many unlucky circumstances that did seem to retard and embitter the departure of the princess of Orange, as the sickness of the lady Anne, the danger of the lady-governess (Villiers), who was left behind, and her husband (sir Edward Villiers), the master of the horse to the princess of Orange, he, too, was obliged to stay in England; likewise the sudden death of Mr. Hemlock, her nurse's father, which happened at St. James's palace this night; the death and burial of the archbishop of Canterbury, her godfather;[1] the illness of Mrs. Trelawney's[2] father and uncle, as also Mrs. White's dangerous illness, who was appointed to attend the princess of Orange in Holland. God preserve her highness, and make her voyage and abode there prosperous!"[3]

The wind blew westerly on the morning of the 19th of November, and, in consequence, all was early astir in the palaces of Whitehall and St. James, in preparation for the departure of the Orange bride and bridegroom. The princess took leave of her beloved home of St. James, and came to Whitehall palace, as early as nine in the morning, to bid farewell to her royal aunt, queen Catherine. Mary, when she approached, was weeping piteously, and her majesty, to comfort her, "told her to consider how much better her case was than her own; for when she came from Portugal, she had not even seen king Charles." "But, madame," rejoined the princess of Orange, "remember, *you* came *into* England, *I* am going out of England."

"The princess wept grievously all the morning," continues Dr. Lake.[4] "She requested the duchess of Monmouth to come often to see the lady Anne, her sister, and to accompany her to the chapel, the first time she appeared there. She also left two letters to be given to her sister as soon as she recovered." What a contrast is this tender heart-clinging to her family, to Mary's conduct, after ten years' companionship with the partner to whom her reluctant hand had been given.

[1] Sheldon, archbishop of Canterbury, died Nov. 9th, and was buried at Croydon on Nov. 16th, by the side of archbishop Whitgift, at his own desire.—Dr. Lake.

[2] Anne Trelawney, the favourite maid of honour of the princess Mary, was with her two years afterwards in Holland.—Sidney Diary.

[3] Dr. Lake: Diary, Nov. 16. [4] Ibid.

The wind was fair for Holland, the tide served, the royal barges were in waiting at Whitehall stairs, and king Charles and the duke of York were ready with half the nobility and gentry in London, to accompany the princess and her husband down the river as far as Erith, where the bridal party were to dine.[1] Here Mary took a heart-rending farewell of her father and uncle, and in the afternoon she embarked at Gravesend with her husband and suite, in one of the royal yachts, several English and Dutch men-of-war being in attendance, to convoy the gay bark to Holland.

The celebrated poet, Nat Lee, describes the embarkation, in his poem on the marriage and departure of the princess of Orange; and, as he declares that he was an eye-witness of the scene, it is possible that the parties grouped themselves, according to his lines; but it is as evident that he knew nothing of the dangerous illness of the princess Anne; that must have been kept from the public, for he supposes that she was present. The following are the best of the lines of this now-forgotten historical poem:—

Hail, happy warrior, hail! whose arms have won,
The fairest jewel of the English crown!
Hail princess hail, thou fairest of thy kind,
Thou shape of angel with an angel's mind!
* * * *
But hark! 'tis rumoured that this happy pair
Must go—the prince for Holland does declare
I saw them launch—the prince the princess bore,
While the sad court stood crowding on the shore;
The prince still bowing on the deck did stand,
And held his weeping consort by the hand,
Which, waving oft, she bade them all farewell,
And wept as if she would the briny ocean swell.
"Farewell, thou best of fathers, best of friends!"
While the grieved duke[2] with a deep sigh commends
To Heaven his child, in tears his eyes would swim,
But manly virtue stays them at the brim.
"Farewell," she cried, "my sister![3] thou dear part,
The sweetest half of my divided heart.
My little love!" Her sighs she did renew:
"Once more, oh heavens, a long, a last adieu,
Part! must I ever lose those pretty charms?"
Then swoons and sinks into the prince's arms.

This is somewhat fustian and common place; and the

[1] Dr. Lake, likewise Echard. [2] The duke of York, her father.
[3] The princess Anne. Lee evidently supposes that she was present, instead of being as she really was, on a bed of sickness at St James's palace.

theatrical farewell to the lady Anne, the sheer invention of the poet. Other thoughts were working in the brain of Orange, than those surmised by Nat Lee.

The duke of York ought to have seen his son-in-law safely out of the kingdom, for, before William of Orange actually departed, he contrived to play him one of the tricks by which he finally supplanted him in the affections of the English people. The wind changed by the time the Dutch fleet had dropped down to Sheerness; it baffled the mariners, and remained contrary for thirty or forty hours; at the end of which time, the king and duke of York sent an express to entreat the prince and princess to come down the river and remain with them at Whitehall; instead of which, they went on shore at Sheerness, and were entertained by colonel Dorrell, the governor. The next day, November the 23rd, they crossed the country to Canterbury, the princess being only accompanied by lady Inchiquin (one of the Villiers' sisters), and a dresser; the prince by his favourites Bentinck, and Odyke. Here an extraordinary circumstance took place; one contemporary witness vouches, "that his authority was no other than the mouth of archbishop Tillotson himself—from whose narration it was written down."[1] "The prince and princess of Orange, when they arrived at an inn, in Canterbury, found themselves in a destitute condition, for want of cash, as they had been unkindly and secretly thrust out of London by king Charles and the duke of York, from jealousy, lest the lord-mayor should invite them to a grand civic feast.[2] The prince, to relieve his wants, sent Bentinck to represent them to the corporation, and beg a loan of money."

It is very plain, that the corporation of Canterbury considered the whole application as a case of mendicity or fictitious distress, for the request was denied. However, there happened to be present, Dr. Tillotson, the dean of Canterbury, who hurried home, gathered together all the plate and ready-money in guineas he had at command, and, bringing them to the inn, begged an interview with M. Bentinck, and

[1] Echard's Appendix and Tindal's Notes to Rapin—the latter, a contemporary, adds many aggravating circumstances, all false.

[2] That they had already been to this grand feast, Oct. 29; see Dr. Lake and the Gazette.

presented them to him, "with the hope that they would be serviceable to their highnesses," entreating withal, "that they would quit a situation so unworthy of their rank, and come to stay at the deanery, which was usually the abode of all the royal company that came to the city."[1] The prince accepted the plate and money with warm thanks, but declined going to the deanery. Dr. Tillotson was presented, and kissed the hand of the princess. In this hospitable transaction, no blame can be attached to Dr. Tillotson, whose conduct was becoming the munificence of the church he had entered.[2] Why the prince of Orange did not request a loan or supply by the express that his uncles affectionately sent to invite him back to Whitehall, instead of presenting himself and his princess in a state of complaining mendicity at Canterbury, is inconsistent with plain dealing. As he had been paid the first instalment of the 40,000*l.* which was the portion of the princess, his credit was good in England, and he might have obtained a supply of money, sufficient for a few days, at an inn, from his friend, the prime minister, Danby. The fact is, that the birth of the young brother of Mary had rendered this ambitious politician desperate, and he was making a bold dash at obtaining partisans, by representing himself as an ill-treated person. Nor were his efforts ultimately fruitless, if the following statement of a contemporary

[1] This feature of the story is preserved by Birch, the biographer of Tillotson, and not by Echard or Tindal.

[2] Dr. Tillotson is, from the period of this adventure, intimately connected with the fortunes of the princess of Orange; therefore, for the sake of intelligibility, the following abstract of his previous life is presented. He was the son of a rich clothier, of Sowerby, near Halifax, who was a strict puritan at the time of John Tillotson's birth, and became a furious anabaptist, which he remained, even after his son had conformed to our church, on her restoration to prosperity. John Tillotson was born Oct. 23, 1630; he became a learned and eloquent man, he was good-tempered, and much beloved in private life. It is nearly impossible to gather from his biography, whether he had been a dissenting preacher, but as it is certain that he preached before ordination, doubtless he was so. The religion of Tillotson, before the Restoration, was of that species professed by independents who are on good terms with the Socinians. He was chaplain and tutor to the sons of Prideaux, attorney-general of Oliver Cromwell. Tillotson subsequently married Ebina Wilkins, a niece of Oliver Cromwell. When upwards of 2000 conscientious nonconformists forsook their livings, rather than comply with the tenets of the church of England, our church actually gained John Tillotson, who, being possessed of great eloquence, attained rapid preferment, until he is found dean of Canterbury, in 1677. This account is abstracted from Dr. Birch's Biography of Archbishop Tillotson.

be correct—and all circumstances corroborate it. "By this accident, Dr. Tillotson begun that lucky acquaintance and correspondence with the prince and princess of Orange, and Mr. Bentinck, *as* afterwards, advanced him to an archbishoprick."[1]

The prince and princess of Orange lingered no less than four days at their inn in Canterbury, cultivating the acquaintance of their new friend, Dr. Tillotson, and receiving the congratulations of the gentry and nobility of Kent, in whose eyes William seemed sedulously to render himself an object of pity and distress, for great quantities of provisions were given by them for his use. He left Canterbury, November the 27th, and went that night with the princess and her train on board the Montague at Margate, commanded by Sir John Holmes, who set sail the next day. The ice prevented the fleet from entering the Maes, but the princess and her spouse, after a quick but stormy passage, were landed at Tethude, a town on the Holland coast, and went direct to the Hounslardyke palace. It was remarked, that the princess of Orange was the only female on board who did not suffer from sea-sickness.[2]

The princess, besides lady Inchiquin (Mary Villiers), was accompanied by Elizabeth and Anne Villiers; the mother of these sisters, her late governess, expired of the small-pox at St. James's palace, before the prince of Orange had finished his mysterious transactions at Canterbury.[3] The princess had likewise with her, in the capacity of maid of honour, Mary Wroth, or Worth, a relative of the Sidney family. Each of these girls disquieted her married life. Both the unmarried Villiers were older than herself, and she was eclipsed in the eyes of her sullen lord, by their maturer charms. The prince of Orange fell in love with Elizabeth Villiers, and scandal was likewise afloat relative to him and her sister Anne,[4] who subsequently married his favourite, Bentinck. Much wonder is expressed by lady Mary Wortley Montague, and likewise by Swift, who were both her acquaintances, how it was possible for Elizabeth Villiers to rival the princess Mary in the heart of her

[1] Rapin's Hist. of England, folio, vol. ii. p. 683.
[2] Dr. Lake's Diary, MS.
[3] Birch's Life of Tillotson. Dr. Lake's MS. Sidney Diary.
[4] Lampoons by Dr. Swift, and Mrs. Manley.

spouse, for Elizabeth, although a fine woman, had not a handsome face. "I always forget myself and talk of squinting people before her," says Swift, in his journal, "and the good lady squints like a dragon."

As soon as possible after the arrival of the princess of Orange at the Hounslardyke palace, the states-general of Holland sent their *hoff-master* Dinter to compliment her and the prince, and to know of them, "when it would be seasonable for them to offer their congratulation in a formal manner?" The prince and princess did not make their public entry into the Hague until December the 14th, so long were the mynheers preparing their formalities, which were perpetrated with extraordinary magnificence. Twelve companies of burghers were in arms, drawn up under their respective ensigns, and the bridge of the Hague was adorned with green garlands, under which were written a Latin inscription, in honour of the illustrious pair, of which the following is our author's English version:

> "Hail, sacred worthy, blest in that rich bed!
> At once thy Mary and thy Belgia wed,
> And long long live thy fair Britannic bride,
> Her Orange and her country's equal pride!"

Having passed the bridge, they were met by four-and-twenty virgins, that walked two and two on each side their highnesses' coach, singing and strewing green herbs all the way. When their highnesses came before the town-house, they passed through a triumphal arch, adorned with foliage and *grotesco* work, with the arms of both their highnesses, and over them, two hands, with a Latin motto thus rendered in English:

> "What Halcyon airs this royal Hymen sings,
> The Olive branch of peace her dower she brings."

In the Hoogstraet they passed under another triumphal arch, with this inscription:

> "To the Batavian court with Heaven's best smile,
> Approach, fair guest, and bless this happy pile."

In the evening, Mary was welcomed with a grand display of fireworks, in which were represented St. George on horseback, fountains, pyramids, castles, triumphal chariots, Jupiter and Mars descending from the skies; a lion, a duck and a drake (emblematic, we suppose, of ditches and

canals), likewise castles, flower-pots, and a variety of other devices, in honour of this auspicious alliance. The next day, the *heer* Van Ghent, and a variety of other *heers*, whose Dutch names would not be of much interest to British readers, complimented their highnesses in the name of the states-general, which compliment was soon after repeated by the states in a body.[1] Though Mary's chief residence and principal court in Holland was at the Hague, yet she had several other palaces, as Loo, Hounslardyke, and Dieren.

It deserves notice that king Charles, when he communicated the marriage to the French ambassador, mentions his niece[2] in his official despatch as the *princess* Mary. In earlier times it has been shown that the title of princess was scarcely vouchsafed to the eldest daughter of the reigning sovereign if she had a brother in existence. Dr. Lake, remarking on the unbounded popularity of this marriage in England, declares "there were no gloomy countenances at court excepting Barillon, the French ambassador, and Bennet lord Arlington." Louis XIV. took the marriage heinously; for many months he would not be reconciled to his cousin-german, the duke of York; "for," wrote he to that prince, "you have given your daughter to my mortal enemy." This was not the fault of the duke of York, for lord Dartmouth records an anecdote that the duke of York, on first hearing of this marriage, or perhaps after seeing the tearful agonies of Mary when she heard her doleful sentence of consignment to her cousin, remonstrated with his brother by a confidential friend, reminding his majesty that he had solemnly promised never to give away Mary without he, her father, gave his full consent to her marriage. "So I did—it's true, man!" exclaimed Charles, with his characteristic humour; "but, odd's-fish, James *must* consent to this!"

[1] Life of Mary II., 1695.
[2] Dalrymple's Appendix. Barillon's Despatches.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER II.

Convalescence of lady Anne—Her father breaks to her the departure of her sister—Takes possession of her sister's apartments at St. James's—Death of her brother—News of the princess of Orange—Relapses into Sunday card-playing—Princess attends dissenting preachings—First communion of lady Anne—Her strange conduct—Anne's favourite lady, Mrs. Cornwallis, banished—Anne's love for Mrs. Churchill—Princess of Orange, her court at the Hague—Her chapel and Dr. Hooper—Prince of Orange persecutes her religion—Objects to her books—His unfaithfulness to her——Princess takes leave of her husband—Visit of her step-mother, (Mary Beatrice duchess of York) and lady Anne—Illness of the princess—Her father and his consort visit her—Her tender parting with them—Her conjugal troubles—Liberties taken by the princess's maids of honour—Princess and D'Avaux (French ambassador)—Princess causes Kenn to marry Mary Worth to Zulestein—Rage of the prince—Insults Dr. Kenn—Princess entreats him to stay—Seclusion of the princess—Residence of the lady Anne at her uncle's court—Her prospects of the succession—Suitors—Prince George of Hanover (George I.)—His visit to her—His retreat—Mortifying reports—Her anger—Visits her father in Scotland—Her love for lord Mulgrave—Marriage of Anne with prince George of Denmark—Appoints Mrs. Churchill to her household—Excessive love for her—Her letters—Lonely life of the princess of Orange—Palace restraint—Mourning on the anniversary of Charles I.'s death—Insults of her husband on that day—Her grief—Forced to hear sermons from her father's calumniator, Jurieu—Final subjugation—Enlargement from restraint—Attentions to Monmouth—Her gaiety—Affronted by the British envoy (Mr. Chudleigh)—Demands his recal—Skates and dances with Monmouth—News of her uncle's death, (Charles II.)—Accession of her father (James II.)—His letters to her and her husband—Dr. Covell's report of the princess's ill-treatment—Deep grief of the princess—Her father's remarks on the feud with Dr. Covell—Departure of the princess's favourite maid, Anne Trelawny—Sympathy of the princess for the suffering French protestants—Conjugal alarms of the princess—Solicits body-guards for the prince—William Penn sent ambassador from her father—Princess's sharp answer to him—Prince of Orange requests a pension for her—James II. refuses.

THE royal yacht that had attended the princess of Orange and her husband to Holland, returned to England, Decem-

ber 1st, bringing the intelligence of their safe landing. Two days afterwards, "the lady Anne went forth of her chamber," her servants all rejoicing to see her so perfectly recovered; she directly went to see her step-mother, the duchess of York, who was not recovered from her confinement.[1] The duke of York had daily visited the lady Anne in her sick room, and every day he sent from thence, in her hearing, a message, as if to the princess of Orange, to know how she was, that her sister might suppose she was still in England; the duke being apprehensive lest the loss of the princess might give a fatal turn to the illness of his beloved Anne, he had therefore commanded the departure of the bridal party to be kept a profound secret from her. The day that the news came of the safe arrival of the princess of Orange, the duke of York himself undertook to break to the lady Anne the fact that her sister was actually gone, which he expected to prove heart-rending to her; perhaps he was disappointed in regard to the vivacity of the sisterly affection, for the lady Anne "took the intelligence very patiently."[2] A week afterwards, she removed from her own suite of apartments, and was given possession of those at St. James's, that had belonged to her sister.[3]

The lady Anne had previously requested Dr. Lake to return thanks to God, in her chamber, for her recovery, and at this service had given, as her offering, two guineas for distribution among the poor.[4] This modest gift, as a thank-offering for mercies received, is probably an instance of the very obscure point of the offertory of our church, according to its discipline before the revolution, for the princess had not completed her fourteenth year, and we find, by Dr. Lake's testimony, that she had not yet communicated. The day on which she thus religiously celebrated her recovery, was an awful one, for her governess, lady Frances Villiers, expired of the same malady from which she was just convalescent. Dr. Lake makes no mention of the grief of Anne for this loss, but merely observes, that in the early part of December, all the court were gossiping as to whom should be the successor of lady Frances Villiers. The king made choice of lady Clarendon.

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Dec. 1st.
[2] Ibid. Dec. 4th.
[3] Ibid. Dec. 10th.
[4] Ibid. Nov. 29th.

The death of the infant brother, whose birth had so inopportunely interfered with the sweetness of the Orange honeymoon, took place on December 12th. The demise of the young prince rendered the princess Mary again heiress-presumptive to the British throne; the lady Anne appeared at St. James's chapel four days after, perfectly recovered.

The earliest intelligence from Holland of the princess of Orange, gave great pain to her anxious but too timid tutor, Dr. Lake, who thus expresses his concern at her relapse into her former evil habit of Sunday card-playing: "I was very sorry to understand that the princess of Orange, since her being in Holland, did sometimes play at cards upon the Sundays, which would doubtless give offence to that people."[1] He then mentions his efforts to eradicate that bad custom of the princess in England, which he had thought were successful, since she had abstained from the wrong he had pointed out, for two years. How soon the princess of Orange returned to this detestable practice may be judged, since she only left England the 28th of November, and Dr. Lake records her Sunday gamblings, January 9th, scarcely six weeks afterwards. He seems astonished that she did not require his services, as her chaplain, in Holland, or those of Dr. Doughty, who had, with him, been her chaplains, and assistant tutors for so many years. The inveteracy of the prince of Orange as a gambler,[2] and the passion of his princess for card-playing, combined with the certainty of the remonstrances of the church of England clergymen, might have been the reason. Dr. Cox and Dr. Lloyd were the chaplains who accompanied her to Holland; where at first, on account of the enmity of the prince to the church of England, no chapel was provided, although an ecclesiastical establishment had been stipulated for the princess. Dr. Lloyd was recalled by the end of January; he had greatly displeased the primate of the church of England, by sanctioning the princess's frequenting a congregation of dissenters at the Hague. It

[1] Dr. Lake's Diary, Jan. 9th. This has already been quoted at the time when the princess was guilty of this sin.

[2] See various passages in Lamberty, who mentions the enormous losses or gains of his prince at the basset-table; but, like most foreigners, without the slightest idea that such conduct was, at the same time, evil in itself, and lamentably pernicious as example to an imitative people like the English.

had been more consistent with his clerical character, if he had induced her to suppress her Sunday gambling parties. Dr. Lake was further informed, that the princess had grown fat, but looked very beautiful.[1]

Just before Easter, the young princess Anne, was confirmed in royal state at the chapel of Whitehall by her preceptor, Compton, bishop of London; her first communion took place on Easter Sunday; her tutor, Dr. Lake, gives the following account of the extraordinary manner in which she conducted herself. "Being Easter-day, for the first time, the lady Anne received the sacrament; the bishop of Exeter preached at St. James's (chapel), and consecrated. Through negligence, her highness was not instructed how much to drink, but drank of it (the cup) thrice, whereat I was much concerned, lest the duke of York, her father, should have notice of it."[2]

The gross negligence of which Dr. Lake complains, must have been the fault of the preceptor of the princess, Compton, bishop of London, whose thoughts were too busy with polemics to attend to the proper instruction of his charge. The unseemly conduct of the princess on this occasion reflects the greatest possible disgrace on the prelate, whose duty it was to have prepared her for the reception of this solemn rite, and on whom a greater degree of responsibility than ordinary devolved, on account of her father's unhappy secession from the communion of the church of England. It is apparent that Compton had not even taken the trouble of reading and explaining to his royal pupil the eleventh chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians, verses 21 and 22, or this startling violation of the reverential decorum, practised and enjoined by the church of England, could not have occurred.

In the comment made by Dr. Lake on this incident, the timidity of his disposition is at once apparent, and very reprehensible. He is disgusted with the mistake of the young communicant—not because it was wrong, but lest her Roman-catholic father should be informed of it. Likewise the reader may observe he is troubled at the relapse of the princess of Orange into her former sins, of passing the Sabbath at the card table, not because he allowed that it was sin, but lest the Dutch people might be offended at it!! Few

[1] Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, Jan. 28. [2] Ibid. March 31st.

persons have any salutary influence over the hearts and characters of their fellow creatures, whose reprehension of wrong does not spring from loftier motives. Yet he had done his duty more conscientiously than any other person to whom the education of these princesses was committed; he had reproved the bad habits of his pupils sufficiently to give lasting offence to them. Although he lived to see each of them queen-regnant, and head of the church, they left him with as little preferment as he had received from their father and uncle; had he told them the truth with the unshrinking firmness of Kenn or Sancroft, they could but have done the same.[1]

Notwithstanding the error into which the young communicant had fallen,[2] Dr. Lake wrote to the princess of Orange, "to inform her that her sister had received the holy sacrament," as if the lady Anne had conducted herself so as to edify, instead of disgusting every one. Again, he was blameable, since, if he had mentioned the circumstance he disliked to the princess, a sister could have reprehended the unfortunate mistake, with delicacy and affection.

[1] The Diary of Dr. Lake, which has been of such inestimable advantage in showing the early years of the two regnant queens, Mary and Anne, has been preserved in MS. by his descendants. Echard has quoted from it, but has falsely garbled it. The author of this biography, again returns thanks to Mr. Eliot and Mr. Merrivale, for facilitating her access to its contents. According to a note appended to Mr. Eliot's copy, Dr. Edward Lake was born in 1672, and was the son of a clergyman resident at Exeter; he was a scholar of Wadham college, Oxford; afterwards, Antony Wood says, "he migrated to Cambridge, where he took his degree in arts, and received orders." He became chaplain and tutor to the daughters of the duke of York, in 1670. About 1676, he obtained the archdeaconry of Exeter, he was likewise rector of St. Mary Hill, and St. Andrew's, in the city. The great mistake of Dr. Lake's life, was, reporting a false accusation against Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, which, according to his Diary, January 7, 1678, had been communicated to him, by Dr. Tillotson, who was then dean of Canterbury, and the same person whose attentions to the *distressed* prince of Orange, at Canterbury, laid the foundation of his advancement to the primacy, after the princess of Orange, as Mary II., had hurled Sancroft from his archiepiscopal throne. Although Dr. Lake seems to have circulated this scandal, he likewise reports many excellent traits of Sancroft. Somehow, he had to bear the whole blame of the wrong.

[2] Dr. Lake must have given personal offence to his pupils, or they would not have neglected him; he was not like Kenn among those who refused to take the oath of allegiance to either of them; his calumny, on archbishop Sancroft, would not have interfered with his preferment, after the deposition of that illustrious man, and the assumption of authority over the English church by Tillotson; yet he died without any preferment, in the reign of Anne, 1704. As he was in possession of his benefices, small as they were, he could not have been a non-juror.

Dr. Hooper was recommended as the princess of Orange's almoner by the archbishop of Canterbury; he was a primitive apostolical man, greatly attached to the church of England, according to its discipline, established at the dissemination of our present translation of Scripture. The two Archbishops, Sancroft, the primate, and Dolben of York, used to call him "father Hooper," on account of his baldness, and told him "to buy him a perriwig," in jest only, for such fashion was considered scandalously effeminate by the church of England divines of that elder day.[1]

On his arrival in Holland, he found the princess without any chapel for divine service, and her private apartments were so confined that she had no room that could be converted into one, excepting her dining-room. "Now the prince and the princess of Orange never ate together, for the deputies of the states-general and their Dutch officers often dined with the prince, and they were no fit company for her. Therefore the princess was able to give up her dining-room for the service of the church of England; she did so, and very cheerfully ate her dinner every day in a small and very dark parlour. She ordered Dr. Hooper to fit up the room she had relinquished for her chapel; when it was finished, her highness bade him be sure and be there on a particular afternoon, when the prince intended to come and see what was done. Dr. Hooper was in attendance, and the prince kept his appointment. The first thing noticed by the prince, was that the communion-table was raised two steps, and the chair where the princess was to sit, was near it on the same dais. Upon which, the prince bestowing on each a contemptuous kick, asked 'what they were for?' When he was told their use, he answered with an emphatic 'Hum!' When the chapel was fit for service, the prince never came to it but once or twice on Sunday evenings. The princess attended twice a day, being very careful not to make Dr. Hooper wait."

The prince had caused books, inculcating the tenets of the "Dutch dissenters," to be put in the hands of his young

[1] Hooper MS., copied and preserved by Mrs. A. Prouse, bishop Hooper's daughter; in the possession of Sir John Mordaunt, of Walton, edited by the Hon. A. Trevor; Life of William III. vol. ii., p. 465, 466. Those who have seen the portraits of the archbishops at Lambeth, will remember how recent a fashion wigs are in the church of England, the first making its appearance on the head of archbishop Herring, reign of George I.

princess; those Dr. Hooper withdrew from her, earnestly requesting her to be guided by him in her studies of theological authors. One day the prince entered her apartment, and found before her, Eusebius and Dr. Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' which last is allowed to be one of the grandest literary ornaments of our church, while she was deeply engaged in one of Hooker's volumes. The prince, in 'great commotion,' said, angrily, 'What! I suppose it is Dr. Hooper persuades *ye* to read such books?'

The marriage of Sarah Jennings, the favourite playfellow of the lady Anne of York, was declared in the winter of 1677; she had been espoused clandestinely to the handsome colonel Churchill, the favourite gentleman of the duke of York. Sarah was tender in years, but more experienced in world-craft, than many women are of thrice her age; she was, at the period of her marriage, in the service of the young duchess of York — a circumstance which did not prevent constant intercourse with the lady Anne, who lived under the same roof, with her father and step-mother, either at St. James's palace, or Richmond palace. As Sarah seemed labouring under some trouble of mind, the duchess of York drew from her the secret that oppressed her; her royal highness immediately undertook to reconcile all adverse feelings towards this marriage, among the relatives both of Churchill and Sarah, giving her attendant a handsome donation by way of portion, and causing her to be appointed to a place of trust about her person.[1] When Sarah found herself on firm footing in the household at St. James's, her first manœuvre was, how to get rid of Mrs. Cornwallis,[2] the lady by whom, it may be remembered, she was first introduced as the playfellow of the princess Anne, and who had, hitherto, been infinitely beloved by her royal highness. Unfortunately, in that century, whensoever a deed of treachery was to be performed, the performer could always be held irresponsible, if he or she could raise a cry of religion. Sarah knew, as she waited on the duchess of York,

[1] Life of the Duke of Marlborough, by Coxe, vol. i. pp. 20 to 40. It is distinctly stated that this marriage took place when Sarah was only fifteen.

[2] Lord Dartmouth's Notes to Burnet's Own Times. He gives no precise date to this incident, excepting that it is among the current of events at the era of the death of archbishop Sheldon, and the marriage of the princess Mary.

what ladies in the palace attended the private Roman-catholic chapel, permitted at St. James's for the duchess; being aware, by this means, that Mrs. Cornwallis was of that creed, she secretly denounced her as a papist to bishop Compton, the preceptor of the lady Anne of York. He immediately procured an order of council forbidding Mrs. Cornwallis ever to come again into the presence of the young princess. The privy-council only acted prudently in taking this measure—a circumstance which does not modify the utter baseness of the first political exploit recorded of the future duchess, Sarah of Marlborough.

The lady Anne of York was now in possession of her adult establishment, at her apartments in her father's palace; her aunt, lady Clarendon, was her governess. Barbara Villiers, (the third daughter of her late governess) now Mrs. Berkley, was her first lady, and if the beloved Sarah Churchill was not actually in her service, the princess had, at least, the opportunity of seeing her every day, as they lived under the same roof. This affection was not directed by Mrs. Churchill to any wise or good purpose; the lady Anne made no efforts to complete her own neglected education; card-playing, at which she was usually a serious loser, was the whole occupation of this pair of friends; leaving them in pursuit of this worthy object, our narrative returns to the princess of Orange.

At the Hague, the princess found no less than three palaces. The first (called the Hague, in history) was a grand but rather rugged Gothic structure, built by a count of Holland, in 1250, moated round on three sides, and washed in front by the *Vyver* (fish-preserve), a lake-like sheet of water. This palatial castle of the Hague, was the seat of the stadtholdship, and recognised as such by the states-general; here their several assemblies met, and the business of the republic was transacted in its noble Gothic halls. Mary seldom approached the Hague, excepting on state occasions. She lived at the Palace in the Wood, a very beautiful residence, about a mile from the state palace, built as a place of retirement, by the grandmother of William III. A noble mall of oak trees, nearly a mile in length, led to the Palace in the Wood, which was surrounded by oak forest, and by the richest gardens in Europe. The prince of Orange built two wings to the original structure, on the occasion of his marriage with the princess Mary. There

was, near the Palace of the Wood, a dower palace, called the Old Court. The three palaces were situated only an hour's walk from "the wild Scheveling coast." Over one of the moated drawbridges of the Gothic palace, is built a gate called the Scheveling gate, which opened on a fine paved avenue bordered with yew trees, carved into pyramids, leading to the sea-village of Scheveling. Every passenger, not a fisherman, paid a small toll to keep up this avenue.[1]

With the exception of the two Villiers (who were soon distinguished by the prince of Orange in preference to his young wife), none of the English train who had accompanied the princess to her new home, were remarkably well satisfied with their destiny. Sir Gabriel Silvius, whose wife was one of them, gave a dismal account of the unhappiness of the English ladies at the Hague. He observed to the resident envoy of Charles II.: "It is a pity the prince of Orange does not use people better; as for lady Betty Selbourne, she complains and wails horribly."[2] If all the attendants of the princess had so comported themselves, her royal highness need not have been envied. As to what the prince of Orange had done to lady Betty, we are in ignorance, and can enlighten our readers no further than the fact of her "horrible wailings." The princess herself was so happy as to have the protection of the presence of lord Clarendon her uncle, (who was ambassador at the Hague, when his niece first arrived there) in his despatches, he says, "The princess parted very unexpectedly from her husband on March 1st, 1678. He had been hunting all the morning, and as he came home to her palace at the Hague to dinner, he received letters by the way that occasioned his sudden departure, of which the princess said 'she had not the slightest previous intimation.' It was the investment of Namur by the king of France, that caused his departure. The princess accompanied her husband as far as Rotterdam, "where," says her uncle Clarendon, "there was a very tender parting on both sides;" at the same time he observes, "that he never saw the prince in such high spirits or good humour."

The princess of Orange chose to make the tour of her watery dominions by way of the canals in her barge, when

[1] Tour in Holland, early in the last century.
[2] Sidney Diary, edited by J. Blencowe, Esq., vol. i. p. 41.

she amused herself with needlework—or played at cards with her ladies, as they were tracked along the canals, or sailed over the broads and lakes. Dr. Hooper accompanied her in the barge, and when she worked, she always requested him to read to her and her ladies. One day she wished him to read a French book to her, but he excused himself on account of his defective pronunciation of French. The princess begged him to read on nevertheless, and she would tell him when he was wrong, or at a loss. Hooper says, "that while he was in her household, about a year and a half, he never heard her say or saw her do any one thing that he could have wished she had not said or done." She was then only between sixteen and seventeen. She did not distinguish any of her ladies by particular favour, and though very young, was a great observer of etiquette, never receiving anything or any message from persons whose office it was not to deliver the same. She had great command over her women, and maintained her authority by her prudence; if there was any conversation she did not approve, they read by her grave look that they had transgressed, and a dead silence ensued.[1]

The princess suffered much from ill-health in Holland, before she was acclimatized to the difference of air. During the same summer, she was in danger of her life from a severe bilious fever; the prince of Orange was then absent from her at the camp. When a favourable crisis took place, Sir William Temple travelled to him, and brought the intelligence that the princess was recovering; he likewise gave the prince information that the last instalment of her portion, 20,000*l.*, would be paid to him speedily. The good news, either of his wife, or of her cash, caused the prince to manifest unusual symptoms of animation, "for" observes sir William Temple,[2] "I have seldom seen him appear so bold or so pleasant."

Mary, though ultimately childless, had more than once a prospect of being a mother; her disappointment was announced to her anxious father, who immediately wrote to his nephew the prince of Orange, to urge her "to be carefuller of herself," and added, "he would write to her for

[1] Hooper MSS.

[2] Letter to lord Clarendon from the Hague, by sir W. Temple.

the same purpose;" this letter is dated April 19, 1678. Soon after, Mary again had hopes of bringing an heir or heiress to Great Britain and Holland. If lord Dartmouth may be believed, Mary's father had been purposely deceived in both instances, to answer some political scheme of the prince of Orange. Mary was then too young and too fond of her father, to deceive him purposely; her heart indeed was not estranged from him and from her own family for the want of opportunity of affectionate intercourse. After her recovery from typhus or bilious fever, an intermittent hung long upon her, and her father, the duke of York, thought it best to send his wife, Mary Beatrice, with the princess Anne, to see her and to cheer her spirits. The visit of these princesses was thus announced to her husband by her father, who was about to accompany his brother Charles II. to the October Newmarket meeting:—

"James Duke of York, to William Prince of Orange.[1]

"London, Sept. 27, 1678.

"We[2] came hither on Wednesday last, and are preparing to go to Newmarket the beginning of next week, the parliament being prorogued till the 21st of next month. Whilst we shall be out of town, the duchess and my daughter Anne, intend to make your wife a visit very incognito, and have yet said nothing of it to any body here, but his majesty, whose leave they asked, and will not mention it till the post be gone. They carry little company with them, and sent this bearer, Robert White, before, to see to get a house for them as near your court as they can; they intend to stay only whilst we shall be at Newmarket.

"I was very glad to see, by the last letters, that my daughter continued so well, and hope now she will go out her full time. I have written to her to be very careful of herself, and that she would do well not to stand too long, for that is very ill for a young woman in her state.

"The incognito ladies intend to set out from hence, on Tuesday next, if the wind be fair; they have bid me tell you they desire to be very incognito, and they have lord Ossory for their governor (escort). I have not time to say more, but only to assure you, that I shall always be very kind to you.

Endorsed—"For my son, the prince of Orange."

Accordingly, the duchess of York, and the princess Anne, attended by the chivalric Ossory as their escort, set out from Whitehall on October $\frac{1}{11}$, 1678, to visit the princess of Orange at the Hague, where they arrived speedily and safely. The prince received them with the highest marks of distinction, and as for the excessive affection with which

[1] Dalrymple, vol. ii. p. 201. Found in King William's box, at Kensington.
[2] Himself and King Charles.

Mary met her step-mother and sister, all her contemporary biographers dwell on it as the principal incident of her life in Holland. The caresses she lavished on the lady Anne, amounted to transport, when she first saw her.[1] At that era of unbroken confidence and kindness, Mary and her step-mother were the best of friends; she was given a pet name in her own family, and the duchess addressed her by it; as the prince was "the Orange," Mary in contradistinction was "the Lemon;" and "my dear Lemon," was the term with which most of her step-mother's letters began, until the revolution.[2]

The lady Anne and the duchess stayed but a few days with the princess, as the duke of York announces their safe return, October 18th, in his letter of thanks to "his son the prince of Orange," for his hospitality.[3] The princess of Orange saw much of her father and family in the succeeding year, which was the time of his banishment on account of his religion. When he came to the Hague in March, 1679, he met with a most affectionate welcome from his daughter, and with great hospitality from his nephew, her husband. The princess melted into tears when she saw her father, and was full of the tenderest condolences on the mournful occasion of his visit. She was still suffering from the intermittent fever, which hung on her the whole of that year.

Her father, the duke of York, wrote thus to her uncle, Lawrence Hyde, from the Hague, in the April of the same year; in the midst of his anxiety regarding the proceedings in England, he made the ill-health of his daughter Mary the subject of several letters:—

"My daughter's ague-fit continues still; her eleventh fit is now upon her, but, as the cold fit is not so long as usual, I have hopes it is *a-going* off. I am called away to supper, so that I can say no more but that you shall always find me as much your friend as ever."

In a letter to the prince of Orange, he says,—

"I am exceedingly glad that my daughter has missed her ague; I hope she will have no more now the warm weather has come." In another, "he rejoices that her journey to Dieren has cured her."

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[1] Life of Mary II., 1695.

[2] Birch MS., and Sir Henry Ellis's Historical Letters, 1st Series, vol. iii.

[3] All other particulars of this visit have been detailed in the preceding volume, p. 81-82. Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

In June, her father again laments the continuance of her ague. Dieren was a hunting palace belonging to the prince of Orange, where Henry Sidney, soon after, found the princess, the prince, and their court. He was sent envoy from Charles II. to William, "whom," he says, "I found at Dieren, in an ill house, but a fine country. The prince took me up to his bedchamber, where he asked me questions, and I informed him of everything, much to his satisfaction."[1] The news that gave so much satisfaction, was the agitation in England respecting the popish plot conducted by Titus Oates. Sidney dined at Dieren with the princess, and found at her table lady Inchiquin, who was first lady of the bed-chamber; she was one of the Villiers sisterhood, under whose noxious influence at her own court the peace of the English princess was withering.

The prince of Orange was one day discussing the Popish Plot, and observing that Dr. Hooper was by no means of his mind, for that divine did not conceal his contempt for the whole machination, the prince subjoined, "Well, Dr. Hooper, you will never be a bishop!" Every day widened the differences between Dr. Hooper and the prince of Orange, who was ever inimical to the church of England service; and this Dr. Hooper would never compromise by any undue compliance. The prince of Orange, in consequence, was heard to say, "that if ever he had anything to do with England, Dr. Hooper should remain Dr. Hooper still." When Dr. Hooper wished to return to England, to fulfil his marriage-engagement with Mr. Guildford's daughter, (a lady of an old cavalier family resident at Lambeth, greatly esteemed by archbishop Sheldon,) the princess was alarmed, fearing he would leave her, and never return to Holland. Her royal highness told him, "that he must prevail with his lady to come to Holland." He promised that he would do his best to induce her to come. The princess was obeyed; but she was not able to procure for Mrs. Hooper the most hospitable entertainment in the world. Dr. Hooper had always taken his meals with the ladies of the bed-chamber and the maids of honour of the princess, and his wife was invited by her royal highness to do the same. But well knowing the *great*

[1] Diary and correspondence of Henry Sidney, edited by R. W. Blencowe, Esq.

economy of the prince, and his general dislike to the English, Dr. Hooper never once suffered his wife to eat at his expense, and he himself left off dining at the prince's table, always taking his meals with his wife at their own lodging, which was very near the court. This conduct of Dr. Hooper resulted wholly from his sense of the griping meanness of William. The prince, nevertheless, had been heard to say, "that as he had been told that Mrs. Hooper was a very fine woman, he should like to salute her, and welcome her to Holland." It was a great jest among the women of the princess, to hear the prince often speak of a person in the service of their mistress, and yet months passed away without his speaking to her, or knowing who she was. Dr. Hooper must have been a man of fortune, since he spent upwards of 2000*l.*, when in the service of the princess, in books and linen. The Dutch, who keep their clergy very poor, were amazed, and called him the "rich *papa*."[1] The other chaplain was a worthy man, but unprovided with independent subsistence in England, and not doubting that he should have a handsome stipend paid him, though the prince mentioned no particulars. He was never paid a farthing; and having run in debt, he died of a broken heart in prison. Dr. Hooper only received a few pounds for nearly two years' attendance—'a specimen of Dutch generosity,' observes his relative, 'of which more instances will be given.' The princess had 4000*l.* per annum for her expenses, a very different revenue from the noble one we shall see allowed to her youngest sister by her uncle and father. Part of this sum was lost to her by the difference of exchange, about 200*l.* per annum.

The lady Anne accompanied her father in his next visit to the Hague. During his exile in Brussels, he had demanded of his brother Charles II., that his children should be sent to him; after some demur, the lady Anne and her half-sister, the little lady Isabella, were permitted to embark on board the Greenwich frigate, in the summer of 1679, when she spent some time with her sister at the Hague.

[1] Trevor's Life of William III. Hooper's MS., vol. ii. p. 470. Dr. Hooper's daughter notes that at this time the princess Anne came to the Hague ill of the ague. It was an awkward place to cure an ague; and we think she must mean that the princess of Orange had the ague, which we see by the letters of her father above was actually the case.

The greatest affection seemed to prevail among the family of the duke of York, when he again visited the princess of Orange, in September, 1679, accompanied by his wife, her mother, the duchess of Modena, and the lady Anne.[1] Colonel and Mrs. Churchill were both in attendance on their exiled master and mistress in the Low Countries; and it must have been on these series of visits, that the princess of Orange[2] and Mrs. Churchill, took their well known antipathy to each other; for neither the princess nor the lady had had any previous opportunities for hatred, at least, as adults.

When her father and his family departed, the princess of Orange, with her husband, bore them company as far as the Maesland sluice. She parted with her father in an agony of tears, and took tender and oft-repeated farewells of him, his consort, and her sister. Her father she never again beheld. At that period of her life, Mary did not know, and probably would have heard with horror of all the intrigues her husband was concocting with the Sidneys, Sunderlands, Russells, Oates, and Bedloes, for hurling her father from his place in the succession, and convulsing her native country with the agonies of civil war by the means of the profligate Monmouth. Documentary evidence, whatever general history may assert to the contrary, proves that this conduct of her husband was ungrateful; because he had received vital support from his relatives in England at a time when he must have been for ever crushed beneath the united force of the party in Holland adverse to his re-establishment as stadtholder, and the whole might of France. Long before the marriage of William of Orange with the heiress of Great Britain, the ambition of his party of Dutchmen had anticipated for him the throne of Charles II.: to this result they considered that a prophecy of Nostradamus tended. In order that the English might consider William in that light, an anonymous letter was sent to sir William Temple at Nimeguen, where he was staying, in 1679, negotiating the peace which was concluded between Holland and France, or rather Spain and France. It would have been difficult

[1] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 119.

[2] Letter of the princess Anne, in 1687, commencing with her regrets for the bad opinion that her sister had of "lady Churchill."

for any one but a partisan to discover a prophecy in this quatrain, at least beyond the first line:[1]

"Né sous les ombres journée nocturne,
Sera en gloire et souverain bonté,
Fera renaistre le sang de l' antique urne,
Et changera en or le siécle d' airain."

Born under the shade of a nocturnal day, he will be glorious and supremely good; in him will be renewed the ancient blood, and he will change an age of brass into one of gold.

The Dutch partisan who sent this prophecy for the edification of the English ambassador, likewise favoured him with expounding the same. The explanation was, "That the prince of Orange being 'born under the shades of a nocturnal day,' was verified by the time of his birth, a few days after the untimely death of his father; his mother being plunged in the deepest grief of mourning, and the light of a November day excluded from her apartments, which were hung with black, and only illumined by melancholy lamps. 'Renewing the ancient urn of blood' was by the descent of the prince from Charlemagne, through the house of Louvain." The rest of the spell alluded to the personal virtues of the prince of Orange, and the wonderful happiness Great Britain would enjoy in possessing him. The gold and the brass were perhaps verified by his contriving dexterously, by means of the Dutch system of finance, to obtain possession by anticipation of all the gold of succeeding generations to enrich his age of brass.

The princess of Orange seemed much recovered at Dieren. Sidney wrote to her father, that he could scarcely believe she wanted any remedies; nevertheless, it was her intention to visit the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle.[2] A day was appointed for her journey. Her husband placed her under the care of his favourite physician, Dr. Drelincourt of Leyden, (son to the well-known Calvinist author on "Death.") This physician travelled with the princess to Aix, and returned with her.[3] He was the Leyden professor of medicine, and at the head of the medical establishment of the court till 1688.

Meantime, the conduct of the princess of Orange's maids

[1] Sir W. Temple's Works, vol. ii. pp. 472-3.
[2] Sidney Diary, vol. i. p. 45.
[3] Biographia Britannica.

of honour at the Hague caused no little surprise, in whatsoever court of Europe their proceedings were reported; they certainly took extraordinary liberties, if the description of their friend, Mr. Sidney, may be trusted. "The princess's maids are a great comfort to me," wrote Sidney to Hyde; "on Sunday they invited me to dinner. Pray let Mrs. Frazer know that the maids of the princess of Orange entertain foreign ministers, which is more, I think, than any of the queen's do."[1] It was to the conduct of these very hospitable damsels that the fluctuating health and early troubles of the princess of Orange may be attributed. The preference which the prince of Orange manifested for Elizabeth Villiers was the canker of the princess's peace, from her marriage to the grave. This connexion, however scandalous it may be, is not matter of slander, but of documentary history.[2] Scandal likewise involved his name very shamefully with that of her sister, Anne Villiers, after she was madame Bentinck. Altogether, it may be judged how strong were the meshes woven round the poor princess by this family clique. These companions of the princess's youth naturally possessed in themselves the species of authoritative influence over her mind, which they derived from being the daughters of her governess, all somewhat older than herself. When it is remembered that the head of the clique was the mistress of her husband, and that the next in age and influence became the wife of his favourite minister of state, the case of Mary of England seems sufficiently pitiable; when she married William of Orange, her age was not sixteen years; he was twenty-seven, and her bold rival was nineteen or twenty, or perhaps older. A dread of insult soon produced in the mind of the princess that close reserve and retreat within herself, which, even after her spirit was utterly broken, often perplexed her astute husband, at a time when their views and feelings regarding the deposition of her father were unanimous.

A diplomatist became resident at the Hague after the peace with France of 1678, whose despatches to his own court contain some intelligence concerning the domestic life led by the princess of Orange and her husband. This

[1] Sidney Diary, vol. i. pp. 55, 62. The queen is Catherine of Braganza.
[2] Shrewsbury Correspondence, edited by archdeacon Coxe.

person was the marquis d'Avaux, ambassador from Louis XIV.—not exactly to the prince of Orange, but to the states of Holland. The oddest stories are afloat relative to this official and the princess of Orange. One written by Sidney to sir Leoline Jenkins is as follows: "All the discourse we have here, December 3rd, 1680, is of what happened *a-Wednesday* night at court. The French ambassador had, in the morning, sent word to monsieur Odyke (one of the officials in the household of the princess) that he intended waiting on the princess that evening. He (Odyke) forgot to give notice of it; so that the princess sat down, as she uses to do, about eight o'clock, to play at *la basset.*"

This was a game at cards, played with a bank, in vogue through all the courts of Europe. Vast sums were lost and won at basset; and royal personages sat down to play at it with as rigorous forms of etiquette as if it had been a solemn duty.[1] "A quarter of an hour after the princess had commenced her game, the French ambassador came in. She rose, and asked him if he would play. He made no answer, and she sat down again; when the ambassador, looking about, saw a chair with arms in the corner, which he drew for himself and sat down. After he had sat a little while, he rose and went to the table to play. The prince of Orange came in, and did also seat him to play."

Rational people will suppose, so far, that there was no great harm done on either side. According to strict etiquette, as the announcement had been sent of the visit of the ambassador, d'Avaux, the basset tables should not have been set till his arrival; and it would be supposed that a five minutes' lounge in an arm-chair, opportunely discovered in a corner, was no very outrageous atonement for the neglected dignity of the representative of Louis XIV.; but, alas, arm-chairs in those days were moveables of consequence, portentous of war or peace. "Next day," Sidney added, "the French ambassador told his friends confidentially that his behaviour was not to be wondered at, for he had positive orders from his master, Louis XIV., that whensoever the princess sat in a great arm-chair, *he* should do so too; and

[1] Basset succeeded primero, the game of queen Elizabeth, and prevailed through the reign of queen Anne, though somewhat rivalled by ombre and quadrille.

that if there was but one in the room, *he should endeavour to take it from the princess, and sit in it himself!*"[1]

This climax of the letter is, we verily believe, a romaunt of Henry Sidney's own compounding, for the purpose of mystifying the credulity of that most harmless man, sir Leoline Jenkins, hoping that he would go gossiping with this important nothing to the duke of York, who would forthwith vindicate his daughter, by resenting an offence never dreamed of by that politest of mortals, Louis XIV. Thus a small matter of mischief might be fomented between the courts of England and France, for the benefit of that of Orange. Louis XIV., it is well known, considered that homage was due to the fair sex, even in the lowest degree; for if he met his own housemaids in his palace, he never passed them without touching his hat. Was it credible that *he* could direct his ambassador, the representative of his own polite person, to take away an arm-chair, by fraud or force, from a princess, and sit in it himself in her presence? And Mary was not only a princess, but a young and pretty woman, and cousin, withal, (but one degree removed,) to his own sacred self! Sir Leoline Jenkins might believe the report, but probability rejects it.

If sir Leoline Jenkins had been ambassador to the court of Holland in an age less diabolical, his veneration and honest loyalty would not have impaired his character for sagacity. He had risen from the lowly estate of a charity boy, by his learning and integrity, to a high situation in the ecclesiastical courts; he belonged to the reformed catholic church of England, and had old-fashioned ideas of devoting to the poor proportionate sums in good works, according to his prosperity. Moreover, he kept himself from presumptuous sins, by hanging on high in his stately mansion, in daily sight of himself and his guests, the veritable leathern garments in which he had trudged from Wales to London, a poor, wayfaring orphan, with two groats in his pockets.[2] On the warm affections of a person so primitive, the prince of Orange and his tool, Sidney, played most shamefully in their letters. The phlegmatic prince grew warm and enthusiastic in his filial expressions towards the duke of York,

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 141-142.
[2] Aubrey.

when writing to the old man. "I am obliged to you," wrote William[1] to sir Leoline, "for continuing to inform me of what passes in England; but I am grieved to learn with what animosity they proceed against the duke of York. God bless him, and grant that the king and his parliament may agree!" How could the old servant of the English royal family believe that the dissensions in England, and the animosity so tenderly lamented, were at the same time fostered by the writer of this filial effusion, which looks especially ugly and deceitful, surrounded as it is by documents proving that the prince of Orange should either have left off his intrigues against his uncle and father-in-law, or have been less fervent in his benedictions. But these benedictions were to deceive the old loyalist into believing that, when he wrote intelligence to the prince, he was writing to his master's friend and affectionate son.

The extraordinary conduct of the maids of honour of the princess of Orange has been previously shown; they gave parties of pleasure to the ministers of sovereigns resident at the Hague, at which, the political intriguante, Elizabeth Villiers, reaped harvests of intelligence for the use of her employer, the prince of Orange, to whom these ambassadors were *not* sent, but to the States of Holland; these damsels, therefore, were spies, who reported to the prince what the ambassadors meant to transact with the States, and these services were considered valuable by a crooked politician. Anne Villiers' affairs prospered at these orgies, for she obtained the hand of the favourite minister of the prince of Orange, at some period between 1679 and 1685; but Mary Worth, the colleague of this sisterhood, was involved in grievous disgrace, which occasioned serious trouble to the princess. The reputation of this girl had been compromised by the attentions of count Zulestein, a near relative (by illegitimate descent) of the prince of Orange, and one of his favourites. Although Zulestein had given Mary Worth a solemn promise of marriage, he perfidiously refused to fulfil it, and was encouraged in his cruelty by the prince, his master. The princess was grieved for the sufferings of her wretched attendant, but she dared not inter-

[1] Letter of the prince of Orange to sir Leoline Jenkins. Sidney Diary, vol. ii., p. 126; likewise Dalrymple's Appendix.

fere farther than consulting her almoner, Dr. Kenn, on this exigence. And here it is necessary to interpolate, that a third change had taken place in the head of the church of England chapel at the Hague; the prince of Orange being exceedingly inimical to Dr. Hooper, he had resigned, and Dr. Kenn, in 1679, accepted this uneasy preferment out of early affection and personal regard for the princess, and in hopes of inducing her to adhere to the principles of the church of England,[1] without swerving to the practice of the Dutch dissenters, who exaggerated the fatalism of their founder, and repudiated all rites with rigour. The only creed to which the prince of Orange vouchsafed the least attention, was that of the Brownists, who united with their fatalist doctrines a certain degree of Socinianism. The princess of Orange, it has been shown, before the arrival of Dr. Hooper, had been induced to attend the worship of this sect,[2] to the great grief of the divines of the church of England. Dr. Kenn prevailed on the princess to remain steady to the faith in which she had been baptized; he was, in consequence, detested by the prince of Orange still more than his predecessor. The prince saw, withal, that he was the last person to gloss over his ill-treatment of his wife.

When the princess consulted Dr. Kenn, regarding the calamitous case of the frail Mary Worth, he immediately, without caring for the anticipated wrath of the prince of Orange, sought an interview with count Zulestein, and represented to him the turpitude and cruelty of his conduct to the unfortunate girl, in such moving terms, that Zulestein, who, though profligate, was not altogether reprobate, at the end of the exhortation, became penitent, and requested the apostolic man to marry him to Mary as soon as he pleased. A few days afterwards, the prince of Orange went on business to Amsterdam; the princess then called

[1] Bio. Brit., and Dr. Lake's MS. Diary, previously quoted in January 1678.

[2] Ibid., and Biography of Dr. Kenn. Bio. Brit. Dr. Kenn was the bosom friend of Hooper; by descent, Kenn was a gentleman of ancient Saxon lineage, born at Kenn-place, Somersetshire. He devoted himself with love to our reformed church. His sister married the illustrious haberdasher Isaac Walton, who alludes to her in his beautiful lines on Spring:—

"There see a blackbird tend its young,
There hear my Kenna sing a song."

all the parties concerned about her, and Kenn married the lovers, Zulestein and Mary Worth, in her chapel. The rage of the prince, on his return, when he found his favourite kinsman fast bound in marriage, without possibility of retracting, was excessive; he scolded and stormed at the princess, and railed violently at Dr. Kenn, who told him he was desirous of leaving his court and returning to England. The tears and entreaties of the princess, who begged Dr. Kenn not to desert her, gave a more serious turn to the affair than the prince liked, who, at last, alarmed at the effect the quarrel might have in England, joined with her in entreating Kenn to stay with her another year. Dr. Kenn reluctantly complied; he was thoroughly impatient of witnessing the ill-treatment he saw the princess suffer,[1] nor could he withhold remonstrance.

"Dr. Kenn was with me," wrote Sidney in his journal of March the 21st, 1680; "he is horribly unsatisfied with the prince of Orange; he thinks he is not kind to his wife, and he is determined to speak to him about it, even if he kicks him out of doors."[2] Again, about a month afterwards, the journal notes, "Sir Gabriel Sylvius and Dr. Kenn were both here, and both complain of the prince, especially of his usage of his wife; they think she is sensible of it, and that it doth greatly contribute to her illness; they are mightily for her going to England, but they think he will never consent."[3] Sidney being an agent and favourite of the prince of Orange, it is not probable that he exaggerated his ill-conduct. And as for sir Gabriel Sylvius, he was one of his own Dutchmen, who had married a young lady of the Howard family—a ward of Evelyn, at the time of the wedlock of the prince and princess of Orange.[4] Lady Anne Sylvius soon after followed the princess, to Holland, and became one of her principal ladies. King Charles II. gave lady Anne Sylvius the privilege and rank of an earl's daughter, as she was grand-daughter to the earl of Berkshire. She was extremely attached to the royal family of Great Britain, in which the good Dutchman, her elderly, but most loving spouse, participated; he seems to have been

[1] Sidney Papers and Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 19—26, and Memoir of Dr. Kenn, in Biographia Britannica.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. [4] Evelyn's Diary.

a primitive character of the class of sir Leoline Jenkins, his contemporary.[1]

In the paucity of events to vary the stagnation of existence, in which the young beautiful Mary of England was doomed to mope away the flower of her days in Holland, the circumstance of her laying the first stone of William's new brick palace at Loo afforded her some little opportunity of enacting her part in the drama of royalty, that part which nature had so eminently fitted her to perform with grace and majesty. The erection of this palace, the decorations, together with the laying out the extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, afforded Mary some amusement and occupation; and memories of her were long recalled by the names of things pertaining to her in this her husband's favourite abode. On the east side, were the apartments devoted to her use, since called "the queen's suite," although she never went to Holland after her accession to the British crowns. Under the windows of these was her garden, with a noble fountain in the centre, called "the queen's garden." This garden led into another, with a labyrinth, adorned with many statues. Behind the palace, she had her *voliere*, or poultry garden, from which it appears that she beguiled her dulness in Holland, by rearing various kinds of fowls, especially those of the aquatic species, for which the canals and tanks of Loo were so well fitted.

Beyond the park was the *viver*, a large quadrangular pond, which supplied all the fountains, jets, and cascades, that adorned the gardens. Near this was the garden of Fauns, with divers pleasant long green walks; and west of the *viver* was situated a fine grove for solitude, where Mary occasionally walked, since called in memory of her, "the queen's grove." William had also his wing of the palace opening into his private pleasaunce and his *voliere;* it was to render it more like this Dutch palace, that Hampton court, the royal abode of the Tudor and Stuart sovereigns, was disfigured and pulled to pieces to decorate Loo. William is accused of plundering Windsor of some of the pictures

[1] Sir Gabriel Sylvius had not the honour of participation in the bosom secrets of the prince of Orange, although ambassador to England. Sir William Temple quoted, one day, an opinion of sir Gabriel Sylvius. "God!" exclaimed the prince of Orange, "do you think I would let Sylvius know more of my mind than I could tell my coachman?"

with which the fine taste and munificence of his predecessors had adorned them, with the expectation that they would be regarded as heir-looms to the nation in perpetuity, records, that men of princely feeling had reigned over a civilized people.[1]

Mary's palace-seclusion at this period of her life, must have been matter of notoriety, since one of her contemporary biographers, whose labours (and very laborious they must have been) consist of mere panegyric without incident, thinks fit, thus cautiously, to apologize for it:—"Though the princess of Orange behaved with all possible condescension to the wives of the burgomasters, and the other ladies, yet she never forgot her own high birth, so far as to enter into familiarity with them, it being regarded by her as an inviolable point of etiquette, neither to make visits nor contract intimacies with any of them. The narrowness of the circle to which she was thus confined, rendered her recluse and solitary in her own court, and took from her a great part of the grandeur, state, and homage, to which she had been accustomed in her uncle's court."[2] How weary such a life must have been to a girl in her teens, accustomed to all the gaieties of the most fascinating court in Europe, and all the endearments of domestic ties, we may suppose, disappointed, as she was, in all her hopes of maternity, and neglected in her first bloom of beauty for one of her attendants, by her taciturn and unfaithful husband. No wonder that Mary's health gave way, and the journals, written by English residents at the Hague, prognosticated an early death for the royal flower, who had been reluctantly torn from the happy home of her youth, to be transplanted to an ungenial climate.

Years, in fact, elapsed before Mary of England's home affections and filial duties were sufficiently effaced to allow her to become an accomplice in the utter ruin of the father who tenderly loved her. From the year 1680 to 1684, the events of her life in Holland, together with life itself, stagnated as dismally as the contents of the canals around her;

[1] A description of William's palace, at Loo, was written, at Mary's desire, by his majesty's physician, Walter Harris, but it was not finished till after her death, when it was published in a pamphlet form, decorated with a view of this heavy and expensive building, and its formal gardens.

[2] The Life of our Late Gracious Queen Mary, published 1695.

all the evidence concerning her goes to prove that her seclusion was little better than the palace restraint which was called captivity in the days of her ancestresses, Eleanora of Aquitaine, and Isabella of Angoulême. While this mysterious retirement was endured by her in Holland, life was opening to her young sister Anne, and many important events had befallen her.

The lady Anne did not accompany her father the duke of York, and her stepmother Mary Beatrice in their first journey to Scotland; her establishment continued at St. James's or Richmond; she bore the duchess of York company on her land journey to the north as far as Hatfield, and then returned to her uncle's court.[1]

Whilst the bill for excluding her father from the succession was agitating the country and parliament, perhaps the first seeds of ambition were sown in the bosom of Anne, for she was generally spoken of and regarded as the ultimate heiress to the throne. Many intrigues regarding her marriage[2] occupied the plotting brain of her childless brother-in-law, William of Orange. The hereditary prince of Hanover, afterwards George I., paid first a long visit at the Hague at the close of the year 1680, and then appeared at the court of Charles II. as a suitor for the hand of the lady Anne of York. Although William affected the most confidential affection for this young prince, his very soul was racked with jealousy, lest he should prosper in his wooing; not jealousy of his sister-in-law, whom he abhorred, but he feared that the ambition of the hereditary prince of Hanover should be awakened by his proximity to the British throne, if he were brought still nearer, by wedlock, with the lady Anne. The case would then stand thus:— if George of Hanover married Anne, and the princess of Orange died first, without offspring (as she actually did), William of Orange would have had to give way before their prior claims on the succession, to prevent which he set at work a three-fold series of intrigues, in the household of his sister-in-law, at the court of Hanover, and at that of Zell.

The prince of Hanover arrived opposite to Greenwich

[1] R. Coke: For particulars of her abode in Scotland, see the previous volume, Life of Mary Beatrice, p. 94, 95.

[2] Sidney Diary, vol. ii.

palace Dec. 6, 1680, and sent his chamberlain, M. Beck, on shore to find his uncle, prince Rupert,[1] and to hire a house. Prince Rupert immediately informed Charles II. of the arrival of the prince of Hanover, and the king forbade the hiring of any house, but instantly appointed apartments at Whitehall for his German kinsman, and all his suite, sending off the master of the ceremonies, sir Charles Cottrel, with a royal barge, to bring his guest up the Thames to Whitehall. The duke of Hamilton came to call on the Hanoverian prince, when he had rested at Whitehall about two hours, and informed him that his uncle, prince Rupert, had already preceded him to the levée of king Charles, and was ready to meet him there. George of Hanover quickly made his appearance at the royal levée, and, when presented to the British monarch, he delivered a letter that his mother, the electress Sophia, had sent by him to her royal cousin-german. Charles II. received both the letter and his young kinsman with his usual frankness, spoke of his cousin Sophia, and said he well remembered her. When the king had chatted some time with his relative, he proposed to present him to the queen (Catharine of Braganza). Prince George followed Charles II. to the queen's side, or privy lodgings, at Whitehall, where his presentation to her majesty took place, with the same ceremonial as was used at the court of France before the revolution of 1790. The gentleman presented knelt, and, taking the robe of the queen, endeavoured to kiss the hem; the more courteous etiquette was, for a little graceful struggle to take place, when the queen took her robe from the person presented, who while she did so, kissed her hand.

It was not until the next day that prince George saw the princess on whose account he had undertaken this journey; Charles II. presented him to his niece Anne, "the princess of York," as prince George himself terms her. At his introduction, the king gave him leave to kiss her. It was, indeed, the privilege of the prince's near relationship, that he should salute her on the lips. Yet, the fact that George I. and Anne so greeted, seems inconsistent with the coldness and distance of their historical characters. All

[1] Prince Rupert, then living at the British court, it will be remembered, was brother to Sophia, mother to George I., and youngest daughter to the queen of Bohemia.

this intelligence was conveyed to the electress Sophia, in a letter written to her, on occasion of these introductions, by her son. It is as follows, from the original French, in which it is indited with as much sprightliness as if it had emanated from the literary court of Louis XIV. :—

"The Hereditary Prince George of Hanover,[1] to his Mother, the Electress Sophia.[2]

"London, Dec. 30, O.S., Jan. 10, N.S, 1680-1.

"After wishing your serene highness a very happy new year, I will not delay letting you know that I arrived here on the 6th of Dec., having remained one day at anchor at *Grunnevitsch* (Greenwich), till M. Beck went on shore to take a house for me. He did not fail to find out prince *Robert* (Rupert), to let him know of my arrival at *Grunnevetsch*, who did not delay telling king Charles II.: his majesty immediately appointed me apartments at *Weithal* (Whitehall). M. Beck requested prince *Robert*[3] to excuse me, but king Charles, when he spoke thus, insisted that it should absolutely be so, for he would treat me '*en cousin*,' and after that no more could be said. Therefore, M. Cotterel came on the morrow, to find me out (in the ship at Greenwich) with a *barque* of the king, and brought me therein to *Weithal* (Whitehall). I had not been there more than two hours, when *milor* Hamilton came to take me to the king, who received me most obligingly. Prince Robert (Rupert) had preceded me, and was at court when I saluted king Charles. In making my obeisance to the king, I did not omit to give him the letter of your serene highness, after which, he spoke of your highness, and said, 'that he remembered you very well.' When he had talked with me some time, he went to the queen (Catherine of Braganza), and as soon as I arrived he made me kiss the hem of her majesty's petticoat (*qui l'on me fit baiser la jupe a la reine*).

"The next day, I saw the princess of York, (the lady Anne) and I saluted her, by kissing her, with the consent of the king. The day after, I went to visit prince Robert (Rupert), who received me in bed, for he has a malady in his leg, which makes him very often keep his bed; it appears that it is so without any pretext, and that he has to take care of himself. He had not failed of coming to see me one day.

"All the milords came to see me *sans pretendre la main chez moi*[4] milord Greue (*perhaps Grey*) is one that came to me very often indeed.

"They cut off the head of lord Stafford yesterday, and made no more ado about it, than if they had chopped off the head of a pullet.

"I have no more to tell your serene highness, wherefore I conclude, and remain, your very humble son, and servant,

"George Louis."[5]

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[1] George I., King of Great Britain.

[2] It is a little doubtful whether the husband of this princess was at that time elector, but so his consort is entitled by the transcriber.

[3] The name of prince Rupert, although always Germanized to the English reader, is, in this letter by his German nephew, mentioned as Robert.

[4] This sentence is incomplete and broken in sense; perhaps the original was damaged. Does it mean that they came without venturing to shake hands with him?

[5] Endorsed—"Copied by George Augustus Gargan, librarian of the Archives, at Hanover, into a collection of MSS. in the King's Library, Brit. Museum, presented by George IV., called, Receuil des Pieces, p. 220.

There is reason to believe that the "milor Greue" who was assiduous in his attendance on the prince of Hanover, was lord Grey of Ford, one of the most violent agitators for the legal murder of the unoffending lord Stafford, whose death is mentioned with such *naïve* astonishment by the prince of Hanover. Various reasons are given for the failure of the marriage treaty between George I. and queen Anne. It is asserted, in every history, that William of Orange caused it to be whispered to the lady Anne that it was owing to the irrepressible disgust that the prince George felt at the sight of her, an obliging piece of information which could easily be conveyed to her by the agency of the Villiers sisters, in his wife's establishment in Holland, communicating the same to the other division of the sisterhood, who were domesticated in the palace of St. James. The mischief took effect, for Anne felt lifelong resentment for this supposed affront. Yet there is no expression of the kind in the letter quoted above, though written in a highly confidential strain to a mother; instead of which, he dwells with satisfaction on the permission given him to salute the young princess.

It is more likely that prince George of Hanover took the disgust at the proceedings of the leaders of the English public at that time, and was loth to involve himself with their infamous intrigues. For it is to the great honour of the princes of the house of Hanover, that their names are unsullied by any such evil deeds as those that disgrace William of Orange. It will be found, subsequently, that the mother of this prince testified sincere reluctance to accept a succession forced on her, and unsought by her or hers; and that her son never visited Great Britain again until he was sent for as king; in short, the conduct of the electress Sophia and of her descendants present the most honourable contrast to the proceedings of William, Mary, and Anne. During prince George of Hanover's visit in England, the prince of Orange had kindly bestirred himself to fix a matrimonial engagement for him in Germany. When the prince had remained a few weeks at the court of his kinsman, Charles II., he was summoned home by his father, Ernest Augustus, to receive the hand of his first cousin, Sophia Dorothea, heiress of the duchy of Zell. This marriage, contracted

against the wishes of both prince George and Sophia Dorothea, proved most miserable to both.

The duke of York was absent from England, keeping court at Holyrood, at the time of the visit of prince George of Hanover; he had no voice in the matter, either of acceptance or rejection. Although the affections of the lady Anne could not have been given to prince George, for his person was diminutive, and his manners without attraction, yet she felt the unaccountable retreat of her first wooer as a great mortification.

The little princess Isabella died the same spring, a child from whom her sister, the lady Anne, had never been separated; possibly she was afflicted at her loss. In the following summer, Charles II. permitted the lady Anne to visit her father in Scotland. She embarked on board one of the royal yachts, at Whitehall, July 13, and, after a prosperous voyage, landed at Leith, July 17, 1681. Her visit to Scotland has been mentioned in the preceding volume.[1] Here she met her favourite companion, Mrs. Churchill, who was then in Scotland, in attendance on the duchess of York.

When the revolutions of faction gave a temporary prosperity to her father, the lady Anne returned with him to St. James's palace, and again settled there, in the summer of 1682. In that year, or the succeeding one, she bestowed her first affections upon an accomplished nobleman of her uncle's court. There is little doubt but that her confidante, Sarah Churchill, was the depositary of all her hopes and fears relative to her passion for the elegant and handsome Sheffeld lord Mulgrave, which Sarah, according to her nature, took the first opportunity to circumvent and betray.

Few of those to whom the rotund form and high coloured complexion of queen Anne are familiar, can imagine her as a poet's love, and a poet, withal, so fastidious as the accomplished Sheffield. But the lady Anne of York, redolent with the Hebe bloom and smiles of seventeen, was different from the royal matron, who adorns so many corporation halls in provincial towns, and, it is possible, might be sincerely loved by the young chivalric earl of Mulgrave, who wrote poems to her praise, which were admired by the court.

[1] Vol. ix. p. 131. Life of Mary Beatrice.

Poetry is an allowable incense; but, after gaining the attention of the lady Anne in verse, the noble poet, Sheffield, proceeded to write *bona fide* love letters to her in good earnest prose, the object of which was marriage. Charles II. and the favoured confidante of the prince, Sarah Churchill, alone knew whether the lady Anne answered these epistles. Some say that Sarah stole a very tender billet, in the lady Anne's writing, addressed to Sheffield, earl of Mulgrave, and placed it in the hands of her royal uncle, Charles II.; others declare that the unlucky missive was a flaming love letter of the earl to the lady Anne. But whichever it were, the result was, that a husband was instantly sought for the enamoured princess, and her lover was forthwith banished from the English court.[1]

Charles II. rests under the imputation of sending the earl of Mulgrave on a command to Tangier in a leaky vessel, meaning to dispose of him and of his ambitious designs out of the way at the bottom of the ocean; but to say nothing of the oriental obedience of the crew of the vessel, it may be noted, that Charles could have found a less costly way of assassinating, if so inclined, than the loss of a ship, however leaky, with all her appointments, of rigging, provisions, ammunition, and five hundred men, withal, one of whom was his own child—for the earl of Plymouth was a favourite son of his—who sailed in the same ship with Mulgrave. The want of sea-worthiness of the ship was discovered on the voyage; and whenever the health of king Charles was proposed, lord Mulgrave used to say, "Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten ship."[2] From this speech, and from the previous courtship of the princess Anne, all the rest has been astutely invented.

The consequence of the courtship betwen the lady Anne and lord Mulgrave, was, that her uncle, king Charles, and his council, lost no time in finding her a suitable helpmate. The handsome king of Sweden, Charles XI. had proposed for the lady Anne some time after prince George of Hanover had withdrawn his pretensions. The beautiful and spirited equestrian portrait of the king of Sweden was sent to England, to find favour in the eyes of the lady Anne;

[1] Biographia Britannica. Scott's Life of Dryden, Horace Walpole, &c.
[2] Memoir of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, prefixed to his works, vol. i.

this portrait, drawn by no vulgar pencil, is at Hampton Court. At least, it was there four years since, shut up in the long room leading to the chapel; it deserves to be seen, for it presents the *beau ideal* of a martial monarch. Anne was not destined to be the mother of Charles XII.; her unloving brother-in-law, William opposed this union with all his power of intrigue; the only suitor on whom he was willing to bestow his fraternal benediction, was the elector-palatine, a mature widower, a mutual cousin of Anne and himself, being a descendant of the queen of Bohemia. The choice of Charles II., for his niece, fell on neither of these wooers, but on prince George, brother of Christiern V., king of Denmark.

The royal family of Denmark were nearly related to that of Great Britain; the grandmother of Charles II., Anne of Denmark, being aunt to the father of prince George (Frederic III.,) and a friendly intercourse had always been kept up, since her marriage with James I., between the royal families of Denmark and Great Britain. Christiern V., when crown prince, had visited England, at the restoration; this prince had taken away with him, as his page, George Churchill,[1] who was at that time but thirteen; it is possible that this trifling circumstance actually led to the marriage of prince George with the lady Anne of York. George of Denmark had visited England in 1670,[2] when the lady Anne was only five or six years old; for there was a difference of fourteen or fifteen years in their ages. At this visit, prince George had brought George Churchill with him to Whitehall, for prince Christiern had transferred him to his brother's service, as his guide and interpreter in England; from that time, George Churchill became as influential in the household of the second prince of Denmark as his brother, John Churchill, (afterwards duke of Marlborough,) was in that of the duke of York. The prince of Orange was staying at the court of his uncles, at Whitehall, when George of Denmark was on his first visit in England; what harm the Danish prince had ever done to his peevish little kinsman, was never ascertained; but, from that period, William cultivated a hatred against him, lasting as it was bitter.

[1] Coxe's Life of Marlborough.

[2] Evelyn's Diary.

It is possible, that, when Sarah Churchill traversed the love between the lady Anne and the earl of Mulgrave, she recommended George of Denmark to the attention of Charles II., for the husband of the princess; as the brother of Mrs. Churchill's husband was already the favourite of the Danish prince, the long-sighted intriguante might deem that such alliance would strengthen the puissance of her own family at court. Be this as it may, the marriage between the lady Anne and prince George of Denmark was formally proposed, on the part of the king of Denmark, in May, 1683. King Charles approved of it, but would not answer finally, until he had spoken to his brother, the duke of York, who, according to public report, replied, "'that he thought it very convenient and suitable,' and gave leave by M. Lente, the Danish envoy, that the prince George should make application to his daughter, the lady Anne."[1] In his journal, the duke of York regrets the match, observing, "that he had had little encouragement in the conduct of the prince of Orange, to marry another daughter in the same interest." William of Orange, however, did not identify his own interest with that of the Danish prince; for, directly he heard that he was like to become his brother-in-law, he sent Bentinck to England, to break the marriage, if possible. The Orange machinations proved useless, excepting that the marriage was rendered somewhat unpopular, by a report being raised, that prince George of Denmark was a suitor recommended by Louis XIV. Nevertheless, the protestantism of the Danish prince was free from reproach, and, therefore, there was no reason why he should find favour in the eyes of Louis.

The prince of Denmark had been distinguished by an act of generous valour, before he came to England; he was engaged in one of the tremendous battles between Sweden and Denmark, where his brother, king Christiern, commanded in person. The king, venturing too rashly, was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when prince George, rallying some cavalry, cut his way through a squadron of the Swedes, and rescued his royal brother.[2] The prince had no great appanage, only about five thousand crowns, from

[1] Letters of Philip, second earl of Chesterfield, p. 244.
[2] Atlas Geographicus.

some barren islands; but it was considered desirable that he should remain at the court of England, without taking his wife to Denmark.

Prince George arrived in London, on the $\frac{29}{19}$th of July, 1683; that day, he dined publicly at Whitehall, with the royal family, and was seen by a great crowd of people—among others, by Evelyn, who has left the following description of him:—"I again saw the prince George, on the 25th of July; he has the Danish countenance, blonde—of few words, spake French but ill, seemed somewhat heavy, but is reported to be valiant."

"I am told from Whitehall," says another contemporary, "that prince George of Denmark is a person of a very good mien, and had dined with the king, queen, and duke of York, who gave the prince the upper hand."[1] This was in public, in the same manner as the court of France dined at Versailles and the Tuilleries, where the people were admitted to see the royal family. The court will soon return to Windsor, where the marriage between the prince and lady Anne will be arranged and completed.[2] His presents, which are very noble, are presented to her, and their households will be settled after the manner of those of the duke of York and the duchess, but not so numerous. A chapter will be held at Windsor, for choosing prince George into the most noble order of the Garter; but the prince hath desired it may be deferred till he hath written to the king of Denmark, for his leave to forbear wearing the order of the elephant, for it would not be seemly to wear that and the order of the garter at the same time." It is scarcely needful to observe, that the "leave" was granted by the king of Denmark, who considered the request only reasonable.

The marriage of the princess Anne took place at St. James's chapel, on St. Anne's day, July 28th, O.S., 1683, at 10 o'clock at night. Her uncle, Charles II., gave her away; queen Catherine, the duchess of York, and the duke of York, were present.[3] Unlike the private marriage

[1] Memoirs by Sir Richard Bulstrode, envoy at the courts of Brussels and Spain, p. 349.

[2] This was a mistake, the marriage was celebrated in the palace of the duke of York, at St. James's.

[3] Echard, vol. iii. p. 696.

of the weeping princess Mary, which took place in her own bed-chamber, the bridal of Anne of York and George of Denmark was a bright nocturnal festivity, brilliant with light and joyous company. Most of the nobility then in London, were present. The people took their part in the fête; they kindled their bonfires at every door; and, in return, wine-conduits, shows, and diversions were provided for them, and the bells of each church in London rang all night.

The marriage was commemorated by a courtly pretender to literature, Charles Montague, subsequently earl of Halifax, who perpetrated an ode in the truest style of fustian, from which the only passages that bear any personal reference to the bride and bridegroom are here presented to the reader:—

"What means this royal beauteous pair,
This troop of youths and virgins heavenly fair?
That does at once astonish and delight,
Great Charles and his illustrious brother here.
No bold assassinate need fear;
Here is no harmful weapon found,
Nothing but Cupid's darts, and beauty here can wound.
* * * * * *
"See, see! how decently the bashful bride
Does bear her conquests, with how little pride
She views that prince, the captive of her charms,
Who made the North with fear to quake,
And did that powerful empire shake;
Before whose arms, when great Gustavus led,
The frighted Roman eagles fled."

The succeeding morning of the nuptials, the princess sat in state, with her bridegroom, to receive the congratulations of the courts of foreign ambassadors, the lord mayor and aldermen, and various public companies.

Many politicians of the day rejoiced much that the princess Anne was safely married to prince George, because the death of Marie-Therese, the queen of France, left Louis XIV. a widower only two days after these nuptials, and it was supposed that the duke of York would have made great efforts to marry his daughter to that sovereign.[1]

King Charles settled on his niece, by act of parliament, £20,000 per annum, and from his own purse purchased

[1] MS. of Anstis, Garter king-at-arms.

and presented to her for a residence, that adjunct to the palace of Whitehall, which was called the Cockpit,[1] (formerly its theatre.) This place was built by Henry VIII., for the savage sport which its name denotes. It had long been disused for that purpose, but had been adapted as a place of dramatic representation until the rebellion. It had been granted by royal favour, on lease, to lord Danby, of whom it was now purchased. The Cockpit appears to have been situated between the present Horse-Guards and Downing-street, and it certainly escaped the great fire which destroyed the palace of Whitehall, being on the other side of the way. The entry was from St. James's park, which divided it from St. James's palace; and as that was the town residence of the duke of York, the vicinity to the dwelling of his beloved child was very convenient.

When the establishment of the princess Anne of Denmark was appointed by her royal uncle, Sarah Churchill, secretly mistrusting the durability of the fortunes of her early benefactress, the duchess of York, expressed an ardent wish to become one of the ladies of the princess Anne, who requested her father's permission to that effect. The duke of York immediately consented, and the circumstance was announced by the princess in the following billet:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO MRS. CHURCHILL.[2]

"The duke of York came in just as you were gone, and made no difficulties, but has promised me that I shall have you, which I assure you is a great joy to me. I should say a great deal for your kindness *in offering it*, but I am not good at compliments. I will only say, that I do take it *extreme* kindly, and shall be ready at any time to do you all the service that is in my power."

Long years afterwards, Anne's favourite asserted, that she only accepted this situation in compliance with the solicitations of her royal mistress. With what degree of truth, the above letter shows. In the same account of "her conduct," Mrs. Churchill (then the mighty duchess of Marlborough) describes the qualities she possessed, which in-

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 32. Malone has, with antiquarian care, traced the transitions of the Cockpit; there was likewise, according to his text, a theatre so called in Drury-lane.

[2] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i., p. 21. The editor of the Clarendon Letters observes, on the abuse of lady Clarendon, that it was impossible for the favourite of Anne to have comprehended the virtues of a mind like lady Clarendon's.

duced the violent affection long testified for her by the princess. The first was the great charm of her frankness, which disdained all flattery; next was the extreme hatred and horror that both she and the princess felt for lady Clarendon, because that lady "looked like a mad woman, and talked liked a scholar."[1] This object of their mutual dislike was wife to the uncle of the princess, Henry earl of Clarendon; she had been governess to the princess before her marriage with prince George of Denmark, and was at present her first lady. The style in which Flora lady Clarendon wrote was, as may be seen in the Clarendon Letters, superior to that of any man of her day. Her letters are specimens of elegant simplicity; therefore, the charge of scholarship was probably true. As to Mrs. Churchill's influence over the princess, she evidently pursued a system, which may be often seen practised in the world by dependents and inferiors. She was excessively blunt and bold to every one but the princess, who, of course, felt that deference from a person rude and violent to every other human creature, is a double-distilled compliment. This complaisance of the favourite only lasted while the lady Anne was under the protection of her uncle and father: we shall see it degenerate by degrees into insulting tyranny.

In the romance of her friendship, the princess Anne renounced her high rank in her epistolary correspondence with her friend. "One day she proposed to me," says Sarah Churchill, "that whenever I should be absent from her, we might, in our letters, write ourselves by feigned names, such as would import nothing of distinction of rank between us. Morley and Freeman were the names she hit on, and she left me to choose by which of them I would be called. *My* frank, open temper[2] naturally led me to pitch upon Freeman, and so the princess took the other." These names were extended to the spouses of the ladies, and Mr. Morley and Mr. Freeman were adopted by prince George of Denmark and colonel Churchill. Other nick-names were given to the father and family of the princess; and this plan was not only used for the convenience of the note-cor-

[1] Conduct of the duchess of Marlborough, p. 10.

[2] However virtuously the duchess of Marlborough abstained from praising others, no one can deny that her praises of herself are fluent and cordial in the extreme.

respondence, which perpetually passed between the friends, but it subsequently masked the series of dark political intrigues, guided by Sarah Churchill, in the revolution. The following note was written a little before this system of equality was adopted, while it was yet in cogitation in the mind of Anne, who was then absent from her favourite at the palace of Winchester, where she was resting after she had accompanied her father, the duke of York, in his yacht, to review the fleet at Portsmouth:—

THE PRINCESS ANNE TO LADY CHURCHILL.[1]

"Winchester, Sept. 20, 1684.

"I writ to you last Wednesday from on board the yacht, and left my letter on Thursday morning at Portsmouth, to go by the post, to be as good as my word in writing to my dear lady Churchill by the first opportunity. I was in so great haste when I writ, that I fear what I said was nonsense, but I hope you will have so much kindness for me as to forgive it.

"If you will not let me have the satisfaction of hearing from you again before I see you, let me beg of you not to call me your highness at every word, but to be as free with me as one friend ought to be with another. And you can never give me any greater proof of your friendship, than in telling me your mind freely in all things, which I do beg you to do; and if ever it were in my power to serve you, nobody would be more ready than myself.

"I am all impatience for Wednesday, till when, farewell."

While the princess of Denmark was enjoying every distinction and luxury in England, her sister Mary led no such pleasant life at the Hague, where she either was condemned to utter solitude, or passed her time surrounded by invidious spies and insolent rivals. After the death of the noble Ossory, and the departure of her early friend, Dr. Kenn, she had no one near her who dared protect her. Some resistance she must have made to the utter subserviency into which she subsequently fell, or there would have been no need of the personal restraint imposed on her from the years 1682 and 1684, when her mode of life was described in the despatches of the French ambassador, d'Avaux, to his own court:—"Until now, the existence of the princess of Orange has been regulated thus: From the time she rose in the morning, till eight in the evening, she never left her chamber, except in summer, when she was permitted to walk about once in seven or eight days. No

[1] Coxe's Marlborough, vol. i. p. 21. Charles II. had, by the request of his brother, created Churchill, lord Churchill, of Aymouth, in Scotland, Nov. 19, 1683.

one had liberty to enter her room, not even her lady of honour, nor her maids of honour, of which she has but four; but she has a troop of Dutch *filles de chambre*, of whom a detachment every day mount guard on her, and have orders never to leave her."[1]

In this irksome restraint, which, after allowing the utmost for the exaggeration of the inimical French ambassador, it is impossible to refrain from calling imprisonment, the unfortunate princess of Orange had time sufficient to finish her education. She passed her time in reading or embroidering, and was even occupied with the pencil, for it is certain she continued to take lessons of her dwarf drawing-master, Gibson, who had followed her to Holland for that purpose. He probably held a situation in her household, as the tiny manikin was used to court-service, having been page of the backstairs to her grandfather, Charles I.[2] It may be thought that a princess who was a practical adept with the pencil, would have proved, subsequently, a great patron of pictorial art, as queen of Great Britain and Ireland. Such hopes were not fulfilled.

The persons in whose society Mary of England chiefly delighted were, her best-beloved friend and early playfellow, Miss, or (according to the phraseology of that day), mistress Anne Trelawney, then her favourite maid of honour, and her good nurse, Mrs. Langford, whose husband, a clergyman of the church of England, was devotedly attached to her, being one of her chaplains. All were detested by the prince of Orange, but no brutal affronts, no savage rudeness, could make these friends of infancy offer to retire from the service of his princess, when Dr. Kenn did, who, at last, finding he could do no good at the court of the Hague, retired to England, where he was raised to the important see of Bath and Wells. Dr. Kenn was succeeded, as almoner to the princess of Orange, by a very quaint and queer clergyman of the old world cavalier fashion, called Dr. Covell.

It was not very probable that the restless ambition of the prince of Orange would permit his wedded partner to remain at the Palace of the Wood, or at Dieren, surrounded by her loyalist chaplains, nurses, and dwarf pages, of the

[1] Ambassades D'Avaux, vol. iv. p. 217. Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.
[2] Granger's Biography, vol. iv. p. 119.

court of Charles I., cherishing in her mind thoughts of the lofty and ideal past, of the poets, cavaliers, and artists of the old magnificent court of Whitehall. No; Mary's claims were too near the throne of Great Britain to permit him thus to spare her as an auxiliary. After he had grieved her by neglect, humbled her by the preference he showed for her women, and condemned her to solitude, for which she had little preference, his next step was to persecute her for all her family attachments, and insult her for her filial tenderness to her father. He assailed her affection for him by inducing her to believe him guilty of crimes which only the most daring political slanderers laid to his charge. Above all, William made a crime of the reverence his princess bore to her grandfather, Charles I., for whom he seems to have cultivated an implacable hatred, although in the same degree of relationship to himself as to Mary. The proceedings of the prince of Orange, in breaking down his wife's spirit, according to the above system, were thus minutely detailed to her kinsman, Louis XIV., by his ambassador to the states, d'Avaux:—

"They have printed an insolent book against the duke of York in Holland, whom they accuse of cutting the throat of the earl of Essex. The English envoy, Chudleigh, remonstrated, but it had no other effect than exciting Jurieu to present this book, publicly, to the prince of Orange, as his own work; but the worst of all was, that, after this outrage on her father, the princess of Orange was forced, by her husband, to go to hear Jurieu preach a political sermon. Chudleigh, the English envoy, remonstrated so earnestly on the calumnies of Jurieu, and the conduct of the prince, that he was no longer invited to the Hague. A few days afterwards, the princess was sitting in her solitary chamber, on the anniversary of the death of her grandfather, Charles I. She had assumed a habit of deep mourning, and meant to devote the whole of the day to fasting and prayer, as was her family custom when domesticated with her father and mother. Her meals were always lonely, and on this anniversary she supposed that she might fast without interruption. The prince of Orange came unexpectedly into her apartment, and looking at her mourning habit, scornfully bade her, in an imperious tone, 'Go change it for the gayest dress she had!' The princess was obliged to obey. He then told her, he meant she should dine in

public." Now, it is not very easy to make a woman dine when she resolves to fast. "The princess," pursues d'Avaux, "saw all the dishes of a state dinner successively presented to her, but dismissed them, one after the other, and ate nothing. In the evening, the prince of Orange commanded her to accompany him to the comedy, where he had not been for several months, and which he had ordered on purpose; at this new outrage to her feelings, the princess burst into tears, and in vain entreated him to spare her, and excuse her compliance."[1]

This was the final struggle; from the 30th of January, 1684-5, there is no instance to be found of Mary's repugnance to any outrage effected by her husband against her family. The change, for some mysterious reason, was occasioned by the domestication of her cousin Monmouth at her court. The contest of parties in England had ended in the restoration of her father, the duke of York, to his natural place in the succession, and Monmouth took his turn of banishment in Holland and Brussels. It was part of the policy of the prince of Orange, to receive this rival aspirant for the crown of Great Britain, with extraordinary affection, insomuch that he permitted the princess the most unheard of indulgences to welcome him. "The prince of Orange," says d'Avaux, "was heretofore the most jealous of men; scarcely would he permit the princess to speak to a man or even to a woman; now he presses the duke of Monmouth to come after dinner to her apartments to teach her country-dances. Likewise, the prince of Orange charged her by the complaisance she owed to him to accompany the duke of Monmouth in skating parties, this great frost. A woman in common life would make herself a ridiculous sight if she did as the princess of Orange does, who is learning to glide on the ice with her petticoats trussed up to her knees, skates buckled on her shoes, and sliding absurdly enough first on one foot and then on the other."[2]

The duchess of Orleans scruples not to accuse Mary of coquetry with the duke of Monmouth; the strange scenes described by d'Avaux, were doubtless the foundation of her opinion; but what is still stranger, the literary duchess con-

[1] D'Avaux, vol. iv. p. 262. Bibliothêque du Roi.
[2] D'Avaux, vol. iv. pp. 240, 241.

siders that Mary gave some reason for scandal with d'Avaux himself. William discovered, it seems, that an interview had taken place between his princess and this ambassador, at the home of one of her Dutch maids of honour, mademoiselle Trudaine; this lady was instantly driven from her service by the prince, with the utmost disgrace. William's jealousy was probably a political one, and he dreaded lest some communication prejudicial to his views might take place between Mary and her father, through the medium of the French ambassador. D'Avaux himself does not mention the interview in his letters, nor show any symptom of vanity regarding the princess; neither does he mention the redoubtable adventure of the arm-chair, before detailed.

The resentment of the envoy Chudleigh, was not to be kept within bounds at the proceedings relative to Monmouth, and above all, at the public patronage offered by the prince of Orange, both to the libeller Jurieu, and to his libel, on the father of the princess; and when he found that the princess went constantly to hear the *sermons* of this calumniator of her parent, the English envoy remonstrated with warmth sufficient for the prince of Orange to insist on his recal, in which request he obliged his princess to join. The motive, however, that the prince and princess gave for this requisition, was not the real one, but a slight affront on their dignity, such as hereditary sovereigns have often borne without even a frown.

It was the carnival; the snow at the Hague was hard and deep; all the Dutch world were sleighing in fanciful sledges, and masked in various characters. Among others, the princess of Orange being lately taken into the favour of her lord and master, he drove her on the snow in a sleigh; both were masked. The Orange sleigh met that of the envoy Chudleigh, who refused to break the road, and the princely sledge had to give way before the equipage of the proud Englishman.[1] The prince and princess both wrote complaints of Chudleigh's disrespect, and petitioned that he might be recalled. Chudleigh wrote likewise, giving his own version of the real cause of the offence, and of the inimical proceedings of the Dutch court against

[1] D'Avaux's Ambassades. Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris; likewise Dartmouth's notes to Burnet.

all who were devoted to the British sovereign. As for his alleged crime, he made very light of it, saying, "that as the prince and princess were masked, which implied a wish to appear unknown, the ill-breeding and impertinence would have been in any way to have testified acquaintance with them; that, in fact, he knew them not, and that he was on the proper side of the road; if the circumstance had happened to his own right royal master and mistress, he should have done the same, but they knew too well the customs of their rank to have taken offence; as for recal, he joined in the request, for he could not stay at the Hague to see and hear what he saw and heard daily." The result was, that Chudleigh returned to England, and Bevil Skelton was sent as envoy; unfortunately, he gave still less satisfaction to the Orange party.

"The prince of Orange," says d'Avaux, "knew not how to caress Monmouth sufficiently—balls and parties were incessantly given for him. Four or five days since, he went alone with the princess of Orange on the ice in a traineau, to a house of the prince, three leagues from the Hague; they dined there, and it was the duke of Monmouth that led out the princess. He dined at table with the princess, who, before, always ate by herself. It was remarked, that the princess, who never was accustomed to walk on foot in public places, was now for ever promenading in the mall, leaning on the arm of Monmouth; and that the prince, formerly the most jealous person in existence, suffered this gallantry, which all the world noticed, between the duke and his wife.[1] The gaiety at the court of the Hague," he continues, "is universal; William himself set all the world dancing at the balls he gave, and encouraged his guests and his wife by dancing himself. He likewise obliged the princess to receive, at her court, and to countenance the duke of Monmouth's mistress, or secondary wife, lady Harriet Wentworth." The ill-treated heiress of Buccleugh, Monmouth's duchess and the mother of his children, was alone in England; she had been the most particular friend and companion of the princess of Orange, who ought, therefore, to have resented, rather than encouraged any introduction to her injurious supplanter.

[1] D'Avaux's Ambassades, vol. iv. p. 217.

The duke of York wrote, with unwonted sternness, to his daughter, remonstrating against these proceedings; she shed tears on her father's letter; but she answered, "that the prince was her master, and would be obeyed." Eye-witnesses did not deem that the conduct of the princess was induced by mere obedience. She was either partial to Monmouth—as her friend and correspondent, the German duchess of Orleans implies,—or she rushed into pleasure with the hilarity of a caged bird into the open air. If her seclusion had been as severe as the French ambassador declared it was, she was glad of liberty and exercise, on any terms. At the conclusion of one of his letters of remonstrance, her father bade her warn her husband, "that if the king and himself were removed by death from their path, the duke of Monmouth, whatsoever the prince might think of his friendship, would give them a struggle, before they could possess the throne of Great Britain."[1]

A dim light is thrown on the correspondence between James II. and his daughter, by garbled extracts made by Dr. Birch, a chaplain of the princess Anne. Some motive fettered his transcribing pen, since letters, apparently of the strongest personal interest, furnish him but with a few words,—those, for instance, in January the 27th, 1685—a few days before the duke of York ascended the throne, when he wrote to remonstrate with her on her extraordinary conduct with Monmouth. Dr. Birch's brief quotation from this paternal reproof, is, that her father "supposes she was kept in awe"—that from Mary's answer, "denies being kept in awe—her condition *much happier* than he believed."[2]

All the noisy gaieties and rejoicings at the Orange court were hushed and dispelled as if by the sweep of an enchanter's wand, on the noon of February 10 (O.S.), 1685, when the tidings arrived of the death of Charles II., and the peaceable accession of the princess's father, to the throne of Great Britain, as James II. D'Avaux thus describes the change effected by the announcement of the news at the palace of the Hague:[3] "Letters from England, of the 6th of February, O.S., arrived here at seven this morning;

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, and Macpherson's History of Great Britain.
[2] Additional MS. 4163, vol. i. Birch Papers, British Museum.
[3] D'Avaux: Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217 to 266.

they communicated the sorrowful tidings of the death of the king of England, Charles II. The prince of Orange did not go into the chamber of his wife, where she was holding a court of reception for the ladies of the Hague; he sent a message, requesting her, to come down and hear the news. The duke of Monmouth came likewise, to listen to these despatches. It is said, that Mary manifested deep affliction at the death of her uncle. Monmouth retired to his own lodging, and came to the prince at ten in the evening. They were shut up together till midnight sounded. Then Monmouth, the same night, left the Hague secretly; and so well was his departure hidden, that it was supposed at noon, the next day, that he was in bed. The prince of Orange gave him money for his journey."[1]

To his daughter, James II. announced his prosperous accession with the utmost warmth of paternal tenderness—to the prince of Orange, with remarkable dryness and brevity.[2] The prince, who had never supposed that his father-in-law would ascend the British throne, after the strong attempts to exclude him, on account of his religion, found himself, if regarded as his enemy, in an alarming predicament. His first manœuvre, in consequence, was to take out of his wife's hand the paternal letter, sent to her by her father, and read it aloud to the assembled states of Holland, as if it had been written to himself.[3] To James II. he wrote very humbly, declaring, "that Monmouth only came as a suppliant, was shown a little common hospitality, and had been sent away." A glow of fervent enthusiasm, and a prostration of devotion now marked his letters to James II. In one of his epistles, William says: "Nothing can happen which will make me change the fixed attachment I have for your interests; I should be the most unhappy man in the world if you were not persuaded of it, and should not have the goodness to continue me a little in your good graces, since I shall be, to the last breath of my life, yours, with zeal and fidelity."[4]

[1] D'Avaux: Ambassades, vol. iv. pp. 217 to 266. D'Avaux dates Feb. 20, but he has used the new style.

[2] Dalrymple's Appendix, where the letter is quoted.

[3] Macpherson.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, French letter.

The usually affectionate correspondence between James II. and his daughter Mary, had now become interspersed with their differences of opinion on religion. The partialities of each were in direct opposition to the other: his for the church of Rome; she frequented the worship of the Dutch dissenters. Neither had much regard for the true resting-place between the two — the reformed church of England, as established at the period of the present translation of the Scriptures.

According to Dr. Birch's meagre extracts, king James wrote to his daughter Mary, from Windsor, August 22nd, to express—

"His surprise to find her so ill-informed of the bishop of London's behaviour, both to the late king, and to him, both as duke and king, as to write (to him) in his favour; that the bishop deserved no favour from him, and was far from having the *true* church of England principles."

In the answer of Mary, dated the 26th of August, she "vindicated her former preceptor as a good and loyal man."[1]

An error, fatal to himself, was committed by James II., in complying with the request that his daughter was induced to join in, by allowing Henry Sidney to return to the Hague as the commander of the English forces, which were lent to the prince of Orange as a support equally against the ambition of France, and the party in Holland adverse to the stadtholdership. For every officer who did not become a partisan of the views of the prince of Orange on the throne of Great Britain, was an object of persecution, and was very glad to obtain his own dismission and return to England. Thus all who remained were the pledged agents of William's ambition.

Since the departure of Dr. Kenn, it was noticed that Mary had attended more than ever the preachings of the French and Dutch dissent; Monmouth had accompanied her, who had, in his latter years, manifested great partiality to the fatalist sects. The rash invasion of England by Monmouth, his nominal assumption of the royal dignity, and his execution, were events which followed each other with startling celerity. It is evident from his own memoirs, that James II. regretted being forced to put Monmouth to death. Those who have read the proclamation, in which

[1] Additional MSS. 4163, vol. i., British Museum.

Monmouth calls his uncle "the murderer and poisoner of Charles II.," will see that in publishing so unfounded a calumny, he had rendered any pardon from James II. a self-accusation. Whether the mind of Mary had been warped against her father by the party exiles who swarmed in Holland, or whether her motives were the more degrading ones attributed to her by her relative and correspondent, Elizabeth Charlotte,[1] (the second wife of Philippe duke of Orleans,) can scarcely be surmised; but reasoning from facts and results, it is evident that she never forgave her father the death of Monmouth.

Since the departure of Dr. Kenn, it was impossible for the father of the princess to send any loyal person in any official capacity who could be endured at her court. Skelton, the new envoy, was liked still less than Chudleigh. A complete antipathy had subsisted between Dr. Kenn and William of Orange, but the dignity of character pertaining to the disinterested churchman, had awed the prince from the practices to which he had recourse, in order to discover what Kenn's successor, Dr. Covell, thought of the married felicity of the princess, and of the conduct of the persons composing the court at the Hague. Truly in this proceeding, the hero of Nassau verified the proverb, that eavesdroppers hear no good of themselves, and assuredly the peepers into private letters, deserve not more self-gratification than the listeners at keyholes.

The princess was at Dieren surrounded by the inimical circle of the Villiers, to whose aid a fourth, their sister Catharine, had lately arrived from England, and had married the marquis de Puissars, a French nobleman, at the court of Orange. It was an allusion to the infamous Elizabeth Villiers, which exasperated the Dutch phlegm of William of Orange into the imprudence of acknowledging the ungentlemanlike ways by which he obtained possession of the quaint document written by his wife's almoner, Dr. Covell. The prince had, by some indirect means, learned that the correspondence between Covell and Skelton, the envoy, passed through the hands of d'Alonne, the secretary to the princess. After obtaining and copying Dr. Covell's letter, he sent it to Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the

[1] Memoirs of the duchess of Orleans.

princess of Orange, accompanied by the following letter in French, of which the following is a translation:[1]

"I had for some time suspected," says the prince of Orange,[2] "that Dr. Covell was not a faithful servant to the princess. The last time I was at the Hague, a letter *fell* into my hands, which he had written to Skelton, the ambassador. I opened it, and at my return *to* Dieren, *where the doctor was with the princess*, I *took* the doctor's cipher and deciphered it, as you will see by the copy annexed—the original, which I have, written and signed with his own hand, he acknowledged when I showed it to him. You will, no doubt, be surprised that a man of his profession could be so great a knave."

The surprise is, however, greater, to find that a prince who bore a character for heroism and even for magnanimity, should first purloin a private letter, break the seal to espy the contents, then *take* the doctor's cipher—but how, unless his highness had picked the doctor's desk, his highness does not explain;—and then continue his practices till he had laboured out a fair copy of the letter, which, to complete his absurdity, he sent to the very parties that the old doctor especially wished should know how he treated his wife. There is no doubt but that James II. and Clarendon were not a little diverted, at the fact, that the prince of Orange had spent his time in making out a letter as complimentary to himself and court, as the following:

"Dr. Covell to Mr. Skelton, the Ambassador.

"Dieren, October $\frac{8}{18}$, 1685.

"Your honour may be astonished at the news, but it is too true, that the princess's heart is like to break, and yet, she, every day, with mistress Jesson and madame Zulestein, (Mary Worth) counterfeits the greatest joy, and looks upon us as dogged as may be.

"We dare no more speak to her. The prince heth infallibly made her his absolute slave, and there is an end of it. I wish to God I could see the king give you some good thing for your life, I would have it out of the power of any revocation, for I assure you, I fear the prince will for ever rule the roast. As for Mr. Chudleigh,[3] if his business be not done beyond the power of the prince before the king (James II.) die, he will be in an ill taking. But I wonder what makes the prince so cold to you? None but infamous people must expect any tolerable usage here.

"I beseech God preserve the king (James II.) many and many years. I do not wonder much at the new marchioness's (Catharine Villiers) behaviour, it is so like the breed. We shall see fine doings if we once come to town. What would you say, if the princess should take her into the chapel, or, in time, into the bedchamber? I cannot fancy the sisters (Villiers) will long agree. You guess right about Mr. d'Allonne, for he is secretary in *that* as well as other private affairs.

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[1] Clarendon Correspondence, vol. i. p. 165. [2] Ibid.
[3] The former envoy displaced by the complaint of the prince.

"I fear I shall not get loose to meet you at Utrecht, it will not be a month before we meet at the Hague. I never so heartily longed to come to the Hague. God send us a happy meeting!

"The princess is just now junketing with madame Bentinck, (Anne Villiers,) and Mrs. Jesson in madame Zulestein's chamber. Believe me, worthy sir, ever with all sincere devotion to be,

"Your honour's, &c.

"Let me know how you were received at the *Hoff* (Court)."

This letter strongly corroborates the intelligence regarding the princess, transmitted by the French ambassador, d'Avaux, for the information of his court; and is, moreover, corroborated itself by the previous remonstrances of Dr. Kenn on the ill-treatment of Mary. Nor, when the strong family connexions are considered of the intriguante, Elizabeth Villiers,—represented by old Dr. Covell, as surrounding the princess at all times, equally in her court, and the privacy of her chamber,—will his picture of the slavery to which she was reduced be deemed exaggerated. With Dr. Covell, a general clearance of all persons, supposed to be attached to the royal family in England, took place—they were all thrust out of the household of the princess. Bentinck, whose wife is mentioned in Dr. Covell's letter, wrote an epistle to Sidney,[1] saying:—

"You will be surprised to find the changes at our court, for her royal highness, madame the princess, on seeing the letter which the prince *had got by chance*, dismissed Dr. Covell without any further chastisement, because of his profession, and as it was suspected that Mrs. Langford, and Miss Trelawny, had been leagued with him, her royal highness madame the princess, has sent them off this morning. The second chaplain, Langford, is also in this intrigue. I do not complain of the malice these people have shown in my case," continued Bentinck, "seeing that they have thus betrayed their master and mistress. I beg, that if you hear any one speak of the sort of history they have charitably made at our expense, you will send us word, for they have reported as if *we*, (Bentinck and his wife,) had failed of respect to her royal highness madame the princess, at our arrival at Hounslerdyke, and I should wish to 'know what is said.'"

If Bentinck and his master could have obtained Barillon's despatches by some such "accident" as gave them possession of Dr. Covell's letter, they would have found that king James remarked, reasonably enough, on the incident. He said, "that if the prince of Orange really behaved like a true friend to him, and a good husband to his daughter, it was strange that he should be so enraged at her earliest

[1] Sidney Diary, edited by Mr. Blencowe, vol. ii. pp. 254, 255, where may be seen the original French letter.

friends and oldest servants writing news, by the British resident, of her health and the manner of passing her time." The king alluded to the fact, "that Mrs. Langford was the nurse of his daughter Mary, whose husband, Mr. Langford, was one of her chaplains; Miss Trelawney, one of her ladies, had been a play-fellow, whom the princess Mary loved better than any one in the world." The princess suffered agonies,[1] when the prince of Orange, suspecting that Miss Trelawney was among the disapprovers of his conduct, forced her to return to England at this juncture."[2]

The prince of Orange informed Lawrence Hyde, the uncle of the princess, that he left the punishment of Dr. Covell to his bishop; but he demanded of king James the dismissal of the envoy Skelton, for having the queer letter already quoted, written to him by the said Dr. Covell, which, in fact, Skelton had never received. Hyde drily replied, by the order of the king, "that frequent changes were great impediments to business, and reminded him that the other envoy, Chudleigh, had been dismissed for a private misunderstanding." Skelton remained vainly writing to his royal master, calling his attention to the intrigues by which his son-in-law was working his deposition,[3] receiving but little belief from James II., who either would not, or could not, suspect the faith of a son and daughter, when both of them were writing to him letters, apparently, of an affectionate and confidential kind, every post day.[4]

The princess of Orange greatly exasperated the French ambassador, by the sympathy she manifested for his protestant countrymen. He wrote to his court, Jan. 3, 1686—"Only two days ago, she told a story of a fire having been lighted under two young protestant girls in France, who

[1] This curious and obscure passage in Mary's early married life has been collated and collected from the despatches and diaries of her friends, relatives, foes, and servants—namely, from those written by her uncle Lawrence, her husband the prince of Orange, her father, and old friends, as well as by the French ambassadors, D'Avaux and Barillon, and there is no doubt that there is much more to be found in private letters and journals, as yet unknown to biographers.

[2] Barillon, Oct. 1685.

[3] Dalrymple's Appendix: and Macpherson's History, and Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. 286.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix, see a great number from the prince of Orange and from the king.

were thus made to suffer dreadful torments."[1] The ambassador complained to the prince of Orange, and requested him to restrain the princess from talking thus; but the prince coldly observed, "that he could not." Holland and England were then full of the refugees who had fled from the detestable persecutions in France. In this instance, James II. and his daughter acted in unison, for he gave them refuge in England, and relieved them with money and other necessaries; it is said, that he sent word to remonstrate with Louis XIV. on his cruelty.[2]

It was in the spring of 1686, that the princess of Orange, by a manifestation of her conjugal fears, obtained from the States-general the appointment of body guards, to attend on her husband; to this event is annexed the following curious tale of a plot against the life or freedom of Mary's consort; the intention was to seize the prince of Orange, when taking the air on the *dunes* of Scheveling, to hurry him on board a brig, and place him in the power of Louis XIV. As the persons who affected to save the prince from this trap, Dr. Burnet, and the informer, one Mr. W. Facio, or Tacio, fell out with each other, and gave different versions of the tale, perhaps the plot itself was a mere scheme for obtaining a place in the good graces of the prince and princess of Orange. The person who gave the intelligence concerning it, has at the same time drawn a description of the principal abode of Mary, and, in some degree, of her habits of life at this time. "Scheveling is a sea village, about two or three miles from the palace of the Hague, whither all people, from the rank of the prince and princess, to the lowest boor and boorine, take the air, in fine weather, on summer evenings. A stately long avenue leads to the *dunes* from the back of the Hague palace-gardens, planted on each side with many rows of tall trees." The dunes, (just like those of Yarmouth,)[3] are interspersed with portions of beautiful turf of the *arenaria* or sea-beach grass,

[1] Ambassades d'Avaux, vol. v. p. 219.

[2] There is direct evidence of this part, see Toone's Chronology, Macpherson, and a letter of Henry lord Clarendon. Barillon, however, in one of his letters to Louis XIV., asserts that James expressed to him the direct contrary. Facts are, however, to be preferred to words, even if the words were reported with truth.

[3] In Yarmouth these sea-side plains are called danes or *deans*, but both words mean the same as *downs*.

the rest is a desert of deep, loose sand, where the roots of this grass does not bind it; consequently, a heavy carriage with horses always would have great difficulty in traversing the road, which was very troublesome towards the north. *dunes.*

"The prince of Orange," wrote the informer of the plot, "would often go with a chariot, drawn by six horses, in the cool of a summer's evening, to take the air for two hours along the sea-shore, with only one person in the carriage with him; and, in order to avoid all troublesome salutation, he went northward a great way beyond where the other carriages did walk, none of which dared follow him, so that he was almost out of sight." An agent of the king of France went to lie in wait, with two boats, on the Scheveling beach, each manned with armed desperadoes; and when the Dutch prince's carriage was slowly ploughing its way among the sandy dunes, the men were to march to surround the prince, who, being thus enclosed between the two gangs, was to be taken, rowed off to a brig of war under Dutch colours, and carried to France. This notable scheme was attributed to a count Feril or Fenil, an Italian officer in a French regiment, who had been banished from France for killing his enemy in a duel; this man told his scheme to N. Facio or Tacio, then a youth, the son of the man with whom he lodged at Duyviliers, and this youth told Dr. Burnet of the scheme in travelling from Geneva. By a providential concatenation of small accidents, Dr. Burnet had met the confidant of the conspirators of "the plot;" with this witness of its reality, he travelled to Holland. Thus, on Burnet's first arrival at the Hague, he had this plot to communicate, for which purpose he demanded a private audience of the princess, to whom he at length declared the conspiracy. The princess, immediately, in great alarm, desired that it should be communicated to Fagel the pensionary, and the states-general; and on that account, by her earnest solicitation, a body guard was appointed for the prince of Orange,[1] which he ever after retained, like any other sovereign-prince.

It seems very strange in this story, that the conspiring count should have trusted his intentions, several months

[1] Birch MS. 4163, Plut. cvi. D. Article 38.

before this scheme was ready, to this young man, who happened to be travelling to Geneva, where he happened to encounter Burnet, who happened to be travelling to Holland, and in due time communicated the alarming tale to the princess, whose conjugal care occasioned the first appointment of her husband's body guards—a step greatly adverse to the terms on which he held his stadtholdership, and savouring strongly of royal power and dignity. The author of the story, M. Facio, in his memorial, published for the purpose of exposing some falsehoods of his quondam ally, complains much of the ingratitude, both of William and Burnet. What became of the count, on whom the scheme of concocting the plot was laid, is not mentioned.

James II. sent his friend, William Penn, the illustrious philanthropist, to his daughter and her husband, in January, 1686, to convince them, by his eloquence, of the propriety of abolishing all laws tending to persecution. A Dutch functionary of the name of Dyckvelt, was long associated with the benevolent Quaker in this negotiation; "Penn," says d'Avaux, "wrote with his own hand a long letter," averring, "that many of the bishops had agreed that these penal laws were cruel and bad, and ought to be annulled." On which the prince declared, "he would lose all the revenues and reversion of the kingdom of Great Britain, to which his wife was heiress, before one should be abolished." "The princess," adds d'Avaux, "echoed his words, but much more at length, and with such sharpness, that the marquis d'Albeville, (who was d'Avaux's informant,) and was present, was much astonished at her tone and manner." Among other expressions, she said, "that if ever she was queen of England, she should do more for the Protestants than even queen Elizabeth."[1] When Mary perceived the impression she had made on d'Albeville by her answer to Penn, she modified her manner, in discussing with him the differences between her father's views and her own, adding in a more moderate, and, at the same time, more dignified tone, "I speak to you, sir, with less reserve, and with more liberty than to the king, my father, by reason of the respectful

[1] Ambassades of d'Avaux: Bibliothèque Royale, Paris, vol. v., p. 67.

deference which I am obliged to entertain for him and his sentiments."[1]

William Penn, on this mission, incurred the enmity of the princess of Orange, which endured through her life. The practical wisdom and justice which he had shown, as the founder of a prosperous colony, under the patronage of James, when duke of York, ought to have made the heiress of the British empire consider herself under inestimable obligations to the illustrious man of peace. The prince of Orange was less violent than his wife in the matter, and astutely endeavoured to bargain with Penn, as the price of his consent, "that king James should allow his daughter a handsome pension of 48,000*l.* per annum, as heiress of the British throne." James II. was rich, and free from debt, either public or private; but he demurred on this proposition, saying "he must first ascertain clearly, that this large income, if he sent it out of the country, would not be used against himself."

It has been shown, that Dr. Burnet's first introduction to the princess was on account of a plot he had discovered against the liberty of the prince of Orange. He became, from that time, extremely intimate at the court of Orange—an intimacy that excited the displeasure of James II. The extracts are meagre from the king's letter to his daughter. They are as follows:—In a letter dated from Whitehall, November 23, 1686, he spoke of Burnet "as a man not to be trusted, and an ill man."[2] Dec. 7, he complained of Burnet "as a dangerous man, though he would seem to be an angel of light." King James added this description, allowing his enemy the following qualities:—"That Burnet was an ingenious man"—meaning in the parlance of that century, a man of genius; "of a pleasant conversation, and the best flatterer he ever knew." The princess replied to her father from the Hague, December 10, in a letter full of Burnet's praises.[3]

[1] Mazuré's deciphering of d'Albeville's despatches to James II.
[2] Additional MS., British Museum, 4163, folio 1. [3] Ibid.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER III.

Princess Anne greatly indulged by her father—Death of her daughter—Present at her father's coronation (James II.)—Prayers for her in the coronation service, and in the liturgy—His queen comes to her box—Anne goes with the queen to opening of parliament—Birth of Anne's second daughter, Mary—Anne's state at chapel-royal—Her letter to the bishop of Ely—Her revenue and married life—Character of her husband—Her third daughter born (Sophia)—Illness of her husband—Death of both their children—Excessive grief of the princess—Condolence of the princess of Orange—Pecuniary embarrassments of princess Anne—Interview with her father—Conduct of her ladies—Her aunt leaves her household—Lady Churchill her first lady—Letters pass between the princess of Orange and English ladies—Letter of the princess of Orange to lady Russell—Letters of James II. to the princess—Her letter to archbishop Sancroft—Her father informs her of his queen's situation—Their controversial letters, &c.—Letters from princess Anne to her sister the princess of Orange—From the princess of Orange to lady Churchill—Birth of the prince of Wales (called the pretender)—Anne's absence at Bath—Her insinuations against the child and his mother—Anne's joy at the people's suspicions—At her brother's illness—Letters from the queen (Mary Beatrice) to the princess of Orange—Princess of Orange to her father—Princess Anne at Windsor—Introduced to the pope's legate—Congratulatory letters to archbishop Sancroft—Written by order of the princess of Orange—He does not reply to her—Wissing sent by the king to paint Mary's portrait—Description of frontispiece—Princess Anne's dialogues with her uncle Clarendon—On expected invasion—On the birth of the prince of Wales, &c.—Princess of Orange deceives her father—His letters on her husband's invasion—Interview of Anne and Clarendon—Mocks her father with her women—Reproofs of her uncle—Their dialogue on the subject.

THE inimical conduct of the princess of Orange towards her father, which commenced a few months before his accession, caused him to bestow a double portion of fondness on her younger sister. Anne had, in her infancy, been

the spoiled favourite of her mother, while her father lavished his most tender affections on her eldest sister.[1] At this time, Anne was the best beloved of his heart: he was never happy out of her presence, he was never known to deny a request of hers, though it was not very easy for her to make one, since he anticipated her every want and wish. Of course, her rank and dignity were greatly augmented when he became a reigning sovereign. Charles II. died on the birth-day of Anne, Feb. 6, 1685. All thoughts were directed to her on her father's accession, for the people fully expected the succession would be continued by her descendants. She had brought into the world a daughter in the reign of her uncle, but this child scarcely lived to be baptized. There was, however, speedy promise of more offspring, insomuch that the princess Anne could take no other part of her father's coronation (St. George's day, 1685) than beholding it from a close box in Westminster Abbey, which was prepared for her below that of the ambassadors.

The princess Anne heard herself mentioned, at the coronation of her father, in the following prayer—"O Lord, our God, who upholdest and governest all things in heaven and earth, receive our humble prayers for our sovereign lord, James, set over us, by thy grace and providence, to be our king, and so together with him bless his royal consort, our gracious queen Mary, Katherine, the queen-dowager, their royal highnesses Mary, the princess of Orange, and the princess Anne of Denmark, and the whole royal family.[2] Endue them with thy Holy Spirit, enrich them, &c. &c.," concluding in the words of the supplication for the royal family, in our liturgy.

It is a remarkable circumstance, that James II. thus particularly distinguished both his daughters, by name and titles, in this prayer, when only the heir-apparent, among the children of the sovereign, or at most an heir-presumptive, is usually mentioned. In all probability, he thus designated

[1] See letter of her step-mother, at the end of this chapter, where she reminds Mary that she was considered his best beloved in infancy.

[2] Sandford, repeated by Menin, in his Coronation Ceremonials of England, p. 16. He edited this as a guide to the coronation of George II., the ceremonial of which is printed with it.

them, to prevent all disputes regarding their title to the succession, in case of his death, as their mother was only a private gentlewoman. The princess of Orange and the princess Anne were certainly thus named in the liturgy every time divine service was celebrated by the church of England, until they deposed their father. It is an instance that he was not disposed, in any way, to slight their claims, either to royalty or his paternal care. James II. was kinder to his daughters than George II. to his heir, for in the very volume which gives this information, a similar prayer,[1] in the very words, is quoted, but only for king George and queen Caroline; neither Frederic, prince of Wales, nor their children are named.

Great friendship apparently prevailed, at the epoch of the coronation, between the queen her step-mother, and the princess Anne. Before the newly-crowned queen, Mary Beatrice, commenced her procession back to Westminster-hall, she entered the box of the princess Anne,[2] to show her dress, and hold friendly conference; the princess Anne, and prince George of Denmark, conversed with her a considerable time. About a month afterwards, the princess Anne accompanied the queen to behold the grand ceremony of the king's opening his first parliament; both Anne[3] and her step-mother were on the right of the throne; they considered themselves perfectly incog., and the princess of Denmark had the satisfaction of hearing the pope and the Virgin Mary fully defied and renounced before the catholic queen. This was on the 22nd of May, only ten days before the birth of the princess's daughter, who was baptized Mary, after the princess of Orange. James II. himself announced this event to "his son, the prince of Orange," in one of those familiar letters he wrote to him almost every post: "My daughter, the princess of Denmark, was this day brought to bed of a girl. I have not time to say more now, but to assure you that I shall always be as kind to you as you can desire."[4] Three days afterwards, the king mentions

[1] Sandford, in the Coronation Service for George II.: Menin's English Coronations.

[2] King's MS. British Museum, Recueil des Pieces.

[3] Evelyn.

[4] Dalrymple's Appendix.

his uneasiness regarding her health in another letter to William. "My daughter was taken ill this morning, having had vapours (hysterics), which sometimes trouble women in her condition; this frighted us at first, but now, God be thanked, our fears are over; she took some remedies, and has slept after them most of this afternoon and evening, and is in a very good way, which is all I can say to you now, but assure you of my kindness."[1]

The state and homage James II. allowed his youngest daughter to assume at Whitehall-chapel are very remarkable. James II. himself went to mass, but he permitted his daughter Anne to occupy the royal closet at Whitehall, and at other palace-chapels; and it was his pleasure, that the same honours were to be paid her, as if he were present in person. Evelyn being present at Whitehall-Chapel, saw Dr. Tennison make three congés towards the royal closet; after service, Evelyn asked him, "Why he did so, as king James was not there?" Tennison replied, that the king had given him express orders to do so, whenever his daughter, the princess Anne, was present.[2] The place of the princess was on the left hand of the royal seat, the clerk of the closet stood by her chair, as if the king himself had been there.

This anecdote is a confirmation of the positive assertion of James himself, and other authors, that he neither attempted to impede or persecute her, in her attendance on the Church of England worship, but rather to give every distinction and encouragement to it.[3] It was, perhaps, an impolitic indulgence, to feed his daughter's appetite for trifling ceremonials of bowing and personal homage from the altar, as if she had been the visible head of the established church. But James II., though an acute observer of facts, which he skilfully combined, as a commander or a financier, knew nothing of the higher science of the springs of passion on the human mind. He treated his daughter Anne as the ultimate heiress to the British throne; he pampered her low ambition for the mere externals of

[1] Letters of James II. to the prince of Orange, dated June 2nd, (5th,) 1685. Dalrymple's Appendix, part 1st, p. 17.

[2] Evelyn's Diary, vol. iii. p. 153.

[3] Lord Clarendon's Journal, vol. iii. p. 201. Duchess of Marlborough's Conduct, p. 15.

majesty, without considering that she would not choose to relinquish this distinction at the birth of a brother.

It is well known that the princess Anne was a great church-goer: indeed, church was to her a scene of lofty pomp and public grandeur, such as she enjoyed under no other roof. The following letter, addressed to Dr. Francis Turner, bishop of Ely, was written soon after her father's accession—in what month, there is no date to prove—perhaps, between the births of her daughters, Mary and Sophia. The princess requested him to keep a place for her in Ely chapel to hear Dr. Kenn expound the church-catechism; and her letter, though written with her usual disregard of grammar and orthography, is more creditable to her head and heart than the rest of her correspondence:

"PRINCESS ANNE OF DENMARK TO THE BISHOP OF ELY.[1]

"I hear the bishop of Bath and Wells expounds this afternoon at your chapel, and I have a great mind to hear him; therefore I desire you would do me the favour to let some place be kept for me, where I may hear well and be the least taken notice of, for I shall bring but *one lady* with me, and desire I may not be known. I should not have given you the trouble, but that I was afraid if I had sent any body they might have made a mistake. Pray let me know what time it begins."

The augmentation of revenue which the princess Anne received from her father, was fit for the heir-apparent of an empire. James, at his accession, made up her allowance to 32,000*l.*, being more than the income at present settled by parliament on his royal highness prince Albert. When tested by the great difference of financial arrangement from the present day, the exceeding is enormous of such a sum in solid money. The whole yearly expenditure of the realm was, in the reign of Charles II., averaged at one million and a half per annum;[2] this sum, with the exception of the crown-land income, constituted the whole outlay of king and state. From this revenue, 32,000*l.* bestowed on the princess Anne seems a liberal share. James II. by his financial skill, and his vigilance in defending the taxes

[1] Quoted by the biographer of bishop Kenn, from the Gentleman's Magazine for March, 1814, having been communicated to that periodical, by a gentleman of the name of Fowke, who is in possession of the original. Dr. Francis Turner was subsequently one of the bishops who were imprisoned by her father, and yet refused to own allegiance either to Mary II. or Anne.

[2] Toone's Chronology.

from the rapacity of those who farmed them, raised the revenue of Great Britain to two millions, two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, with which small sum he covered all expenses, and maintained a navy victorious over the seas of the world. The value of the allowance he gave to his daughter Anne, before the funded debt took place, must have been more than double that sum in the present day.[1] "It cannot be denied," wrote a contemporary,[2] who had belonged to the court of James II., "that the king was a very kind parent to the princess Anne; he inquired into her debts at Christmas 1685, and took care to clear her of every one. Yet she made some exceedings the year after, and lord Godolphin complained and grumbled; still her father paid all she owed, without a word of reproach.

The princess Anne, from the hour that another husband was provided for her, wisely thought no more of the accomplished earl of Mulgrave, who subsequently married her illegitimate sister, Catherine.[3] The prince of Denmark was considered an example of the domestic affections, and proved a kind, quiet husband. His easy and sensual life in England very soon stifled his warlike energies under an excess of corpulence. He could imbibe much wine without visible signs of inebriation, yet a small portion of his potations would have reversed the reason of a temperate man. Charles II. reproved the prince, in his jocose manner, for his tendency to sluggish indulgence. Unfortunately, the partiality of her Danish consort for the pleasures of the table encouraged the same propensities in his princess; and he finally taught her to drink, as well as to eat, more than did good either to her health or intellects.

Although the princess Anne and the prince of Denmark were nearly every twelvemonth the parents of children, yet their little ones either expired as soon as they saw the light, or lingered only five or six months. Their deaths were pro-

[1] James II.'s allowance to his daughter Anne (Landsdowne MS.)—

	£.	s.	d.
Prince and princess of Denmark out of y^e^ Excise	15,000	0	0
Postage	15,000	0	0
Ditto more by privy seal during pleasure . . .	2,000	0	0
	32,000	0	0

[2] Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 187.

[3] Daughter of James II. by Catherine Sedley.

bably occasioned by hydrocephalus, which, when constitutional, sweeps off whole families of promising infants. The duke of Gloucester languished through his little life with the same complaint.

The third daughter of the princess Anne and prince George of Denmark was born in May, 1686, at Windsor Castle. Lady Churchill and lady Roscommon were godmothers to this infant, and gave it the name of Anne Sophia. The babe was healthy; although the little lady Mary was weakly and languishing, yet the youngest gave every hope of reaching maturity. These hopes were cruelly blighted, six months afterwards. Prince George was taken very ill at that time, and remained many days in actual danger of death. The princess nursed him most assiduously. Scarcely was she relieved from the hourly dread of seeing her husband expire, when first the little lady Sophia suddenly fell ill, and died on her mother's birthday,[1] and the second anniversary of the decease of Charles II. The eldest infant had for months been in a consumption; she expired within a few hours. Thus the princess was left childless in one day. Rachel lady Russell, draws a pathetic picture of Anne's feelings, divided, as they were, between grief for the bereavement of her offspring, and anxiety for her husband. Her letters are dated February 9th and 18th, 1686-7: "The good princess has taken her chastisement heavily; the first relief of that sorrow proceeded from calming of a greater, the prince being so ill of a fever. I never heard any relation more moving than that of seeing them together. Sometimes they wept, sometimes they mourned in words—but hand in hand, he, sick in his bed, she the carefullest nurse to him that can be imagined. As soon as he was able, they went to Richmond palace, which was Thursday last. The poor princess is still wonderful sad. The children were opened; the eldest was all consumed away, as expected, but the youngest quite healthy, and every appearance for long life."[2] The infants were buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. On the interment of the little lady Sophia, the burial-place of her grandfather, Charles I., was discovered in the chapel. Al-

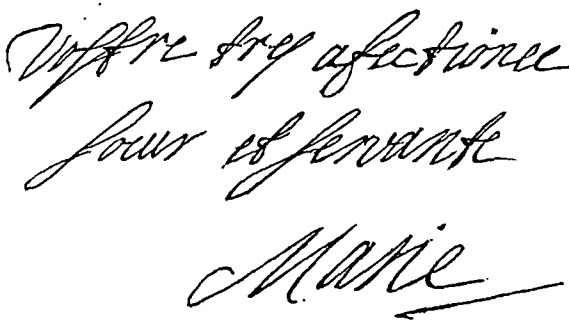
[1] Dangeau's Memoirs, vol. i. p. 255.
[2] MS. Letters of Rachel lady Russell; Birch Collections, Plut. cvi. p. 43.

though the date does not agree with the demise of these infants, yet this letter of Mary princess of Orange to her brother-in-law, prince George of Denmark, could not have pertained to any other occasion:

"MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK.[1]

"Monsieur my brother,

"I have learned with extreme concern, (deplessir) the misfortune of my sister by your letter, and I assure you that it touches me as nearly as if it had happened to myself. But since it is the will of God, it must be submitted to with patience; we have great cause to praise this good God, that my sister is in such a good state, and I hope will re-establish her health entirely, and together bless you with many other infants, who may live to console their parents for those who are dead. I wish for some better occasion to testify to you how much I am, monsieur my brother,



"From Loo, this 13th Novr.

"A monsieur Mon Frère,

"Le Prince George de Danmark."

At the succeeding Christmas, notwithstanding the liberality of her allowance, the princess Anne was found to be overwhelmed with debt.[2] As there was no outlay commensurate with a second extravagant defalcation, Lawrence Hyde, lord Rochester, the uncle of the princess, began to suspect that some greedy favourites secretly drained her funds. He did not keep his suspicions to himself; and the

[1] From the *original*, in French, in the possession of W. Upcott. Esq. The facsimile, entirely in the hand of the princess Mary, is published by Mr. Netherclift. It is in rather a fair Italian hand; her *signature* is very like that of Mary queen of Scots. There is no yearly date, and it is more probable that this condolence was written on the death of the name-child of the princess of Orange.

[2] The Other Side of the Question, 47. This author is fully corroborated by the duchess herself, and by Roger Coke.

person who testified consciousness by furious resentment, was Sarah Churchill. The favourite, in consequence, visited him through life with active hatred. Few pages of her copious historical apologies occur without virulent railings against this lord-treasurer, his wife, or some of the Clarendon family.

"Lady Clarendon," says Sarah Churchill, in one of her inedited papers,[1] "aunt by marriage to the princess Anne, was first lady of her bed-chamber, when the princess was first established at the Cockpit. When lord Clarendon was made lord-lieutenant of Ireland, which obliged my lady Clarendon to leave her service, the princess was very glad, because, though she was considered a good woman, the princess had taken an aversion to her. It was soon guessed that I must succeed her in her post; and at this time the princess wrote to tell me, 'that she intended to take two new pages of the backstairs, she having then but two, one of whom was *extreme* old and past service, but that she would not do it till my lady Clarendon was gone, that I might have the advantage of putting in the two pages,' meaning that I should sell these two places. For, in those times, it was openly allowed to sell all employments in every office. And upon this established custom and direction from the princess (as it was not to be expected that I should *immediately* set up to reform the court in this respect) I *did* sell these places; with some other advantage, they came to 1200*l.*" A tolerably round sum of money before the funded debt took place. These pages were Roman-catholics, and were probably privately assisted into their situations of keeping the back stairs of the dwelling rooms of the princess, by some official in the court of king James, of that religion, whose interest was concerned in the proceedings of Anne, to know who went and came, and what they said and did.

But as soon as Sarah Churchill had comfortably pocketed her 1200*l.*, the prince and princess of Orange by some means discovered that the two pages of their sister Anne's backstairs were Roman-catholics. Their vigilance on a point important to the good success of the coming revolution, roused the princess from the supine satisfaction in which

[1] Coxe MSS. vol. xliv. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

she had reposed, since her needy favourite had made so excellent a market, and she was forced to command the instant dismissal of her Roman-catholic attendants at the door-stairs of her sitting rooms. There can be no doubt that some one had paid the enormous cost of their places, that intelligence might be given to the princess's father of her movements. That king James had placed them himself is impossible, for he had no suspicion of Anne, and had he taken any underhand measures to watch her conduct, his ruin could not have fallen on him unawares as it did, accelerated by his children.

The warning of the princess of Orange not only displaced these dangerous watchers on the conduct of the princess Anne, but had the consecutive result of obliging Sarah Churchill to refund eight hundred of the twelve hundred pounds she mentions having recently netted on the occasion. However, four hundred pounds clung to her fingers, which was a goodly gain for an ineffectual recommendation. It is, nevertheless, to be feared that the personal hatred which avowedly had previously subsisted between the princess of Orange and Sarah Churchill was not soothed by the painful but inevitable process of refunding the eight hundred pounds. It is worth remarking, that the lady herself quotes the anecdote, in support of her own warm self-praises as an instance of her scorn of making money, by selling offices in her mistress' household. Nevertheless, she names 1200*l.*[1] as her gains, and only 800*l.* as her restitution; therefore, she still retained a very handsome balance by the transaction.

One of these Roman-catholic pages, of the name of Gwin, had been a servant of the princess Anne of some standing, she secured to him a salary for life, in compensation for the loss of his place, on account of his religion. In pecuniary transactions, Anne was always generous to the utmost of her ability. She discharged her old servitor for political reasons, but left him not to starve.

The accounts of the princess passed through the hands of one of Sarah's familiars, whom she had introduced into the establishment at the Cockpit. Assuredly, if rogues write

[1] Coxe MSS. vol. xliv. Letter of the duchess of Marlborough to Mr. Hutchinson, inedited. Brit. Mus.

accounts of their "conduct," they ought to be gifted with long memories. A Mr. Maul having proved ungrateful to Sarah Churchill, some months after the revolution, she recriminated in the following words: "I had not only brought him to be bed-chamber man to the prince, when he was quite a stranger to the court, but, to mend his salary, had *invented* an employment for him, that of overlooking the princess's accounts."[1] The result of this bright invention was a figuring on the side of the debit column of the princess's accounts, 7000*l.* higher than the credits. Anne was very unhappy in consequence, and sent to her father to lend her the deficient sum. King James walked into the presence of his daughter, on receiving this intelligence, so unexpectedly, that Sarah Churchill, and another lady of the princess's bed-chamber, (lady Fitzharding,) had only just time to whisk into a closet. Anne permitted these women to remain there as spies and eavesdroppers, listening to the confidential communication between her father and herself. The king gently reminded her "that he had made her a noble allowance, and that he had twice cheerfully paid her debts[2] without one word of remonstrance, but that now he was convinced that she had some one about her for whose sake she plunged herself into inconveniences; of these, his paternal affection was willing once more to relieve her; but," he added, "that she must observe a more exact economy for the future." The princess Anne only answered her father with tears. The moment king James departed, out burst the two eavesdroppers from their hiding-place, lady Churchill exclaiming, with her usual coarse vehemence, "Oh, madam! all this is owing to that old rascal, your uncle!"[3]

It is not wise for ladies, whether princesses or otherwise, to suffer their women to call their uncles or fathers "old rascals" to their faces, and in their hearing. This abused uncle, Lawrence Hyde, was a lord-treasurer, of whose honesty the flourishing revenue of a lightly taxed country bore honourable witness. Being devoted to the reformed catholic church of England, he would not retain his office when he

[1] Conduct, by the duchess of Marlborough. This invented employment was parallel, in chronology, with mysterious defalcations from the income of her mistress.

[2] Letter of the princess Anne, regarding the fact of the payment of her debts.

[3] Other Side of the Question, p. 48.

found that his royal brother-in-law was bent on removing the penal laws, and introducing Roman catholics into places of trust. The hatred of his niece and her favourite was not appeased by his resignation of the treasury-department. This office, which was the object of lord Sunderland's desires, and of his long series of political agitations, and of his pretended conversion to the Roman religion, seemed now within his grasp, but James II. was too good a financier to trust his revenue in the clutches of a known inveterate gambler. He put the treasury into commission, associating lord Sunderland with two other nobles. The furious animosity with which the favourite of the princess of Denmark pursued him, her mistress following her lead, proves that neither of them had the slightest idea that Sunderland was working a mine for the ruin of his master, parallel to their own. Meantime, the princess was forced to restrain her expenditure. Whether by gambling or by gifts to the Churchills, she had impaired her revenues and overwhelmed herself with debts. This seems to have been the spring of the general enmity the princess and lady Churchill felt against all James II.'s treasurers, from whom they both dreaded remonstrance. Since the favourite of Anne previously appeared on these pages, she had become lady Churchill. By the influence of the king when duke of York, her husband had been created lord Churchill, December 1683, and given more substantial marks of favour, which, though trifling in comparison with the enormous wealth this pair afterwards drew from their country, was enough to deserve gratitude.

However ignorant the princess Anne and her favourite were that Sunderland was an ally in the same cause with themselves, the princess of Orange was well aware of it; for while he was affecting to be a convert to the church of Rome, and was the prime minister of James II., he was carrying on, by means of his wife, an intriguing correspondence with William of Orange. A very extraordinary letter, in one handwriting, but in two very different styles of diction, the joint composition of this pair, was found in king William's box of letters after his death at Kensington. The first part of it, the composition of the male-diplomatist, wholly relates to the best manner of circumventing James II.'s endeavours to cause parliament to

abolish the Penal and Test Acts, and contains a warning to the prince of Orange not to be induced to express a wish thereto. The postscript, or second letter, is an emanation from the mind of lady Sunderland, and is meant for the princess of Orange, though personally addressed to her spouse. It appears written under some dread, lest the double game they were playing should be detected by James, who had, it will be observed, already suspected that lady Sunderland corresponded with his daughter Mary:—

"LADY SUNDERLAND TO THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[1]

"I must beg leave of your highness to enclose a letter for Mr. Sidney, who I hope will be with you very soon, and till he comes, I beseech you to make no answer to my letter for fear of accident. For this had gone to you two posts ago, but that an accident happened, I thought it best not to pass over. Some papists, the other day, that are not satisfied with my lord (Sunderland) said, 'That my lord Sunderland did not dance in a net,' for 'they very well knew that, however, he made king James believe, there were *dispensations* from *Holland* as well as from Rome, and that they were sure *I* held a correspondence with the princess of Orange.' This happened the day I first heard of the propositions, which I have writ (*i. e. about the Test Act*), which made me defer sending till king James (II.) spoke to me of it, which he has done. And as I could very truly, so did I assure his majesty 'that I never had the honour to have any commerce with the princess, but about *treacle-water*, or *work*, or some such slight thing.'

"I did, likewise, assure his majesty, 'that if there had been any commerce, I should never be ashamed, but on the contrary, proud to own it, seeing *he must be sure that the princess could never be capable of anything, with anybody, to his disservice.*'

"Now, how this fancy came into his head I cannot imagine, for, as your highness knows, I never had the honour to write to you at all till now, so the princess of Orange knows I have been so unhappy as to have very little acquaintance with her till of late I have had the obligation to my lady Semple and Mr. Sidney, to have had an occasion of writing to her, which I value, and will endeavour to continue and improve, by all the zeal and esteem for her that I am capable of, to my last breath.

"I have the ill luck to write a very bad hand, which, if your highness cannot read plain (and few can), I humbly beg of you to keep it till Mr. Sidney comes, who is used to my hand.

"If, at this man's return (*suppose her messenger*), I can but hear that my letter came safe, and that you pardon the liberty I have taken, I shall be very much at ease. If, by the bearer, your highness will be pleased to let me know my letter came safe to you, I shall be very happy.

"A. SUNDERLAND."

This correspondence of the princess of Orange with lady Sunderland was followed by the continual efforts of the princess for communication with every person, either adverse to her father, or connected with his political opposers.

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, pp. 189, 190.

It is to be feared, that her commencement of correspondence with the illustrious Rachel lady Russell, had not for its object the generous sympathy with her bereavements, which that lady deserved from every one, or it would have been offered years before. The following is an extract from its first opening; it is, indeed, elaborately condescending; it seems in answer to some admiration for the princess, expressed by lady Russell to Dyckvelt, the Dutch envoy.[1] At least, such is the opinion of Dr. Birch, in his abstracts from the mass of the correspondence of the royal family at this period, to which he had access. It is an historical misfortune that the originals cannot be referred to, as it is only seen darkly through the extracts of the chaplain of the princess Anne, who sometimes limits his extracts to five words. The princess of Orange observes that she sends her letter by Mr. Herbert.

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO RACHEL LADY RUSSELL.

"Hounslardyke, July 12, 1687.

"I have all the esteem for you which so good a character deserves, as I have heard given of you by all people, both before I left England and since I have been here, and have had as much pity as any could have of the sad misfortunes you have had, with much more compassion when they happen to persons who deserve so well."

James II. had previously felt uneasy at the proceedings of Dyckvelt in England, which he expressed in a letter to his daughter Mary, thus:—

"Windsor, May 30, 1687.

"I have reason to fear that mynheer Dyckvelt has taken wrong measures of things here, by reason that many who are not well affected to my person or government, have plied him very hard since he has been here.

"The king then recapitulates what he has done for the good of the monarchy and nation in general."[2]

Probably, there were some religious topics discussed by James; for there followed, soon after, an extract from Mary's reply:—

"Hounslardyke, June 17, 1687.

"When you will have me speak as I think, I cannot always be of the same mind, your majesty is; what you do seems too much to the prejudice of the church I am of, for me to like it."[3]

Letters which did honour to the humanity of both father and daughter followed these. Mary had requested her

[1] Birch MS. 4163, folio 44.
[2] Ibid. [3] Ibid.

father to interfere with his mighty power, as ocean-king, to obtain the liberty of the crews of some Dutch fishing boats taken by the Algerines. In this, she was certainly successful, or the transcriber would have eagerly noted the contrary. Besides, the suppression of pirates was a noted feature of her father's government.[1]

When James II.'s intention of abolishing the penal laws became apparent, soon after the embassy of Penn, the princess of Orange wrote the following letter to Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:—

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO ARCHBISHOP SANCROFT.[2]

"Loo, October 1, 1687.

"Though I have not the advantage to know you, my lord of Canterbury, yet the reputation you have, makes me resolve not to lose this opportunity of making myself more known to you than I have been yet. Dr. Stanley can assure you, that I take more interest in what concerns the church of England than myself, and that one of the greatest satisfactions I can have, is to hear how all the clergy show themselves as firm to their religion as they have always been to their king, which makes me hope God will preserve his church, since he has so well provided it with able men. I have nothing more to say, but beg your prayers, and desire you will do me the justice to believe I shall be very glad of any occasion to show the esteem and veneration I have for you. "MARIE.

"To the archbishop of Canterbury."

At the first receipt of this letter, the heart of the old man warmed towards the writer. Sancroft was suffering under the double affliction of seeing his king, the son of his beloved master, an alien from the church of England, and even finding indications of persecution from him. Among his papers was found a rough draft of an answer to Mary's letter, in which, rather in sorrow than in anger, he thus offers an apology for his royal master's secession from the reformed church:—

"It hath seemed," wrote the archbishop, "good to the Infinite Wisdom to exercise this poor church with trials of all sorts. But the greatest calamity that ever befel us was, that wicked and ungodly men who murdered the father (Charles I.), likewise drove out the sons, as if it were to say to them, 'Go, and serve other gods,' the dismal effects hereof we feel every moment.

* * * * * *

And although this (were it much more) cannot in the least shake or alter our

[1] See Dalrymple's Appendix, regarding the dreadful losses the English suffered from piracy, from the years 1689, till the strange affair of captain Kidd.

[2] Clarendon Letters, Appendix, vol. iv. p. 488.

steady loyalty to our sovereign and the royal family, yet it embitters the comforts left us; it blasts our present joys, and makes us sit down with sorrow in dust and ashes. Blessed be God, who hath caused some dawn of light to break from the eastern shore, in the constancy of your royal highness and the excellent prince towards us." [1]

The letter continues with tender and paternal expressions to the princess of Orange, as one who, like Mary in the Gospel, "had chosen the better part." He speaks of himself "as an old man sinking under the double burden of age and sorrow; and he signed himself in the beautiful phraseology of an earlier period, "her daily orator at the throne of grace!" The extraordinary historical circumstances relating to the princess of Orange and Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, renders every incident which connects their names interesting. It is worth remarking, that Sancroft's mind misgave him, and he never sent the letter he had written. But, avoiding confidential discussion, he merely acknowledged the honour with expressions of courtesy.

The princess of Orange received from her father a letter, dated November 29th, 1687, in which he mentions his queen's situation, with some particulars of her health, and adding, as news, "the death of Mrs. Nelly (Gwynne), and that she had not left the duke of St. Alban's so much as was believed." A great increase of zeal, for the welfare of the church of England, was the only symptom shown by the princess of Orange, at the receipt of the intelligence regarding her father's hopes of offspring. An event likely to be subversive of her husband's ambitious anticipations, in which there cannot exist doubts that she fully participated, notwithstanding all her disclaiming speeches and letters on the subject of her succession.

Then commenced some religious controversy between the father and daughter, which, however, was carried on in a moderate manner. The king sent his daughter controversial books by his resident minister, d'Albeville, from Whitehall, February 24th, 1687-8. He wrote to her thus: "I pray God to touch your heart, as he did your mother's, who, for many years, was as zealous a protestant, and as knowing in it, as you can be." If the king thought that

[1] Clarendon Letters. Abstracted from pp. 485-6.

his daughter's firmness in her religious opinions could be shaken by an appeal to the memory of her dead mother, he was greatly mistaken. Mary was at a tender age when she lost her mother; there is no evidence, but quite the contrary, that she cherished either love or respect for her.

King James continued his injudicious observations on religion, in his letter of February 28, 1687-8:—"That one of her instructors in religion (Compton, bishop of London,) holds several tenets which do not agree with the *true* doctrine of the church of England. This I was not told, but heard him declare it in the pulpit many years since, in the chapel here at Whitehall; and I took notice of it then to a bishop that stood by me, and I know that several others of the clergy do so also, and lean much more to the presbyterian tenets, than they ought to do, and they generally run, more and more every day, into those opinions than ever they did, and quit their *true principles*."[1]

This was extraordinary language for the convert of Rome to urge to his daughter, and shows a lingering love for the church of England, the tenets of which he thus allowed were those of a *true church*. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson[2] insists, among the other great merits of that prelate, on his having driven James II., when duke of York, from Whitehall Chapel by his sermon against popery, in 1672. Would it not have been a far higher triumph to have kept him there? persuading him to remain a true disciple of the church which Tillotson at that time professed?

At the commencement of the year 1688, Dr. Stanley, the almoner of the princess of Orange, wrote, by her desire, this letter to archbishop Sancroft:—

"Dr. Stanley to the Archbishop of Canterbury.[3]

"The Hague, Jan. 24, 1687-8.

"I suppose your grace may have heard that the king hath not been wanting to press his daughter here to be favourable to popery, but lest you should have heard more than is true, I presume to acquaint your lordship with what hath passed; her royal highness being pleased to make me privy to it, and giving me an express leave to communicate it to your grace. Whatever reports have been raised, king James hath scarcely ever either spoken or written to our excellent princess to persuade her to popery, till last Christmas (1687),

[1] Additional MSS. 4163, fol. 1. Birch MS.
[2] Dr. Birch, p. cxiv., vol. i. of Works of Tillotson.
[3] Clarendon Diary and Letters, vol. iv. pp. 486-7.

when the marquess d'Albeville came hither; when the king her father, sent by him a very long letter written with his own hand, two sheets of paper containing the motives of his conversion to popery."

The letter mentioned here by Dr. Stanley, is still in existence;[1] it is written in James II.'s best historical style. He gives his daughter the history of his early youth, his strong affection to the church of England, as inculcated by his beloved tutor, Dr. Steward; he mentions the great pain his mother (queen Henrietta) gave him by her persecution of his young brother, Gloucester, and the disgrace he was in with her for encouraging Gloucester to remain true to the Church of England in its adversity. King James informed his daughter, "that he was himself in his youth as zealous as she could be for the church of England, yet no one endeavoured in France to convert him[2] but a nun, who declared, when she found her labour in vain, that she would pray for him without ceasing." The rest of this document narrates his reasons for his change to the church of Rome, which may be spared here; even Dr. Stanley's abstract of them we pass by, as containing nothing personal of the daughter Mary herself; it has also long been familiar to historical readers. One little remark may be permitted, that we gather from James's narrative, that he changed his religion, rather out of contradiction, than from conviction of the superiority of the Roman church over the reformed catholic church; more from disgust of the polemic railing he heard in the pulpit, than from any other motive. Dr. Stanley, who was at that time almoner at the Hague, thus continues:—

"Our excellent princess seeing this letter, written with the king's own hand, was resolved to write an answer herself as the king desired, without consulting any of us (her chaplains), that he might see she was very ready to give an account of herself. The very next day, being post-day, she made haste and wrote a letter to king James, of two sheets of paper (which she afterwards read to me), which truly I can, without flattery, say was the best letter I ever saw, treating James with that respect which became her father

[1] William III. preserved it, with a great many of his uncle's letters of friendship to him, in his chest, at Kensington. See Dalrymple's Appendix, for the whole letter.

[2] The reason that queen Henrietta did not endeavour to disturb her second son, was because of his proximity to the throne of Great Britain; her attack on young Gloucester's principles, was wholly in a worldly point of view, that he, being a third son, might be provided for in the Roman church.

and king, and yet speaking her mind freely and openly as became the cause of religion, and that she hoped that God would give her grace to live and die in that of the church of England."

The praises Dr. Stanley bestowed on the genius for controversy displayed by his princess, inspired her with the ambition of her letter being seen and admired by archbishop Sancroft; and therefore he kindly offered to send him a copy, and hoped he would write his commendations of the princess, and secretly send them to Dr. Tennison, who would forward them to her royal highness; "and if your grace," he adds, "doth take some notice to her of her carriage in this affair, as I have related it, I believe it will be very acceptable to her."[1]

No doubt it would,—but archbishop Sancroft was not the man who deemed that a private letter, from a daughter to a father, should be blazoned abroad; for, however she might have the best of the argument, a public and ostentatious exposure of the errors of a parent is not the most respectable road to the praise of others. Piety, unalloyed by the leaven of the Pharisee, would have laboured with filial love to induce a change in her unfortunate sire, without parade or canvassing for admiration. Such were the feelings of archbishop Sancroft on this subject. Not one word in reply did he send to the Hague, yet, with stern integrity, he relaxed not his steady opposition to the course his sovereign was pursuing.

The first day of the year 1687-8 brought intelligence which roused the princess Anne and her miniature court from exclusive attention to their own petty politics and intrigues, to the apprehension that the reversionary prospect of her wearing, one day, the crown of Great Britain, and transmitting it to her descendants, might be altogether obscured by the birth of an heir-apparent. Thanks were that day offered up in all churches in England that the queen of James II. was *enceinte*. Every intrigue that had existed between the malcontents of England and Holland forthwith grew livelier, as the hopes or fears of parties interested became stronger.

From that moment the secret correspondence from England, maintained by all sorts and conditions of persons with Mary and her husband, grew every hour more animated.

[1] Clarendon Letters and Diary, Appendix, vol. iv. p. 488

There were few persons at the court of James but were playing the parts of spies, with various degrees of treachery. Many of these correspondents were exceedingly bitter against each other; and if Mary of Orange had been a philosophic observer of character, she had curious opportunities for exercising her reflective powers, as the letters she daily received unveiled the clashing interests and opinions of her correspondents. At the head of this band of her father's enemies figures her sister, his deeply loved and indulged darling, the princess Anne. A bitter and malicious pen did Anne hold in her youth;[1] perhaps the spirit of Sarah Churchill, her favourite and ruler, inspired her with a portion of its venom; her chief hatred was towards the queen, her stepmother, and lady Sunderland. In this series of letters the two sisters had nicknames for their father and his queen, who, in their correspondence, were "Mansel and Mansel's wife;" the prime minister, Sunderland, and his countess, were "Rogers and Rogers' wife."

Sunderland and his wife had been foremost among the secret agents aiding the machinations of William and Mary. This fact was not known to Anne, who indulged her spirit of envious detraction whenever she mentioned lady Sunderland, and the traits she drew in various of her epistles of this person, for the information of her sister Mary, form a portrait graphically drawn, and certainly a likeness; yet the spirit in which the letters are written, creates more abhorrence for the writer than for the subject.

"THE PRINCESS OF DENMARK TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.

"Cockpit, March 20, 1688.

"I can't end my letter without telling you that lady Sunderland plays the hypocrite more than ever, for she goes to St. Martin's church morning and afternoon, because there are not people enough to see her at Whitehall chapel, and is half an hour before other people, and half an hour after every body is gone, at her private devotions.[2] She runs from church to church, and keeps

[1] The answers of the princess of Orange are not to be found, and can only be guessed by the tenour of her sister's epistles, and from them it may be presumed that they were written with caution, and couched in more respectable language than the emanations from the mind of the princess Anne, guided by Sarah Churchill. It is probable that William of Orange preserved the letters of the princess Anne to his wife, as proofs that the slanders, regarding the birth of the unfortunate heir of his uncle, did not originate in Holland.

[2] Birch MS. There must have been some difference in the closing of places of worship after service then, or lady Sunderland could not have remained so long.

up such a clatter with her devotions, that it really turns one's stomach. Sure there never was a couple so well matched as she and her good husband, for as she is throughout the greatest jade that ever was, so he is the subtlest *workingests*[1] villain that is on the face of the earth."

Then follows an extract, which, as the date is the same day, March 20, 1688, must have been part of the same epistle:

"I hope you will instruct Berkley what you would have your friends do if any *okwasion* (occasion) should exist, as it is to be feared there will, especially if Mansel (*her father*) *has* a son, which I conclude he will, there being so much reason to believe * * * * For methinks if it were not, there having been so many stories and fuss made about it[2] * * * * On the contrary, when any one talks of her situation, she looks as if she were afraid we should touch her. And, whenever I have happened to be in the room, and she has been undressing, she has always gone in the bedroom * * * * These things give me so much suspicion, that I believe, when she is brought to bed, no one will be convinced 'tis her child *unless it prove a daughter.*"

Can anything be more utterly absurd than this expression? particularly as the poor queen had previously brought into the world a son, there could be no possible reason why she should not bear another now. The princess Anne seems to have forgotten that the babe must have been either daughter or son. Probably the "Berkley" whom she mentions in the commencement was her first lady, one of the Villiers' sisters, who had undertaken a voyage to Holland "on *okwasions*"—to use the droll orthography of her royal highness—that she considered were safer uttered by word of mouth than committed to paper.

The princess Anne of Denmark meditated a voyage to Holland; she thus testifies her displeasure at her father's prohibition of her tour to the Hague:

"I am denied the satisfaction of seeing you, my dearest sister, this spring, though the king gave me leave when I first asked it. I impute this to lord Sunderland, for the king trusts him with everything, and he, going on so fiercely in the interests of the papists, is afraid you should be told a true character of him.

"You may remember, I have once before ventured to tell you, that I thought lord Sunderland a very ill man, and I am more confirmed every day

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[1] So written.

[2] Part of this letter is omitted on account of the coarseness and vulgarity of Anne's language. The reader who has previously perused the Life of Mary Beatrice, will remember that this was only the revival of the injurious reports circulated against the reality of the pregnancy of that princess previously to her last accouchement; but as that infant proved a daughter, no more was heard of the alleged fraud. See Hume's Observations on this party calumny.

in that opinion. Everybody knows how often this man turned backwards and forwards in the late king's time, and now to complete all his virtues, he is working with all his might to bring in popery. He is perpetually with the priests, and stirs up the king to do things faster than I believe he would of himself.

"This worthy lord does not go publicly to mass, but hears it privately in a priest's chamber. His lady (Sunderland) is as extraordinary in her kind, for she is a flattering, dissembling, false woman; but she has so fawning and endearing a way, that she will deceive any body at first, and it is not possible to find out all her ways in a little time. She cares not at what rate she lives, but never pays any body. She will cheat, though it be for a little. Then, she has had her gallants, though, may be, not so many as some ladies here; and with all these good qualities, she is a constant church-woman, so that, to outward appearance, one would take her for a saint, and to hear her talk, you would think she were a very good protestant, but she is as much one as the other, for it is certain that her lord does nothing without her.

"One thing I forgot to tell you about this noble lord, which is, that it is thought if everything does not go here as he would have it, that he will pick a quarrel with the court, and so retire, and by that means it is possible he may make his court to you."

By which sentence Anne plainly shows she was ignorant that Sunderland's court was ready made to the powers at the Hague.

Such was the spirit in which these princesses corresponded. Much have we been forced to suppress; and pass on now as unfit for family reading, with the remark, that good women would have lost all the regality the world could offer, rather than have held such a correspondence, or become the fosterers of such an intrigue as that by which they proclaimed their unfortunate brother a spurious child. This plot evidently originated in the brain of the princess Anne and her colleagues. It was first broached in the letter of March, before quoted, three months before the hapless infant it disinherited saw the light. In another letter, too thoroughly coarse and odious to quote, addressed to her sister Mary, and dated from the Cockpit, March, 1688, Anne again affirms, "that if the expected royal offspring should *not prove a daughter*, she will not believe it to be the queen's child."

Nearly at the same time, d'Avaux, the French ambassador to the states of Holland, wrote to his court, "that if the queen of James II. was put to bed of a son, that the prince of Orange was resolved to attempt to seize the British crown; for he was sure that the Calvinists in England would not permit any prince of Wales to supersede the rights of his wife."

The people of Great Britain were perfectly right solemnly to refuse to acknowledge a successor who was not to be educated in the established religion; their determination simply and firmly expressed, without false witness or calumny, would have been sufficient. The people in reality acted thus, and acted well; the falsehood and calumny did not originate with them, but with the two daughters and the nephew of James II. And, in the face of the odious documents they have left, how can we call their evil, good? It would indeed be a vain attempt, because no reader of the documents left by the princesses could come to the same opinion.

In one of the letters alluded to, the princess Anne, insinuates to her sister, that her life would be in danger from her father if she visited England. The undeviating indulgence and personal kindness of this most unfortunate father to these daughters has been shown by a succession of facts. It was a part of his lot, which, as he has declared in his memoirs, he felt to be peculiarly bitter, that his children, who ought to have compared his conduct to them from their youth upwards, could accuse him of either intending to destroy them or of meaning to supplant them by the imposture of pretended offspring; here are the words of Anne:

"There is one thing about yourself, that I cannot help giving my opinion in; which is, that if king James should desire you and the prince of Orange to come over to make him a visit, I think it would be better (if you can make any handsome excuse) not to do it, for though I dare swear the king could have no thought *against either of you*, yet, since people can say one thing and do another, *one cannot help being afraid.* If either of you should come, I should be very glad to see you, but really if you, or the prince *should* come, *I should be frightened out of my wits for fear any harm should happen to either of you.*"

After this incendiary missive,[1] the correspondence was interrupted for a short time by an illness of the princess Anne; her father was greatly alarmed, and rose early to visit her on the morning of April the 16th, 1688. Her uncle, lord Clarendon, had been roused at four in the

[1] Anne, who was acting the part of the cat in the fable, had reason to dread that a personal interview should take place between the parent she was slandering and her sister Mary. One hour of unrestrained personal conference between the unfortunate monarch and his eldest daughter would, in all probability, have averted his fall. The possibility of Mary seeing the queen in her present situation was also dreaded by Anne.

morning with the tidings of her danger; he hurried to the Cockpit to see her, and found the anxious parent sitting by her bedside. Could he have had one glance at the calumnies which were going to Holland, every post, from that very daughter, what would have been his reflections on the contrast in the affections of the father with that of the child? It does not appear that James II. ever resorted to the same means of reading private letters which we have seen practised by the prince of Orange. The Stuarts were weak enough to deem that similar proceedings were inconsistent with the honour of gentlemen.

The princess went, during her recovery, to visit her father at his palace of Richmond, from whence she vented her hatred to her unfortunate stepmother in the following letter:

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[1]

"Richmond, 9th May, 1688.

"The queen, you must know, is of a very proud and haughty humour, and though she pretends to hate all form and ceremony, one sees that those who make their court that way, are very well thought of. She declares always, that she loves sincerity and hates flattery; but when the grossest flattery in the world is said to her face, she seems exceeding well pleased with it. It really is enough to turn one's stomach, to hear what things are said to her of that kind, and to see how mightily she is satisfied with *it*. All these things lady Sunderland has in perfection, to make her court to her; she is now much oftener with the queen than she used to be. It is a sad, and a very uneasy thing, to be forced to live civilly, and as it were freely, with a woman that every one knows hates one, and does all she can to undo every body, which she (lady Sunderland) certainly does.

"One thing I must say of the queen, which is, that she is the most hated in the world of all sorts of people; for everybody believes that she presses the king to be more violent than he would be himself, which is not unlikely, for she is a very great bigot in her way.

"All ladies of quality say she is so proud, that they don't care to come oftener than they needs must, just out of mere duty; and, indeed, she has not so great court as she used to have. She pretends to have a great deal of kindness for me; but I doubt it is not real, for I never see proofs of it, but rather the contrary."

The gossip of that day circulated a story that the queen, as she sat at her toilet with the princess Anne, had, on some dispute between them, tossed her glove in the princess's face. This tale, if true, would never have been omitted by Anne in her correspondence, were it only to justify the hatred she virulently expresses against her hap-

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 174.

less stepmother, whose manner to her, she is obliged to own, expresses not only politeness, "but a great deal of kindness." Now, tossing a glove in a person's face is not consistent with either politeness or kindness; nor does the princess Anne attempt any excuse for her envenomed hatred, excepting her own suspicions that the queen's affection was not real, together with her envy of the flatteries and distinctions of royalty with which she was surrounded.

At the conclusion of this letter, the princess Anne repeated her expectations that her father would persecute her by attacks on her religious principles. This he certainly never did, even when she was a child. However, she says that she supposes the persecution would begin when her husband, prince George, went to visit the court of Denmark that summer. The arrangement between the princesses of Orange and Denmark was, that prince George was to escort the latter to the Hague, where she was to stay on a visit till his return from his own country.[1] This plan was entirely forbidden by James II.; and Anne, in the course of her correspondence, often expressed her anger at this prohibition. It is difficult to divine Anne's reasons for desiring to leave England at this crisis, unless she intended to make the same political use of her absence, which she afterwards did, when she insisted on going to Bath, previous to the accouchement of the queen, to avoid being a witness of her brother's birth, that she might enjoy the opportunity of raising an outcry, by means of her partisans, as if she had been forced to withdraw. Had the visit been permitted, lady Churchill, who ruled the princess Anne, would have been her companion, and it would have been utterly impossible for her to have restrained her propensity to quarrel and engender strife with all around her, at the court of the princess of Orange. Indeed, from the furious divisions which subsequently took place when these persons, at this era so strongly united against the king and queen, came in contact with each other, it may be guessed what would have been the result had the king permitted his daughter Anne to visit her sister at the Hague.

The princess of Orange, in a letter which is not forthcoming, had ventured to express to her sister disgust and

[1] Barillon's Despatches, March, 1688.

distrust of the manners and disposition of her favourite, which was answered in the following terms:

"March, 1688.

"Sorry people have taken such pains to give so ill a character of (lady) Churchill: I believe there is nobody in the world has better *notions* of religion than she has. It is true she is not so strict as some are, nor does she keep such a bustle with religion; which I confess I think is never the worse, for one sees so many saints mere devils, that if one be a good Christian, the less show one makes the better in my opinion. Then, as for moral principles, 'tis impossible to have better, and without all that, lifting up of the hands and eyes, and often going to church will prove but a very lame devotion. One thing more I must say for her, which is, that she has a true sense of the doctrine of our church, and abhors all the principles of the church of Rome; so, as to this particular, I assure you she will never change. The same thing I will venture, now I am on this subject, to say for her lord, for though he is a very faithful servant to king James, and the king is very kind to him, and I believe he will always obey the king, in all things that are consistent with religion, yet rather than change *that*, I dare say he will lose all his places, and everything that he has. The king once talked to *her* upon religion, upon occasion of her talking to some lady, or looking another way, when a priest said grace at the king's table."

This defence is indisputably written in lady Churchill's own bold style of composition. The princess of Orange found from it that she had committed a mistake by expressing her opinion of that favourite, whom she afterwards sought to propitiate by the following soothing billet:

"The Princess of Orange to Lady Churchill.[1]

"Dr. Stanley's going to England, is too good an opportunity for me to lose, of assuring lady Churchill she cannot give me greater satisfaction than in letting me know the firm resolution both lord Churchill and *you* have taken never to be wanting in what you owe to your religion. Such a generous resolution, I am sure, must make you deserve the esteem of all good people, and my sister's in particular. I need say nothing of mine, you have it upon a double account as my sister's friend, besides what I have said already, and you may be assured that I shall always be glad of an occasion to show it both to your lord and you.

"I have nothing more to add; for your friendship makes my sister as dear to you as to me, and I am persuaded we shall ever agree in our care of her, as, I believe, she and I should, in our kindness for you, were we near enough to renew our acquaintance. "Marie."

Another of these agreeable and friendly notes was written by the princess of Orange to the woman she so thoroughly abhorred, both before and after the revolution. The efforts of Mary, were, however, vain to palliate the political blunders she had committed by her first genuine expression of aversion, which had assuredly been communicated by Anne

[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 303.

to its object. All these caresses, and hints of future kindness when *near* enough, only effected an alliance between the house of Orange and that of Churchill for a few important months:

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO LADY CHURCHILL. (No date.)

"If it were as easy for me to write to my lady Churchill as it is hard to find a safe hand, she might justly wonder at my long silence, but I hope she does me more justice than to think it my fault. I have little to say at present, but that I hope my sister and you will never part. I send you here one (letter) for her, and have not any more time now than only to assure you that I shall never forget the kindness you showed to her who is so dear to me. That, and all the good I have heard of you, will make me ever your affectionate friend, which I shall be ready to show otherwise than by words, when I have the opportunity. "MARIE."

The letters of Anne, at last, announced to her sister in Holland that an unfortunate brother had made his entrance into a world which proved so very adverse to him. This event, calamitous to himself, to his country, to his father and mother, took place on Trinity Sunday morning, June 10th, 1688.[1] The princess Anne had betaken herself to Bath, on pretence of her situation needing the waters, in order that she might not be present at the queen's accouchement; nevertheless, she wrote to her sister in the following strain. She had arrived in London from Bath, with prince George, on the 15th of June, and the prince sailed for Denmark two days afterwards:

"The Cockpit, June 18, 1688.

"My dear sister can't imagine the concern and vexation I have been in, that I should be so unfortunate to be out of town when the queen was brought to bed, for I shall never more be satisfied, whether the child be true or false. It may be it is our brother, but God knows." * * * * * * *

Anne's vacillation between her own interest and her conscience are visible throughout the composition of this epistle. She continues—

"After all this, 'tis *possible* it *may be* her child (the queen's), but where one believes it, a thousand do not. For my part, except they do give very plain demonstrations (which 'tis almost impossible *now*) I shall ever be of the number of the unbelievers. I don't find that people are at all *disheartened*, but seem all of a mind, *which is a very comfortable thing at such a time as this.*"

Thus the princess Anne affirms of herself, that she found it "a very comfortable thing" for everybody to believe that her father, from whom she had never received an angry

[1] See the Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena, vol. ix., pp. 212, 213, 214, Lives of the Queens of England, for further particulars.

word, could be guilty of the crime of imposing a spurious heir not only on his country, but on himself and his family. When the crown coveted by Anne had been burning on her brow for a few years, her ideas of the comforts arising from gratified ambition were different, to which the details of her physician, Dr. Arbuthnot, bear melancholy witness. Part of the time of her husband's absence in Denmark, which lasted till October, was passed by Anne in visits to her father, for her letters are dated from Windsor or Richmond-palace; in one of these, she says:

"Though we agree in matters of religion, *yet I can't help fearing that you are not of my opinion* in other matters, because you have *never answered me to anything that I have said* of Roger (lord Sunderland), nor of Mansel's (her father's) wife?[1]

It is not difficult to gather from this last epistle, that Mary had exercised a certain degree of caution in noticing Anne's scandalous insinuations, who nevertheless proceeded in the same strain, and in the next letter outwardly exults in the expected demise of her unwelcome little brother, in these words:—

"The Cockpit,[2] July 9, 1688.

"The prince of Wales has been ill these three or four days; and if he has been so bad as people say, I believe it will not be long before he is an angel in heaven."

At last, the princess of Orange responded to the principal subject of her sister's letters, by sending to her a string of queries relative to the birth of the prince of Wales, couched in language inadmissible here; they were answered in the same style by the princess Anne, who prefaced and ended her answers with the following epistle:—

"The Princess Anne of Denmark to the Princess of Orange.[3]

"The Cockpit, July 24, 1688.

"I received, yesterday, yours of the 19th, by which I find you are not satisfied with the account I have given you in my last letter; but I hope you will forgive me for being no more particular, when you consider that not being upon the place, all I could know must be from others, and having then been but a few days in town, I had not time to inquire so narrowly into things, as I have since; but, before I say any more, I can't help telling you, I am very sorry you should think I would be negligent in letting you know things of any consequence. For though I am generally lazy; and it is true, indeed, when I write by post, for the most part, I make those letters very short, not daring to tell you any news by it, and being very ill at invention,

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[1] Dalrymple's Appendix, p. 304. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. p. 308.

yet I hope you will forgive my being lazy, when I write such letters, since I have never missed any opportunity of giving you all the intelligence I am able; and pray be not so unjust to believe, I can think the doing anything you can desire any trouble, for certainly, I would do a great deal more for you, if it lay in my power, than the answering your questions, which I shall now do as exactly as you desire."

These answers cannot be transcribed here, being given to technical questions, only comprehensible to medical persons, though needlessly rendered disgusting by the princess Anne's irreclaimable vulgarity of soul. Occasionally, she betrayed unconsciously her actual belief in the identity of her unfortunate brother; and the same conviction must have occurred to the clearer brain of the princess of Orange. Nothing that the privy-council afterwards received as evidence, could bring stronger testimony of that truth than the queries and replies of these sisters. Anne, after finishing her answers, concludes her epistle in these words:—

"I have done my endeavour to inform myself of everything, for I have spoke with Mrs. Dawson, and asked her all the questions I could think of, (for not being in the room when the queen was brought to bed, one must inquire of somebody that was there), and I thought she could tell me as much as anybody, and would be less likely to speak of it, and I took all the care I could, when I spoke to her, to do it in such a manner that I might know everything, and in case she should betray me, that the king and queen should not be angry with me."

Mrs. Dawson was an elderly lady belonging to the royal household, and of the established religion, who had been present with Anne Hyde, duchess of York, when both the princesses Mary and Anne were born. At a subsequent period, she more solemnly attested to Anne, that the prince of Wales was as much the son of the queen, as she was the daughter of the duchess of York. Her conversation with Anne at this juncture, had again awakened some qualms of conscience in the bosom of that princess, for she concludes her letter with the following admission:—

"All she (Mrs. Dawson) says, seems wonderfully clear; but one does not know what to think, for methinks it is wonderful, if it is no cheat, that they never took pains to convince *me* of *it*. I hope I have answered your letter as fully as you desire; if there be anything else you would know, pray tell me by the first safe hand, and you shall always find me very diligent in obeying you, and showing, by my actions, how real and sincere my kindness is."

Nothing could be more embarrassing to a mind predetermined as that of the princess of Orange to view the birth of her unwelcome brother with hostility, than the

tender and friendly letters she received from home, by every post, written either by her father or his queen. She had been given no feasible reason for resentment, and it was difficult to repulse the tone of family affection which had been accustomed to greet her with little billets of remembrance. The unfortunate queen of her father employed her first convalescence in writing to her, addressing her billet to "her dear Lemon."[1] It will be remembered, that this was a fond name invented at St. James's when the princess married, in contradistinction to the name of Orange. How utterly unconscious the queen must have been of the detestable correspondence passing, regarding her, between her step-daughters, the use of this little endearment shows. From the answer of the princess of Orange, the queen gathered that the friendship which she had formerly professed for her was estranged. Again, the princess received a letter,[2] difficult to answer, though the tone was that of tender remonstrance; it is, however, far from being worded angrily.

The answers of the princess of Orange to the queen's letters, seem to have been cold and ambiguous; they are not preserved, but many indications of her latent displeasure were daily sent to England. A grand fête with fireworks, had been given to the resident-ministers at the Hague, by the British legation, in order to celebrate the birth of the prince of Wales; the maids of the princess of Orange had been invited guests; these ladies were not content with refusals, but they manifested great anger, and reviled the inviter.[3] Moreover, it was observed, that the prince of Wales had not constantly the benefit of the prayers of his sister in her English chapel. Sometimes he was prayed for, and sometimes, as her father observes, quite omitted. When her father heard of this neglect, he wrote a letter of remonstrance[4] in which he asked his daughter the difficult question, "of what offence had been given?"

[1] Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis, First Series, vol. iii.: see Letter, vol. ix. chap. v.

[2] Ibid. For the letters, see Life of Mary Beatrice, vol. ix. chap. v.

[3] Ambassades d'Avaux: vol. vi. p. 333. It must be recollected that all ambassadors were sent to the states of Holland, and not to the prince of Orange, who was but their functionary.

[4] Birch MS. There are only a few words from this letter extracted by Birch.

Her answer is preserved among her father's papers. It will be noticed, that she had somewhat lost her English orthography:

"THE PRINCESS OF ORANGE TO JAMES II.[1]

"Hague, August 17, 1688.

"Sir,

"Being to go to Loo next Thursday, if it please God I am come to this place (Hague) to go *bake* at night. Last Thursday, I received your majesty's of the 31st of July, by which I see you had heard that the prince of Wales was no more prayed for in my chapell, but long before this, you will know that it had *onely bin* sometimes forgot. M. d'Albeville can assure you I never told him it was forbid, so that they *wear* only conjectures made upon its being sometimes neglected, but he can tell, as I find your majesty already knows, that *he* (the prince of Wales) was prayed for *heer* long before it was done in England.

"This excessive hot *weather* continues longer than I ever knew it, which I shall find sufficiently in my journey; I have nothing more to add at present than only to beg your majesty to believe, wherever I am, I shall still be, your majesty's most obedient daughter and servant,

"MARIE."

Another letter of remonstrance was received by the princess of Orange from her father's wife, who anxiously required from her step-daughter expressions of sisterly love towards the new-born infant.[2] The correspondence continued between the princess of Orange and the queen until the landing of William. Now and then, a letter has been preserved, either by James II. or William III., which presents us with a tantalizing glimpse of their conduct and feelings.

There is reason to suppose that the practice of toleration of different sects was nearly on the same footing, in the year 1688, as it is at the present time, since the princess Anne thus writes to her sister:

"It is a melancholy prospect that all we of the church of England have. All sectaries may now do as they please. *Every one has the free exercise of their religion*, on purpose, no doubt, to ruin us, which I think, to all impartial judges, is very plain. For my part, I expect every moment to be spoke to about my religion, and wonder very much I have heard nothing of it yet."

Anne, throughout the summer, vainly expected some persecution from her father. She reiterates this expectation so often, that she must have been disappointed that it never came. She paid a visit to her father at Windsor during

[1] Original Papers, edited by Macpherson, vol. i.

[2] Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis: First Series, vol. iii. See the letter, vol. ix. chap. v.

her husband's absence in Denmark. She wrote to her sister thus:

"Windsor, August 18, 1688.

"I am in as great expectation of being tormented as ever, for I never can believe that Mansel (*the king her father*) would go on so violently, if he had not some hopes, that in time he may gain either you or me."

For the first time some cause of alarm seemed to exist, since, while she was alone at Windsor with the king, her father, he introduced the pope's legate to her when the queen was holding a grand drawing-room at the castle.[1] Nothing further came of this presentation than fright. The princess attended sermons and lectures three times in St. George's chapel, that day, as a security against the insidious attacks of the newly arrived legate, whom her father had madly invited, or rather forced,[2] into his dominions, to incense the people to revolution.

Directly Sancroft and his prelates were incarcerated in the Tower, the princess of Orange addressed to him an epistle by the pen of Dr. Stanley, from Hounslardyke, where the court of Orange was then abiding, to inform him of the exultation with which his firm resistance to the encroachments of Rome was viewed in Holland:

"All men," wrote Dr. Stanley, "that love the Reformation, do rejoice in it, and thank God for it, as an act most resolute and every way becoming your places. But, especially, our excellent prince and princess were well pleased with it, (notwithstanding all that the marquis of Albeville, the king's envoy here, could say against it) that they have both vindicated it before him, and given me a command, in their names, to return your grace their hearty thanks for it, and at the same time to express their real concern for your grace and all your brethren, and for the good cause in which your grace is engaged; and your refusing to comply with the king (James II.), is by no means looked upon, by them, as tending to disparage the monarchy, for they reckon the monarchy to be really undervalued by illegal actions. Indeed, we have great reason to bless and thank God, for their highnesses' steadiness in so good a cause."

No response did all these notes of exultation elicit from the venerable patriarch of the reformed church. Bowed down with sorrow, mourning over the wounds that ancient and beloved church was receiving from him whose duty it was to protect her, he anticipated no very great amelioration of them from a foreigner, whose belief vibrated between Deism and predestinarianism. No flattery could

[1] Bishop Cartwright's Diary, published by Camden Society.

[2] The pope was extremely unwilling to send the legate.

obtain from Sancroft one murmur, one factious complaint. He had companions in his imprisonment, spirits worthy of communion with his own. One was Dr. Kenn, the late almoner of the princess of Orange, bishop of Bath and Wells. It must have been from him that Sancroft derived his deep distrust of the motives of the prince and princess of Orange; for he had been domesticated with the prince, had been witness of his immoral private life, and his bad influence over his wife.

The incarcerated prelates of the church of England were triumphantly acquitted by a jury at Westminster Hall, and subsequently released. King James, by his secession to the church of Rome, had deprived himself of the active loyalty of the reformed church, and had given the best and most high principled of his subjects no other alternative than that of standing mournfully neuter to witness the completion of his ruin, although nothing could induce them, either from motives of revenge or interest, to hasten it. That ruin now came on with fearful velocity, accelerated by his own trusted and beloved children.

There was little need for either the prince or princess of Orange, or the princess Anne, to have disgraced themselves by the course they took; the natural tide of events must have led to the results which took place. The people had looked anxiously towards her whom they long considered as the heiress of their throne; a resemblance was even fancied between her person and that of queen Elizabeth; and this popular notion perhaps prompted the reply of Edmund Waller to James II., when the king gave the veteran poet and statesman an audience in his private cabinet. "How do you like that portrait of my eldest daughter?" asked the father, drawing Waller's attention to a fine whole length of Mary, just opposite to his chair. "My eyes are dim," replied Waller; "but if that is the princess of Orange, she bears some resemblance to the greatest woman the world ever saw." The king asked who he meant, and testified some surprise when Waller answered, "Queen Elizabeth." "She had great ministers," drily observed the king, "And when did your majesty ever know a fool choose wise ones?" rejoined Waller, impressively.

The great-grandson of Mary queen of Scots might have been excused for not joining very cordially in the praises of queen Elizabeth. This anecdote, for some reason, although

it contains proof of his parental feelings for his daughter, has been related to his injury and to her advantage. The picture referred to in the anecdote was that which now presents itself on the left hand on entering the royal suite at Hampton Court. The lightness of the complexion and hair, and the sharpness of the lower part of the face, give a shade of likeness to queen Elizabeth; but there is another over the door of the royal closet, which is a better resemblance of the princess herself. Both are by the Dutch artist, Wissing. He was, although a Dutchman, not employed by William of Orange, but by James II. The father, who had not seen his beloved Mary for some years, desired to have a resemblance of her after he was king. For this purpose he sent his painter, Wissing, to Holland, and gave him a commission to paint the portraits of his daughter and his son-in-law, and bring them back to England with him. Wissing did so, but died early in 1687;[1] therefore, these Hampton Court portraits must be dated between king James's accession and the death of the artist employed by him. The two portraits of Mary, which are nearly duplicates in design, were painted on this occasion; one being left in Holland, and the other found at Hampton Court, when the undutiful original took possession of all her father's personal property. There is, likewise, an equestrian portrait of William III., which must greatly have deceived all his young romantic partisans in England, who named the Orange pair, from Wissing's portraits, "Ormanzor and Phenixiana." William appears in the proportions of a hero of seven feet in height, instead of one two feet shorter. James II. was probably greatly amused at this flattery of his Dutch painter; but it had its effect in England. The second portrait of Mary is engraved for the frontispiece of this volume. The princess is seated in her garden; she is dressed in a gown of the full blue colour, which was then called garter-blue. She holds back her veil with one hand. She has no ornament on her head, but wears a throat necklace of large pearls.

In the reign of James II., public opinion spoke at convivial meetings in quaint rhymes, called toasts, which were sung at the time when healths were drank. "I know not

[1] Bryant's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. Wissing had been the assistant of sir Peter Lely, and was historical-painter to James II.

whether you have heard a health (toast) that goes about which is new to me just now, so, send it you."[1]

TOAST.

"The king God bless,
And each princess;
The church no less,
Which we profess
As did queen Bess."

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is minutely delineated by the pen of lord Clarendon, her mother's brother, who had the opportunity of seeing her daily. James II. travelled with his daughter Anne to London, September 18th; a few days after, her uncle, lord Clarendon, attended her levee, and found her in her bed-chamber, with only one of her dressers, completing her toilet.[2] The reports of the projected invasion from Holland were agitating all London. Anxious thoughts regarding the welfare of his royal master weighed heavily on the loyal heart of Clarendon; and he earnestly wished to awaken a responding interest for her father in the heart of Anne.

"She asked me, 'Why I did not come to her as often as I used to do?' I answered, 'That her royal highness had not been long in town, but that, wherever I was, I should be ready to wait upon her if she had any commands for me.' She then told me 'that she had found the king much agitated about the preparations which were making in Holland,' and asked me, 'what I had heard?' I said, 'I was out of all manner of business, and, truly, that I heard nothing but common rumours.'"

The princess then expressed her detestation of lord and lady Sunderland; upon which her uncle observed, "that he was much surprised to find her royal highness in that mind towards lady Sunderland, in whom all the world thought she took the kindest interest; and," added he, "may I presume to ask what is the matter between ye?" "I think her the worst woman in the world," responded the princess Anne. A pause ensued, which was broken by lord Clarendon saying, "I wish your royal highness had not heretofore

[1] Letter written to Mrs. Rachel Russell, afterwards duchess of Devonshire. Family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, which were copied by his kind permission, July 1846.

[2] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189.

thought so well of her, but I am certain that you had a just caution given you of her."

Thus the revilings in which the princess indulged at the name of lady Sunderland had been preceded by a close intimacy, against which her uncle had vainly warned her. The princess did not like the last reminiscence, and looked at her watch, a huge appendage, almost as large as a time-piece, which ladies then carried by their sides, and her uncle withdrew. "What can this mean?" he wrote, in comment on this dialogue, after recording it in his diary; "she seems to have a mind to say something, and yet is upon a reserve."[1]

The next day, lord Clarendon attended, at Whitehall palace, the levee of her father, who expressed his certainty of the invasion by his son-in-law. "In the afternoon," he continues, "I waited again on the princess Anne.[2] I told her what had passed between the king and me. She answered, very drily, "I know nothing but what the prince, my husband, tells me he hears from the king." In the course of a few days, her uncle made a positive attempt on her feelings as a daughter, thinking that, as she was so infinitely beloved by James II., she might successfully warn him of his danger; when the following dialogue took place between the uncle and the niece.[3] She mentioned "that the king had received an express, which declared that all the Dutch troops were embarked, and that the prince of Orange was to embark on Monday next, and that lord Shrewsbury, lord Wiltshire, and Henry Sidney were with them;" she added, "that the king, her father, seemed much disturbed, and very melancholy." "I took the liberty to say," proceeds lord Clarendon, "that it was pity nobody would take this opportunity of speaking honestly to the king; and that I humbly thought it would be very proper for her royal highness to say something to him, and beg him to confer with some of his old friends, who had always served him faithfully." "I never speak to the king on business," was the answer of the princess Anne to this appeal. Her uncle replied, "That her father could not but take it well to see her royal highness concerned for him; that it might produce some good effect, and no ill could possibly come of it. But," continues he, "the more I pressed her, the more reserved she became." At last she said, "that

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 189. [2] Ibid. [3] Ibid. p. 191.

she must dress herself, for it was almost prayer time."[1] The daughter then went forth to pray; and Clarendon, grieved by the uselessness of his attempt to awaken her filial feelings, retired with a heavy heart.

Whilst such were the proceedings of the youngest sister, the elder, in Holland, was acting a part, the turpitude of which, it might be supposed, no fanatical self-deception could veil from her own conscience. Her deepest guilt was the falsehood by which she sought to deceive her father relative to the preparations making in Holland for the invasion of England, which she repeatedly assured him were merely for the usual service of the emperor. This untruth Mary repeated constantly to her unfortunate father, who seems, if we may judge by his replies, to have sought every species of excuse for her falsehood. Here are specimens of the letters she received from him; we must remember that they are but extracts garbled by an enemy. The first seems to have been in answer to some deceitful and misleading assurances of the daughter:

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 21, 1688.

"All the discourse here is about the great preparations making in Holland, and what the great fleet, which is coming out to sea from thence, is to do—*a little time will show.*"[2]

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 25, 1688.[3]

"I see by yours of the 20th inst., that the prince of Orange was gone to the Hague, and from thence, that he was arrived; what his business is there at this time, I do really believe you are not acquainted with, nor with the resolution he has taken, which alarms all people here very much."[4]

The calmness of the succeeding letter, written under the utter conviction that his son-in-law was about to invade him, in profound peace, is very remarkable. For, whatsoever injury James II. might meditate against the church of England, Mary and her husband had received nothing but good from him:

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Sept. 28, 1688.

"This evening I had yours, of the 4th, from Dieren, by which I find you were then to go to the Hague, being sent for by the prince. I suppose it is

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[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 191.

[2] Additional MS., 4163, folio 1, British Museum.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

to inform you of his design of coming to England, which he has been so long *a contriving. I hope it will have been as great a surprise to you*[1] *as it was to me, when I first heard it,* being sure it is not in your nature to approve of so unjust an undertaking. I have been all this day so busy, to endeavour to be in some condition to defend myself from so unjust and unexpected an attempt, that I am almost tired, and so I shall say no more but that I shall always have as much kindness for you, as you will give me leave to have."[2]

These letters were followed by others which, in their parental simplicity, must have been heart-rending to any one not exactly provided with a heart of marble. The evident failure of physical strength expressed by the old father, the worn-out hero of many a hard battle, while making ready to repel the hostility of his children, ought to have been agonizing to the daughter.

"JAMES II. TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 2, 1688.

"I was this morning abroad to take the air, and to see some batteries I have made below Woolwich, for the defence of the river. And since I came back, I have been so very busy to prepare things *for the invasion intended,* that I could not write till now, that 'tis near midnight, so that you might not wonder if my letter be short. For news, you will have it from others, for really I am very weary, so shall end, which I do, with assuring you of my continuing as kind to you as you can desire."[3]

The tone of calm sorrow is remarkable in the last and most tender of these epistles. It will be seen by the date that the correspondence between the father and daughter was constant, even down to a few days of the landing of his enemy. Surely, this letter, gentle and reasonable as it is, still searching for excuses, and hoping against hope, that he had the sympathy of his child, persuading himself, and quite willing to persuade her, that she did not participate in aught against him, is replete with touching pathos. The old Greek tragedians often imagined such situations; they could grandly paint the feelings natural to a mind torn between the clashing interests of filial and conjugal love, just as the old monarch supposes here was the case with his Mary; but neither poet nor moralist has described conduct like that of the royal heroine of the revolution of 1688.

"KING JAMES TO HIS DAUGHTER MARY.

"Whitehall, Oct. 9, 1688.

"I had no letter from you by the last post, which you see does not hinder

[1] Here the king alludes to Mary's often repeated asseverations to him regarding this force.

[2] Additional MS., 4163; folio 1, Birch MSS. British Museum. [3] Ibid.

me from writing to you now, not knowing, certainly, what may have hindered you from doing it. I easily believe you may be embarrassed how to write to me now, that the unjust design of the prince of Orange's invading me is so public.

"And though I know you are a good wife, and ought to be so, yet for the same reason, I must believe you will be still as good a daughter to a father that has always loved you so tenderly, and that has never done the least thing to make you doubt it. I shall say no more, and believe you very uneasy all this time, for the concern you must have for a husband and a father. You shall still find me kind to you if you desire it."[1]

Perhaps this was the last letter that passed at this crisis from the father to the daughter. It does honour to the king, for here we see the patient and much-enduring love of the parent. It is a letter, the retrospection of which must have cut deep into the conscience, if "Mary, the daughter," ever reviewed the past in the lone silent watches of the night.

While James II. was thus writing to the elder princess, his faithful brother-in-law, Clarendon, was labouring to awake some filial fears in the obtuse mind of his niece, Anne. It was more than a fortnight before he could obtain another conference with her, for she avoided all his attempts at private conversation. He visited her, however, in the evening of October 10, when she made an observation regarding her father's evident anguish of mind. Lord Clarendon told her, "that it was her duty to speak freely to the king, which would be a comfort to him." To this the princess made no reply. Clarendon soon after attended the royal levée at Whitehall. There, king James told him the news that the prince of Orange had embarked with all the Dutch troops, and would sail with the first favourable wind. "I have nothing," added the unfortunate father, "by this day's post from my daughter, the princess of Orange, and it is the first time I have missed hearing from her for a long time."[2] He never heard from her again.

Lord Clarendon almost forced an interview with his niece Anne. "I told her," he writes, in his journal, "most of what the king had said. I earnestly pressed her to speak to him. I entreated her to be the means of prevailing on him to hear some of his faithful old friends; but," he bitterly adds, "she would do nothing!"

[1] Additional MSS., 4163, folio 1, Birch, British Museum.
[2] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 194.

Just at this time were reports that the Dutch expedition was scattered and injured by heavy October gales. James II. ordered the examination to take place before his privy-council, relative to the birth of the prince of Wales. Lord Clarendon, as the uncle of the princesses whose claims to the British throne were apparently superseded by the birth of their brother, was requested to be present at the depositions taken by the numerous witnesses on oath.[1] He had never for a moment entertained a doubt on the subject, and he seems to think that the most unbelieving must henceforth rest convinced that the report of a spurious child was a calumny.

The princess, his niece, was at her levée when, on the morning of the 23rd of October, her maternal uncle honestly came to tell her his opinion of the identity of her brother—simple man!—hoping to satisfy and relieve her mind. He had not had the benefit of perusing her private sentiments on the subject, as our readers have done: he knew not that a letter written by her hand then existed—declaring "*that she thought it a comfort* that all people in England asserted that the infant prince, her brother, was an impostor." The princess was dressing for prayers; all her women were about her; and they and their mistress were loud in mirth and jest when lord Clarendon added himself to the group at the toilette. The princess at once plunged boldly and publicly into the discussion which she knew was on her uncle's mind. "Fine discourse," she exclaimed,[2] "you heard at council yesterday;" and then she made herself very merry with the whole affair, laughing loud and long; and as her dressing proceeded, her women put in their jests. Her uncle was scandalized and disgusted by the scene. "I was," he says, "amazed at her behaviour, but I thought it unfit to say anything then. I whispered to her royal highness, to request that she would give me leave to speak with her in private. 'It grows late,' replied the princess, 'and I must hasten to prayers; but you can come at any time, except this afternoon.' So I went home. In the evening my brother Laurence was with me. I told him all concerning the princess Anne. I begged him to go

[1] See the Life of Mary of Modena.

[2] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 196.

and talk to her. 'It will signify *nothing*,' emphatically replied the other uncle of the princess."

The wish of lord Clarendon, in seeking these interviews with his niece, was to awaken her filial affection to a sense of her father's danger; and if he could effect this, he meant to induce her to become the mediatrix between his majesty and his loyal people, for the security of the church of England, obtaining at the same time a guarantee that her infant brother should be brought up in that faith. Clarendon dreaded as much danger to that beloved church from the dissenting prince who aspired to be its head, as from the Roman-catholic head, then in authority. James was injuring the church by storm; William, whom he well knew, would proceed by sap. One wounded, the other would paralyze.

In the afternoon, lord Clarendon paid another visit to the princess, his niece. She made many excuses to avoid a conference with him. "I fancy," he remarks, in his journal, "that she has no mind to talk to me." Anne certainly anticipated the reproof she knew her uncle was resolved to administer for her odious conduct at his former visit. Lord Clarendon asked her, "If she had received any letters from the princess of Orange." "No," said the princess, "I have not had any for a long while;" and added, "that her sister *never* wrote to her of any of these matters." How falsely she spoke her uncle could not tell so well as the readers of her previous letters.

Lord Clarendon visited the princess two days later. She was dressing, but as lady Churchill was present, he resolved to delay the admonition he was waiting for a suitable opportunity to administer.

Two days after, he found her at home. "She came," he says, "out of her closet very quickly, and told me that she was sorry she had disappointed me so often when I desired to speak to her, and she now wished to know what I had to say?"

Then the reproof which Anne had so well deserved was administered. "I told her," continues her uncle, "that I was extremely surprised and shocked, the other day, to find her royal highness speak so slightingly regarding her family affairs, and above all, to suffer her women to break their unseemly jests regarding the birth of her brother."

The princess replied, "Sure! you cannot but hear the common rumours concerning him?"

"I do hear very strange rumours, indeed," said her uncle, "as every one must do who lives publicly in the world, but there is no colour for these."

"I will not say that I believe them," replied the princess; "but I needs must say, that the queen's behaviour was very odd"—and here Anne, although a young woman, and speaking to a man, used expressions of that vulgar coarseness, of which no examples are to be found like hers, either from the lips or pen of a British princess, even in the ages of semi-barbarism.[1]

"Possibly," replied Clarendon, "the queen did not know the reports."

"I am sure," answered the princess Anne, "the king (James II.) knew of them; for, as he has been sitting by me in my own chamber, he would speak of the idle stories that were given out, of the queen not being likely to have a child, laughing at them; therefore I cannot wonder that there was no more care taken to satisfy the world." This speech proves that James II. spent his time occasionally sitting by his daughter's side, and conversing familiarly with her. Clarendon asked, "if her royal highness had, upon those occasions, said anything to the king her father?" The princess Anne owned "that she had not." "Then," said her uncle, "your father might very well think that you minded the reports no more than he did, since you said nothing to him, even when he gave you opportunities, that, in my humble opinion, if you had felt the least dissatisfaction, you ought to have discovered it for the public good, as well as for your own sake, and that of the princess of Orange." "If I had said anything to the king," replied the princess Anne, "he might have been angry, and then God knows what might have happened." "If you had no mind to have spoken to the king yourself," observed her uncle, "you have friends, who would have managed to serve you without prejudice to you. And remember," continued the stern loyalist, "this is the first time you have said anything to me, although I have given you occasion to open your mind, by urging your speaking to the king

[1] Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon.

your father since these alarms of invasion." He concluded, by begging the princess "to consider the miseries which might be entailed upon these kingdoms, even in case that God might bless the king her father with more sons. And he requested her to do something which might publicly prove her satisfaction that her brother was no spurious child." To all this, she made no answer. It was not indeed a very palatable suggestion to the princess Anne, which bade her look forward to a succession of brothers, considering the infinity of pains she had taken to invalidate the royal birth of the only one in existence.

The next day, the king ordered his whole privy-council to wait upon his daughter, the princess Anne, with copies of the depositions concerning the birth of the prince of Wales. In the evening, they waited upon her in state. Upon receiving the depositions from the lords of the privy council, the princess replied:—"My lords, this was not necessary; for I have so much duty for the king, that his word is more to me than all these depositions."[1]

Such were the outward expressions of the lips of the princess Anne, which were in utter contradiction to her private words and writings. She need not have soiled her mind and conscience with duplicity, and dark and dirty intrigues. England would have denied the succession to an heir bred a Roman-catholic, even if his sisters had been truthful women, and grateful and dutiful daughters.

Lord Clarendon was in the ante-room, and heard the fair seeming reply of his niece, and when the lords of council went out, he entered her presence. "The princess," he said, "was pleased to tell me the answer she gave to the council. I hope," replied Clarendon, "that there now remains no suspicion with your royal highness." She made no answer.[2]

[1] Diary and Correspondence of Henry lord Clarendon, edited by S. W. Singer, Esq., vol. ii. pp. 198, 199. [2] Ibid., p. 120.

MARY II.

QUEEN REGNANT OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

CHAPTER IV.

Proceedings of the princess of Orange at the Hague—Her conversation with Burnet—Her reflections on the memory of Mary queen of Scots—Her conversation with her husband—Letter of her step-mother—Second conversation with Burnet—Embarkation of her husband to invade her father—Forbids prayers for her father—Landing of the prince of Orange—Last interview of the princess Anne and her father (James II.)—Conversations with her uncle Clarendon—Her father leaves London for the army—Her husband and lord Churchill forsake him—Her connivance—Her escape from Whitehall with lady Churchill—Joins her father's enemies—Arrival at Nottingham—Joins an association against her father—Her council and forces—Disgusts lord Chesterfield—Conduct of her household at the Cockpit—Her letter to the queen—To the prince of Orange—Triumphant entry into Oxford—Her forces headed by bishop Compton—Stays from London till her father leaves it—Goes to the play with lady Churchill in orange ribbons—Danger of her father that night—Stern reproofs of her uncle Clarendon—Controversy of the succession—Rights of the daughters of James II.—Uneasiness of the princess Anne—Requests her uncle's interference—Conventions declare Mary sole sovereign-regnant—Rage of her husband—Mary associated with William in regality—She yields precedence to William—Princess Anne yields her place to him—Mary leaves Holland.

Our narrative now leads us back for a few weeks, to witness the proceedings of the elder daughter of James II. at her court of the Hague, which was in an equal ferment of agitated expectation with that of England. Here the princess was occupied in listening, with apparent simplicity, to the polemic and political explanations of Dr. Burnet in Holland, who had undertaken, by special commission, to render her subservient to the principles of the coming revolution. Those who have seen the cor-

respondence of the daughters of James II. may deem that the doctor might have spared any superfluous circumlocution in the case; but on comparison of his words and those letters, it will be found that it pleased the princess of Orange to assume an appearance of great ignorance regarding the proceedings in England. "She knew but little of our affairs," says Burnet, "till *I* was admitted to wait upon her, and *I* began to lay before her the state of our court, and the intrigues in it, ever since the restoration, which she received with great satisfaction, and true judgment and good sense in all the reflections she made."

Another subject of discussion with the princess of Orange and Burnet, was the reported imposition regarding the birth of her unhappy brother and unconscious rival. This slander each assumed as a truth; but the princess, stifling the memory of her sister's disgusting letters and her own remarkable replies, appeared to hear it with astonishment for the first time. In the course of these singular conversations, Burnet observes, "the princess asked me "what had sharpened the king, her father, so much against Mr. Jurieu?"[1] The real reason has been detailed in the previous chapter. It was for writing a violent attack on her father, accusing him of having cut the throat of the earl of Essex in the Tower. Mary knew this well; for it had been the cause of indignant discussion, and the recal of Chudleigh, the British envoy, who would not endure to witness the presentation of such a libel, by Jurieu, to the prince of Orange in full levée.[2] Burnet was not aware that the princess meant to discuss Jurieu's foul attack on her father. Perhaps the fact was only recorded in the ambassador's reports; for Burnet replied, wide of the mark, "that Jurieu had written with great indecency of Mary queen of Scots, which cast reflections on *them* that were descended from her, and was not very decent in one employed by the prince and herself."

To this, the princess answered, by giving her own especial recipe for historical biography, as follows: "That Jurieu was to support the cause he defended, and to expose those that persecuted it in the best way he could;" and, "if what he said of Mary queen of Scots was true, he was

[1] Burnet's History of his Own Times.
[2] Ambassades of d'Avaux, and Skelton's Despatches.

not to be blamed;" and she added, "that if princesses will do ill things, they must expect that the world will take that revenge on their memories that it *cannot on their persons.*"[1]

A more rational method of judging, than that induced by the furious and one-sided advocacy this princess approved, and which she was pleased to see stain the memory of her hapless ancestress, (on whose *person* party vengeance had been wreaked to the uttermost,) is by the test of facts, illustrated by autograph letters. By the spirit of a genuine correspondence may the characteristics of historical personages best be illustrated, and the truth, whether "ill things" are done, best ascertained. The united aid of facts and letters will even throw light on the deeply-veiled character of Mary II. of England.

About the time this conversation took place between this highly-praised princess and her panegyrist Burnet, she received the following letter from her step-mother—a princess who has had her full share of this world's revilings.

"QUEEN MARY BEATRICE TO MARY PRINCESS OF ORANGE.[2]

"Sept. 28, 1688.

"I am much troubled what to say, at a time when nothing is talked of but the prince of Orange coming over with an army; this has been said for a long time, and believed by a great many, but I do protest to you that I never did believe till now, very lately, that I have no possibility left of doubting it. The second part of the news I never will believe, which is, that you are to come over with him—for I know you to be too good. I do not believe you could have such a thought against the worst of fathers, much less to perform it against the best, who has always been so kind to you, and I do believe, *has loved you better* than any of his children."

Mary had actually written to her father, only a few days before the receipt of the above letter, that the journey her husband had taken to Minden, whence he returned September 20, 1688, was for the sole purpose of getting the German princes in congress there to march against France, he being still the generalissimo of the war of Spain, and the emperor against France. James II. showed his daughter's letter to Barillon, the French ambassador, then at his court, as an answer to his warnings regarding the Dutch armament.[3]

[1] Burnet's History of his Own Times.

[2] Historical Letters, edited by Sir H. Ellis, First Series, vol. iii.

[3] Mazure, from Albeville's Despatches. Barillon's Despatches to Louis XIV., 166, 1688. Fox MSS. The information is preserved by the statesman C. J.

Meantime, Bevil Skelton, the cavalier ambassador lately at the Hague, perseveringly warned his royal master of the real machinations of Mary and her spouse. Louis XIV. offered to intercept the fleet preparing for the invasion of England, but nothing could induce the father to believe these warnings in preference to the letters of his child, who moreover complained most piteously of the ill conduct of Bevil Skelton, as a person wholly in the interest of France, against her and her husband. James II. actually inflicted on his faithful servant the punishment of incarceration in the Tower, because he reiterated his cautions after recall. James was vexed with the peace of Europe being broken, more concerned with his endeavours to prevent France and Spain from going to war, than apprehensive of invasion from his "son of Orange" in profound peace, and, firmly believing Mary's solemn affirmations that her husband was only preparing to repel the hourly expected attack of France, he actually offered William, as late as October 3, (N.S.) forces for his aid, both by sea and land!![1] James was sure that the outcries of Bevil Skelton, by way of warning, were the mere effects of French diplomacy to force him to war against his son-in-law.

The political instructions of Burnet to the princess, nevertheless, proceeded, uninterrupted by any filial misgivings, the foregoing letter was calculated to raise in her bosom. While every indication promised full success to the revolution preparing for Great Britain, the peculiar notions of the prince of Orange, relative to queen-regnants, threatened some disagreement between the two principal persons concerned in the undertaking. In this dilemma, Dr. Burnet kindly tendered his diplomatic aid, and proceeded to probe the opinions of the princess, regarding the manner in which she meant to conduct herself towards a regal yoke-fellow. "The princess," says the instructing divine, "was so new to all matters of this kind, that she did not, at first, seem to understand my meaning, but fancied that whatever accrued to her would go to the prince of Orange in right of mar-

Fox, who, as well as sir James Mackintosh, when he came to open the documentary history of the revolution, threw down his pen, and left the history a fragment. The same curious coincidence occurs with sir James Mackintosh, and the documentary conclusion by Wallace is in direct contradiction to the commencement.

[1] Albeville's Despatches, deciphered by Mazure, vol. iii.

riage. I told her it was not so, and explained Henry VII.'s title to her, and what had passed when queen Mary married Philip of Spain. I told her that a titular king-ship was no acceptable thing for a man, especially if it was to depend on another's life."

The princess asked Burnet "to propose a remedy." "I told her the remedy," he resumes, "if she could bring her mind to it. It was to be contented to be his wife, and engage herself to him; to give him the real authority as soon as it came into her hands. The princess bade me 'bring the prince to her, and I should hear what she had to say upon it.' The prince of Orange was that day hunting. On the morrow, I acquainted him with all that passed, and carried him to her, where she, in a very frank manner, told him, 'that she did not know that the laws of England were so contrary to the laws of God, as I had informed her.' She added, 'that she did not think the husband ever was to be obedient to the wife,' and she promised him 'that he should always bear the rule.' But such was the disposition of the prince of Orange, that he said not one word in approbation of her conduct." He told Burnet, if *that* could be deemed commendation, "that he had been nine years married to the princess, and never had the confidence to press this matter which had been brought about so soon." Readers familiar with the etiquette of courts, will naturally feel surprised that the princess of Orange should have been reduced to the necessity of requesting the assistance of Dr. Burnet to obtain for her an interview with her august consort to afford her an opportunity of speaking her mind to him on this delicate point. On what terms of conjugal companionship could their royal highnesses have been at this momentous period may reasonably be inquired, if indeed we may rely on the statement of the reverend historian.

In curious illustration of these alleged passages, touching the conjugal confidences of the Orange pair, are the facts that at the very time, and for the former two years, a correspondence was carried on between the princess of Orange and her sister Anne, on the subject of the bitter insults and mortifications the princess of Orange received daily from her maid, Elizabeth Villiers. The preference given by the prince of Orange to his wife's attendant would have been

borne in the uncomplaining spirit with which Mary endured all the grievances of her lot, but she could not abide that the shameless woman should boast of that preference,[1] and make it public matter for the world to jeer at, or, perhaps worse—to pity. Mary relieved her overburdened heart by relating details of these mortifications to her sister. The letters have not yet come to light, perhaps they have been destroyed, but they are often mentioned in the despatches of ambassadors. The wrongs described therein raised the indignation of the princess Anne to a height which led her to the imprudent act of rating Bentinck, when in England as envoy, for the ill conduct of his sister-in-law, (very probably she approved as little of the conduct of his wife,) and told him sharply to check the insolence of Elizabeth Villiers to the princess of Orange. The remonstrance of the princess Anne was duly reported to her brother-in-law of Orange, and the remembrance laid up for a future day, the effects of which Anne felt after William was on the British throne.

Holland was then full of British exiles, ready to join the invading expedition of the prince of Orange. Some had fled from the bitter persecution which the ministers of Charles II., had established in Scotland; some from the bursting of the various plots, which had formed a chain of agitation in England since the wedlock of William and Mary. The queen, her step-mother, continued to mention, at times, the reports of invasion, evidently without believing that the actual fact could take place from such near relatives in profound peace. The last letter that James II. wrote to the prince of Orange is friendly, and is directed as usual—"For my son, the prince of Orange." The public reception of family letters at length became a matter of either pain or confusion to the mind of the princess of Orange. The last letters written to her by her father, she would not receive personally, as usual, from the hands of his envoy, Albeville, but sent for them privately—they were probably destroyed unread.

The French ambassador, d'Avaux, wrote to his court, that the princess of Orange was seen every day, even on the very day of the embarkation, in public, with a gay, laughing countenance. This is not in unison with the statements of two other eye-witnesses, Burnet and Albeville, nor, indeed, with probability, which is better deserving credit than the

[1] D'Avaux' Despatches, quoted by Fox in his Appendix.

evidence of either; for, in case of failure, the risk was tremendous.

"I waited on the princess of Orange," says Burnet, "a few days before we left the Hague. She seemed to have a great load on her spirits, but to have no scruple as to the lawfulness of the design. I said to her, 'that if we got safe to England, I made no doubt of our success in other things;' only I begged her pardon, to tell her, 'that if at any time any misunderstanding was to happen between the prince and her, it would ruin all.' The princess answered, 'I need fear no such thing; for if any persons should attempt that, she would treat them so as to discourage them from venturing it again.' She was very solemn and serious, and prayed very earnestly to God to bless and direct *us*." Dr. Burnet was accompanying the prince, as spiritual director of the expedition, which accounts for his emphatic plural "us" in his narrative. "At last," he resumes, "the prince of Orange went on board, and we all sailed on the night of the 19th of October, 1688, when directly a great storm arose, and many ships were, at the first alarm, believed to be lost. The princess of Orange behaved herself suitably to what was expected of her. She ordered prayers four times a day, and assisted at them with great devotion." Incredible as it may seem, prayers were likewise put up in the popish chapels at the Hague belonging to the Spanish and Imperial ambassadors, for the success of the prince of Orange.[1]

It was noticed, that at prayers in the chamber of the princess of Orange, all mention of the prince of Wales was omitted, likewise she forbade the collects for her father;[2] yet his name was retained in the Litany, perhaps accidentally. As the collects are for grace and that "God might dispose and govern the heart" of her father, the omission is scarcely consistent with the piety for which Mary is celebrated. Albeville affirms, "that the princess of Orange wept bitterly when she parted from her husband; that she shut herself up after she heard he had sailed with a favourable wind from the Dutch coast, and refused to dine, as usual, in public at the Hague. From the tower of the Hague palace, Mary could behold the naval armament

[1] Barillon's Despatches, Dalrymple's Appendix. Burnet's Own Times.
[2] Albeville's Despatches.

mustering, day by day, in the Brill, for the invasion of her sire."[1]

The silence of documentary history as to the scene of the actual parting between William and Mary, at the hour of his embarkation for England, is partly supplied by one of the contemporary Dutch paintings, commemorative of that event, lately purchased for her majesty's collection at Hampton Court, by the commissioners of the woods and forests.

In the first of these highly curious tableaux, we behold an animated scene of the preparations for the departure of the prince, described with all the graphic matter of fact circumstances peculiar to the Dutch school of art, even to the cording and handing of the liberator's trunks and portmanteaus close to his feet, while he stands surrounded by the wives of the burgomasters of the Brill and Helvoetsluys, who are affectionately presenting him with parting benedictions in the shape of parting cups. One fair lady has actually laid her hand on his highness's arm, while with the other she offers him a flowing goblet of scheidam, or some other equally tempting beverage. Another Low German charmer holds up a deep glass of Rhenish nectar; others tender schnaps in more moderately sized glasses. One of the sympathetic ladies perhaps of the princess's suite, is weeping ostentatiously with a handkerchief large enough for a banner. William, meantime, apparently insensible of these characteristic marks of attention from his loyal countrywomen, bends an expressive glance of tender interest upon his royal consort, English Mary, who has just turned about to enter her state carriage, which is in waiting for her. Her face is, therefore, concealed. The lofty proportions of her stately figure, which have been somewhat exaggerated by the painter, sufficiently distinguish her from the swarm of short, fat, Dutch Madonnas, by whom the hero of Nassau is surrounded. She wears a high cornette cap, long, stiff waist, with white satin bodice, scarlet petticoat, orange scarf, and fardingale hoop. Her neck is bare, and decorated with a string of large round pearls. The carriage

[1] Albeville's Despatches. William sailed with a fleet of fifty-two ships of war, many of them merchant ships borrowed by the states; for great had been the havoc made by James II. in the Dutch navy. Notwithstanding the loss by his victory at Solebay, the Dutch admirals hoisted their flags on seventy-gun ships; there were 400 transports, which carried at least about 15,000 men.

is a high, narrow chariot, painted of a dark green colour, with ornamental statues at each corner. In form and design it greatly resembles the lord mayor's carriage, only much neater and smaller; the window curtains are of a bright rose colour.

The embarkation of horses and troops is actively proceeding. William's state-barge has mounted the royal standard of Great Britain, with the motto, "Prot. Religion and Liberty," and the stately first-rate vessel in which he is to pass the seas, lies in the offing similarly decorated; some of the other vessels have orange flags. The people on the shore are throwing up their hats and drinking success to the expedition. It is, altogether, the representation of a very animating scene, full of quaint costume, and characteristic details of the manners and customs of William and Mary's Dutch lieges.

Every one knows that the prince of Orange arrived safely in Torbay, on the eve of the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot, "a remarkable and crowning providence," as one of the writers of that age observes, "since both of these national festivities can be conveniently celebrated by the same holiday." This day was likewise the anniversary of the marriage of William of Orange with Mary of England. The prince noted the coincidence with more vivacity than was usual to him. He landed at the village of Broxholme, near Torbay, November 5th. When he perceived that all around was quiet, and no symptoms of opposition to his landing, he said to Dr. Burnet, "Ought not I to believe in predestination?" It was then three o'clock in a November afternoon, but he mounted his horse and went with Schomberg to reconnoitre, or, as Burnet expresses himself, "to discover the country right and left."[1] He marched four miles into Devonshire, and lodged at a little town called Newton; and it was ten in the evening before the whole force arrived there, and then every one was wet and weary. The next day about noon, the greatest landholder in Devonshire, the *chevalier* Courtney, sent his son to his highness, to pray him to come and sleep at his seat that night. The prince of Orange went there, and

[1] MS. Letter in French, written by Burnet, to one of his friends left in Holland, probably for the information of the princess and for his wife, as she was a Dutchwoman. The letter is very yellow, and now crumbling into fragments. Harleian MSS., 6798. Art. 49.

for an *impromptu* entertainment such as this was, it was impossible to be more splendidly regaled." The prince favoured the Courtney baronet with his company, four whole days, during which time there was no stir to join him.

As so many days elapsed before any of the population of the west of England showed symptoms of co-operation with the prince of Orange, a murmur began to be heard among the Dutch forces, that they had been betrayed to utter destruction.[1] Nevertheless, most of the leading public characters in England had committed themselves, by written invitations to the prince of Orange. The mine was ready to explode; but every one waited for somebody to toss the match. When the first revolt of importance was made, the race was which should the soonest follow.[2]

Whilst the trusted friends of king James, persons on whom he had bestowed many benefits, were thus striving who should be the first to betray him, a noble contrast was offered by Dr. Kenn, bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the prelates whom he had incarcerated in the Tower for refusal to comply with his dictation in favour of the Roman catholics.

The letter is little known, but it journalizes the early progress of William in the west of England, and is valuable in regard to the bishop's allusion to himself, as chaplain to the princess of Orange. Several persons who had affected to become Roman-catholics, as a base homage to James II.'s religious principles, had deserted to the prince of Orange, yet this western bishop stood firm to his loyalty, although he was no sycophant of James, for unarmed, but with his pastoral staff, he had boldly faced Kirke in his worst moments of drunken rage, and despite of his fury, comforted and aided the unhappy victims in his diocese, of the Monmouth rebellion; therefore, every one expected to see bishop Kenn following the camp of the Orange prince. But the courage and humanity of our deeply revered Kenn, in 1685, was, if tested by the laws of consistency, the true cause of his loyalty in 1688.

His letter is addressed to a kindred mind, that of Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury:

"May it please your Grace,

"Before I could return any answer to the letter with which your grace was

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[1] Diary of lord Clarendon.

[2] Lord Dartmouth.

pleased to favour me, I received intelligence that the Dutch were just coming to Wells, upon which I immediately left the town, and in obedience to his majesty's general commands, took all my coach-horses with me, and as many of my saddle-horses as I well could, and took shelter in a private village in Wiltshire, intending, if his majesty had come into my county, to have waited on him, and paid him my duty. But this morning we are told his majesty has gone back to London, so that I only wait till the Dutch have passed my diocese, and then resolve to return thither again, that being my proper station. I would not have left the diocese in this juncture, but that the Dutch had seized horses within ten miles of Wells, before I went, and your grace knows that I, having been a servant to the princess, and well acquainted with many of the Dutch, I could not have stayed without giving some occasions of suspicion, which I thought it most advisable to avoid, resolving, by God's grace, to continue in a firm loyalty to the king, whom God direct and preserve in this time of danger; and I beseech your grace to lay my most humble duty at his majesty's feet, and to acquaint him with the cause of my retiring. God of his infinite mercy deliver us from the calamities which now threaten us, and from the sins which have occasioned them.

"My very good lord,

"Your grace's very affectionate servant and bishop,

"THOMAS BATH AND WELLS.[1]

"November 24, 1688."

The princess Anne had an interview with her father on the 3rd of November, O.S., when he communicated to her the news that the Dutch fleet had been seen off Dover, and he lent her a copy of the prince of Orange's declaration, which had been disseminated by him along the coast. The king was on friendly terms with his youngest daughter; nor had he then the slightest suspicion that the invasion was instigated by her.

"The same day I waited on the princess Anne," says her uncle Clarendon, "and she lent me the declaration of the prince of Orange, telling me, 'that the king had lent it to her, and that she must restore it to him on the morrow.'" This appears to have been the last intercourse between the princess Anne and her father. The declaration blazoned abroad the slander that the prince of Wales was an infant impostor, intruded on the nation by king James, in order that England might fall under the rule of a prince educated as a Roman-catholic. It may seem unaccountable, wherefore the daughters of James II. adopted a falsehood, which aggravated the needful exclusion of their father and his unconscious son into personal injury; but it was the contrivance of their own private ambition, to guard against the possibility of the prince of Wales being taken from his parents, and educated by the country according

[1] Life and Works of Bishop Kenn, edited by J. T. Sherrard, B.D.

to the doctrines of the church of England, which would have excluded his sisters effectually from the succession they eagerly coveted.

Lord Clarendon made a last attempt to touch the feelings of the princess Anne for her father, November 9th. "I told her," he writes, "that endeavours were using for the lords temporal and spiritual, to join in an address to the king, that now it would be seasonable to say something to her father, whereby he might see her concern for him.' The princess replied, 'that the king did not love that she should meddle with anything, and that the papists would let him do nothing.' I told her 'that the king was her father—that she knew the duty she owed him, that she knew how very tender and kind he had been to her, and that he had *never troubled her about religion*, as she had several times owned to me. The princess replied, 'that was true;' but she grew exceedingly uneasy at my discourse, and said 'that she must dress herself,' and so I left her."[1]

The news arrived in London in a few hours, that lord Cornbury, the eldest son of the earl of Clarendon, and, of course, the first cousin of the princess, had deserted the king's army, with three regiments. His father bowed with grief and shame, omitted his visits to his niece, who demanded, when she saw him, "why he had not come to the Cockpit lately?" Lord Clarendon replied, "that he was so much concerned for the villany his son had committed, that he was ashamed of being seen anywhere." "Oh," exclaimed the princess, "people are so apprehensive of popery, that you will find many more of the army will do the same." Lord Cornbury's defection was perfectly well known to her; he was the first gentleman of her husband's bed-chamber, and by no means troubled with the old-fashioned cavalier loyalty of his father. His wife, likewise in the household of the princess, made herself remarkable by dressing herself in orange colour,[2] a mode we shall find the princess adopt to celebrate the fall of her father.

Thus, day by day, has the uncle of the princess Anne left memorials of his conversations with her, regarding her unfortunate father at this momentous crisis. It was scarcely

[1] Diary of Henry, Earl of Clarendon.

[2] Letter to lady Margaret Russell, from the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied by permission, July 2, 1846.

possible, if justice did not require it, that her near relative, Clarendon, could have represented her in the colours he has done, or preferred the interests of the son of his brother-in-law to the daughter of his sister. If lord Clarendon had had a bias, it would surely have been to represent the conduct of his niece in as favourable a light as possible.

It is by no means a pleasant task to follow the windings of a furtive mind to the goal of undeserved success, attained by means of—

> "That low cunning which in fools supplies,
> And amply too, the want of being wise."

Yet, be it remembered, that the worst traits which deform the private character of Anne are those portrayed in her own letters, and in the journals of her mother's brother and trusted friends.

At that time the princess Anne was waiting anxiously news from her husband, who had, in fair seeming friendship, departed, in company with her father, to join his army near Salisbury, with the apparent purpose of assisting in defending him from his "son, the prince of Orange." The prince George was to be attended in his flight by lady Churchill's husband, the ungrateful favourite of the king, and sir George Hewett, a gentleman belonging to the household of the princess. There was a dark plot of assassination contrived against James by these two last agents, which seems as well authenticated as any point of history, being confessed by Hewett on his death-bed, amidst agonies of remorse and horror.[1]

While the husband of the princess Anne was watching his most feasible time for absconding, he dined and supped at the table of the king his father-in-law. Tidings were hourly brought of some important defection or other from among the king's officers, on which prince George of Denmark usually turned to James II. with a grimace and voice of condolence, uttering one set phrase of surprise, "Est il possible!" At last, one Saturday night, November 24th, the prince of Denmark and sir George Hewett, went off to the hostile camp, after supping with king James, and greatly condemning all deserters. The king, who had been taken

[1] The duke of Berwick's evidence in his Memoirs against his uncle, the duke of Marlborough, will be allowed to be decisive regarding the truth of this plot.

alarmingly ill in the course of the last few hours, heard of the desertion of his son-in-law with the exclamation, "How! has '*est-il-possible*' gone off, too?"[1] Yet the example of his departure was one of fearful import to the king.

James II. had not the slightest idea but what his heart might repose on the fidelity of his daughter Anne. When it is remembered how unswervingly affectionate and faithful even the infant children of Charles I. had proved, not only to their father but to each other, in similar times of trial and distress, his confidence in his daughter cannot excite surprise. A contemporary[2] has preserved the letter which George of Denmark left for the king on his departure.

PRINCE GEORGE OF DENMARK TO JAMES II.

"My just concern for that religion in which I have been so happily educated, which my judgment truly convinced me to be the best, and for the support thereof I am highly interested in my native country, and was not England then become so by the most endearing tie?"

The prince has made this note a tissue of blunders, confounding the church of England with the Lutheran religion, although essentially different. The biographer of Dr. Tillotson, claims the composition of this note as one of the good deeds of that prelate; it is certain that Dr. Tillotson was not in the camp of king James, but actively employed in London. The only comment James II. made when he read the note of George of Denmark, was, "I only mind him as connected with my dearest child, otherwise the loss of a stout trooper would have been greater."[3]

Instant information was despatched to the princess at the Cockpit, that prince George, lord Churchill, and sir George Hewett, had successfully left the camp of her father. Anne soon summoned her coadjutors, and prepared for her own flight. She had written the week before to warn the prince of Orange of her intentions, and had very systematically prepared for her escape, by having had constructed a flight

[1] Roger Coke in his Detection, vol. ii. pp. 122, 123. [2] Ibid.

[3] Ibid. vol. iii. pp. 122, 123. They had vainly endeavoured to carry off with them a portion of the army; the common soldiers, and non-commissioned officers, positively refused to forsake their king. General Schomberg, who was second in command to the prince of Orange, and was as much a man of honour and honesty as a mercenary soldier can be, received the deserters from James II. with a sarcasm so cutting, that lord Churchill never forgot it. "Sir," said Schomberg to him, "you are the first deserter of the rank of a lieutenant-general I ever saw."—Stuart Papers edited by Macpherson.

of private stairs which led from her closet down into St. James's Park.[1] Lady Churchill had, in the afternoon, sought a conference with Compton, bishop of London, the tutor of the princess; he had withdrawn, but left a letter advertising where he was to be found, in case that the princess wished to leave her father. The bishop and the ex-lord chamberlain lord Dorset, sent word that they would wait in St. James's Park with a hackney-coach, at one o'clock in the morning of November the 25th, and that if the princess could steal unobserved out of the cockpit, they would take charge of her. It is stated that the lord chamberlain Mulgrave had orders to arrest the ladies Churchill and Fitzharding, but that the princess Anne had entreated the queen to delay this measure until the king's return. An incident which marks the fact that Anne was on apparently friendly terms with her step-mother. Meantime, a manuscript letter, among the family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, affirms that the king had ordered the princess herself to be arrested; if this had been true, he could not have been surprised at her flight. The facts, gathered from several contemporary sources, were as follow.

The princess Anne retired to her chamber on Sunday evening at her usual hour; her lady in waiting, Mrs. Danvers, who was not in the plot, went to bed in the ante-chamber according to custom. Lady Fitzharding, at that time the principal lady of the bed-chamber to the princess Anne, being sister to the mistress of the prince of Orange, was, of course, an active agent in the intrigue; this lady, with lady Churchill, came up the newly constructed back-stairs, unknown to the rest of the household, and there waited the hour of appointment, perdu, with lady Churchill's maid. When one o'clock struck, the princess stole down into the park with these women, and, close to the Cockpit she met her auxiliary, lord Dorset. The night was dark, it poured with torrents of rain, and St. James's Park was a mass of black November mud. The adventurers had not very far to walk to the hackney-coach, but the princess, who had not equipped herself for pedestrian exigencies, soon lost one of her fine high-heeled shoes inextricably in the mud. She was, however, in the highest spirits, and not disposed to be

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes.

daunted by trifles, she tried to hop forward with one shoe, but lord Dorset, fearing that she would take cold, pulled off his embroidered leather glove (which was of the long gauntlet fashion), and begged her royal highness to permit him to draw it on her foot as some defence against the wet. This was done, amidst peals of laughter and many jokes from the whole party, and, partly hopping and partly carried by lord Dorset, the princess gained the spot where the bishop waited for them in the hackney-coach. The whole party then drove to the bishop of London's house by St. Paul's, where they were refreshed, and went from thence, before day-break; they set out to lord Dorset's seat, Copt Hall, in Waltham forest. The princess only made a stay there of a few hours, and then, with the bishop, lord Dorset, and her two ladies, set out for Nottingham, where they were received by the earl of Northampton, the brother of the bishop of London. That prelate assumed a military dress and a pair of jackboots, and raising a purple standard in the name of the laws and liberties of England, invited the people to gather round the protestant heiress to the throne.[1]

The proceedings of the princess, after her retreat, are related by an eye-witness, lord Chesterfield. Of all the contemporaries of James II., he was the least likely to be prejudiced in his favour. He was brought up in companionship with the prince of Orange, who was reared by his mother, lady Stanhope, governess to the prince at the Hague. Moreover, Chesterfield had not forgotten his angry resentment, at the coquetries of his second wife, with James II., when duke of York. The earl was, besides, a firm opposer of popery, and an attached son of the reformed church. Every early prejudice, every personal interest, every natural resentment, led lord Chesterfield to favour the cause of the prince of Orange. He was a deep and acute observer; he had known the princess Anne from her infancy, being chamberlain to her aunt, queen Catharine. Anne's proceedings, after her flight from Whitehall, are here given in his words:[2] "The princess Anne made her escape in *disguise* from Whitehall and came to

[1] Aubrey. Lidiard's Life of Marlborough, vol. i., Colley Cibber, and Lamberty, who was secretary to Bentinck.

[2] Memoir of Philip second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers found in the library, at Bath House, published with his Letters, pp. 48, 49, 50.

Nottingham, *pretending* 'that her father the king did persecute and use her ill for her religion, she being a protestant and he a papist.' As soon as I heard of her coming with a small retinue to Nottingham, I went thither with the lord Ferrers and several gentlemen, my neighbours, to offer her my services. The princess seemed to be well pleased; she told me, that she intended to go to Warwick, but she apprehended that lord Mullinux, who was a papist, and then in arms, would attack her on her journey. I assured her highness, 'that I would wait upon her till she was in a state of safety.' I left her and returned to Nottingham in two days at the head of a hundred horse, with which she seemed to be much satisfied. I met, at Nottingham, the earls of Devonshire, Northampton, Scarsdale, and lord Gray, the bishop of London, and many others, who had brought in 600 horse, and raised the militia of the country to attend her highness. The next day, her highness told me, that there were many disputes and quarrels among the young nobility around her, therefore, to prevent disorders in the marching of *her troops* about precedence, she had appointed a council to meet that day and me to be of it. I replied, 'that I was come on purpose to defend her person in a time of tumult, with my life, against any that should dare to attack her, but that as to *her council*, I did beg her pardon for desiring to be excused from it, for I had the honour to be a privy-councillor to his majesty her father, therefore I would be of no council for the ordering of troops which I did perceive were intended to serve against him.' I found that her highness and some of the noblemen round her were highly displeased with my answer, which they called a '*tacit* upbraiding them and the princess with rebellion.'"

Chesterfield, nevertheless, escorted the princess Anne from Nottingham to Leicester, but here he found a project on foot, which completed his disgust of the proceedings of "the daughter." It was, in fact, no other than the revival of the old Association, which had, about a century before, hunted Mary queen of Scots to a scaffold. If Elizabeth, a kinswoman some degrees removed from Mary queen of Scots, but who had never seen her, has met with reprehension from the lovers of moral justice for her encouragement of such a league, what can be thought of the heart of a child, a favoured and beloved daughter, who had fled from the very arms of her father to join it? "I waited on her

highness the princess Anne to Leicester," resumes Chesterfield;[1] "next morning, at court, in the drawing-room, which was filled with noblemen and gentlemen, the bishop of London called me aloud by my name; he said, 'that the princess Anne desired us to meet at four o'clock the same afternoon at an inn in Leicester, which he named, to do something which was for her service.'" Chesterfield expressed his displeasure at the manner in which he was publicly called upon without any previous intimation of the matter, "Upon which lord Devonshire, who stood by, observed, 'that he thought lord Chesterfield had been previously acquainted, that the purpose of the princess was to have an association entered into to destroy all the papists in England, in case the prince of Orange should be killed or murthered by any of them.'"

An association for the purposes of extermination is always an ugly blot in history. Many times have the Roman-catholics been charged with such leagues, and it is indisputable that they were more than once guilty of carrying them into ferocious execution. But the idea, that the father of the princess Anne was one of the proscribed religion, and that *she* could be enrolled as the chief of an association for extermination of those among whom *he* was included, is a trait surpassing the polemic horrors of the sixteenth century. May this terrible fact be excused, under the plea of the stupidity of Anne, and her utter incapacity for reasoning from cause to effect? Could she not perceive that her father's head would have been the first to be laid low by such an association? If she did not, lord Chesterfield did. "I would not enter into it," he continues,[2] "nor sign the paper the bishop of London had drawn; and after my refusing, lord Ferrers, lord Cullen, and above a hundred gentlemen refused to sign this association, which made the princess Anne extremely angry. However, I kept my promise with her highness, and waited on her from Leicester to Coventry, and from thence to Warwick." Such was the errand on which Anne had left her home. Let us now see what was going on in that home. Great was the consternation of her household at the Cockpit, on the morning of

[1] Memoir of Philip second earl of Chesterfield, from his autograph papers found in the library, at Bath House, published with his Letters, pp. 48, 49, 50.

[2] Ibid.

November 26, when two hours had elapsed beyond her usual time of ringing for her attendants. Her women and Mrs. Danvers having vainly knocked and called at her door, at last had it forced. When they entered, they found the bed open, with the impression as if it had been slept in. Old Mrs. Buss, the nurse[1] of the princess, immediately screamed out, "that the princess had been murdered by the queen's priests," and the whole party ran screaming to lady Dartmouth's apartments; some went to lord Clarendon's apartments with the news. As lady Clarendon did not know the abusive names by which her niece and lady Churchill used to revile her, she threw herself into an agony of affectionate despair. While Mrs. Buss rushed into the queen's presence, and rudely demanded the princess Anne of her majesty, lady Clarendon ran about lamenting for her all over the court. This uproar was appeased by a letter addressed to the queen, being found open on the toilet of the princess. It was never brought to the queen;[2] yet its discovery somewhat allayed the storm which suddenly raged around her, for a furious mob had collected in the streets, vowing that Whitehall should be plucked down, and the queen torn to pieces, if she did not give up the princess Anne. This letter was published in the Gazette next day by the partisans of Anne; it has been infinitely admired by those who have never compared it with the one she wrote to the prince of Orange on the same subject:—

"The Princess Anne of Denmark to the Queen of James II.[3]

(Found at the Cockpit, Nov. 26.)

"Madam,

"I beg your pardon if *I am so deeply affected with the surprising news* of *the prince's* (George of Denmark) *being gone* as not to be able to see you, but to leave this paper *to express my humble duty to the king and yourself, and to let you know that I am gone to absent myself, to avoid the king's displeasure, which I am not able to bear, either against the prince or myself*, and

[1] Lord Dartmouth's Notes: but there must be some mistake about Anne's nurse, who was a papist, as Dr. Lake affirms; perhaps she had been converted.

[2] Memoirs of James II., edited by Rev. Stanier Clarke. The king mentions this letter, but declares neither he nor the queen ever saw it, except in the public prints. Dr. Stanier Clarke prints the name of Anne's nurse as Buss. Lewis Jenkins, one of her fellow-servants, calls her *Butt*.

[3] Landsdowne Papers, No. 1236, fol. 230, apparently the original, as the endorsement is written with the name, Anne, in italic capitals; the paper is very old and yellow—it has never been folded.

I shall stay at so great a distance, as not to return till I hear the happy news of a reconcilement; and, as I am confident the prince did not leave the king with any other design than to use all possible means for his preservation, so I hope you will do me the justice to believe that I am *uncapable* of following him for any other end. *Never was any one in such an unhappy condition, so divided between duty to a father and a husband*, and, therefore, I know not what I must do, but to follow one to preserve the other.

"I see the general falling off of the nobility and gentry, who avow to have no other end than to prevail with the king to secure their religion, which they saw so much in danger, from the violent councils of the priests, who, to promote their own religion, did not care to what dangers they exposed the king. I am fully persuaded that the prince of Orange designs the king's safety and preservation, and hope all things may be composed without bloodshed, by the calling of a parliament.

"God grant an happy end to these troubles, and that the king's (James II.'s) reign may be prosperous, and that I may shortly meet you in perfect peace and safety, till when, let me beg of you to continue the same favourable opinion that you have hitherto had of your most obedient daughter and servant, "ANNE."

One historian chooses to say that Anne had been beaten previously by her step-mother. Yet immediately beneath this assertion he quotes her letter to the queen,[1] ending with this sentence, "let me beg of you to continue the *same favourable opinion* that you have hitherto had of yours—Anne." Now, people seldom express favourable opinions of those whom they beat, and still seldomer, do the beaten persons wish those who beat them to continue in the same way of thinking concerning themselves.

It is a curious fact, that the princess Anne should write two letters, on the same subject, entirely opposite in profession, convicting herself of shameless falsehood, and that they should both be preserved for the elucidation of the writer's real disposition:—

"THE PRINCESS ANNE TO THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.[2]

"The Cockpit, November 18.

"Having on all occasions given you and my sister all imaginable assurances of the real friendship and kindness I have for you both, I hope it is not necessary for me to repeat anything of that kind, and on the subject you have now wrote to me, I shall not trouble you with many compliments, only in short, to assure you that you have my wishes for your good success in this so just an undertaking; and *I hope the prince (her husband) will soon be with you, to let you see his readiness to join with you, who, I am sure, will do you all the service that lies in his power. He went yesterday with the king to-*

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[1] Echard, 920, vol. iii.

[2] In king William's box at Kensington, found there, and published by sir John Dalrymple, Appendix, p. 333.

wards Salisbury, intending to go from thence to you as soon as his friends thought proper.

"I am not yet certain if I shall continue here or *remove into the city;* that shall depend upon the advice my friends will give me, but wherever I am, I shall be ready to show you how much I am your humble servant,

"ANNE."

A report prevailed among the people, in excuse for Anne's conduct, that her father had sent orders to arrest her and send her to the Tower on the previous day,[1] but this plea she dared not urge for herself, as may be seen in her farewell letter.

By the perusal of the last quoted letter, which was written before the one addressed to the queen, all the sentiments of conflicting duties—of ignorance and innocence — regarding her husband's intention of departure, are utterly exploded. As for any tenderness regarding the safety of her unfortunate father, or pretended mediation between him and the prince of Orange, a glance over the genuine emanation of her mind will show that she never alluded to king James, excepting to aggravate his faults. So far from the desertion of the prince of Denmark being unknown to her, it was announced by her own pen several days before it took place. It would have been infinitely more respectable, had the prince and princess of Denmark pursued the path they deemed most conducive to their interests, without any grimace of sentiment. As for profaning the church of England for one moment, by assuming that devotion to its principles inspired the tissue of foul falsehood, which polluted the mind of the princess Anne, it is what we do not intend to do. The conduct of those who were the true and real disciples of our church, will soon be shown, though a strait and narrow path they trod, which led not to this world's honours and prosperity.

James II. arrived in London soon after the uproar, regarding the departure of his daughter, had subsided. He was extremely ill, having been bled four times in the course of the three preceding days, which was the

[1] Contemporary letter, endorsed "To the lady Margaret Russell, Woburn Abbey, (Woburn bag,)" among family papers of his grace the duke of Devonshire, copied, by kind permission, July 2, 1846. In the course of this MS. the writer affirms that "previously to the escape of the prince and princess of Denmark, lord Feversham had been on his knees two hours entreating the king to arrest lord Churchill, but the king would not believe any thing against him."

real reason of his leaving the army.[1] He expected to be consoled by some very extraordinary manifestation of duty and affection from the princess Anne, and when he heard the particulars of her desertion, he struck his breast, and exclaimed, "God help me, my own children have forsaken me in my distress!" Still he expressed the utmost anxiety lest his daughter, whose state he supposed was precarious, should in any way injure herself. From that hour, James II. lost all hope or interest in his struggle for regality. His mind was overthrown.[2] In fact, civil wars have taken place between kinsmen, brothers, nephews, and uncles, and even between fathers and sons; but history produces only two other instances of warfare between daughters and fathers, and of those instances many a bitter comparison was afterwards drawn.

James II. himself was not aware how deeply his daughter Anne was concerned in all the conspiracies against him; he lived and died utterly unconscious of the foul letters she wrote to her sister, or of that to the prince of Orange, announcing to him her husband's flight. He expresses his firm belief, that she acted under the control of her husband,[3] and by the persuasions of lady Churchill and lady Berkeley. With the fond delusion often seen in parents in middle life, he speaks of the personal danger she incurred, regarding her health, in her flight from the Cockpit, as if it were almost the worst part of her conduct to him.[4]

The prince of Orange moved forward from the west of England, giving out that it was his intention to prove a mediator between James II. and his people, and thus inducing many of the most loyal subjects of the crown to meet him for that purpose. Lord Clarendon, his wife's uncle, met him at Salisbury, where his head-quarters were, in hopes of assisting at an amicable arrangement. Prince George of Denmark was still with the Dutch army; to him lord Clarendon instantly went. The prince asked him news of James II., and then "when his princess went away, and who went with her?"[5] "Of which," says lord

[1] See the Life of his consort, queen Mary Beatrice, vol. ix. p. 249.
[2] See Life of Mary Beatrice, Lives of Queens of England, vol. ix. 251.
[3] Dalrymple's Appendix.
[4] Original Papers, edited by Macpherson. Likewise Roger Coke's Detection, vol. iii. p. 123. Diary of Lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.
[5] Diary of lord Clarendon, vol. ii. p. 216.

Clarendon, "I gave him as particular an account as I could." Prince George said, "I wonder she went not sooner." Lord Clarendon observed, "that he wished her journey might do her no harm." Every one supposed that the princess Anne was within a few weeks of her accouchement. The next reply of the prince convinced him that this was really a deception, although constantly pleaded in excuse to her father when he had required her presence at the birth of the prince of Wales, or any ceremonial regarding the queen. The princess Anne had actually herself practised the same kind of fraud, of which she falsely accused her unfortunate step-mother. That accusation must have originated in the capability for imposition, which she found in her own mind. Her uncle was struck with horror when her husband told him that the princess had not been in any state requiring particular care. His words are, "This startled me. Good God, nothing but lying and dissimulation! I then told him 'with what tenderness the king had spoken of the princess Anne, and how much trouble of heart he showed when she found that she had left him;' but to this, prince George of Denmark answered not one word."[1]

The prince of Orange advanced from Salisbury to Oxford, and rested at Abingdon, and at Henley-on-Thames received the news that James II. had disbanded his army; and also that the queen[2] had escaped with the prince of Wales to France, and that king James had departed, December 11, a few days afterwards, at which the prince of Orange could not conceal his joy. The prince of Denmark remained in Oxford to receive the princess his wife, who made a grand entry with military state, escorted by several thousand mounted gentlemen, who, with their tenants, had mustered in the mid-counties to attend her. Compton bishop of London, her tutor, had for some days resumed his old dress and occupation of a military leader, and rode before her with his purple flag.[3] The princess Anne and her consort remained some days at Oxford, greatly feasted and caressed by their party.

Meantime, the prince of Orange approached the metropolis no nearer than Windsor, for the unfortunate James II.

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 216.

[2] For these particulars, see vol. ix. chap. v., Life of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

[3] Aubrey.

had been brought back to Whitehall. The joy manifested by his people at seeing him once more, alarmed his opponents. The prince of Orange had moved forward to Sion House, Brentford, from whence he despatched his Dutch guards to expel his uncle from Whitehall. It seems, neither Anne nor his sons-in-law cared to enter the presence of James again, and they would not approach the metropolis till he had been forced out of it.

The next day, the prince of Orange made his entry into London without pomp, in a travelling carriage drawn by post-horses, with a cloak-bag strapped at the back of it.[1] He arrived at St. James's palace about four in the afternoon, and retired at once to his bed-chamber. The bells rang, guns fired, and his party manifested their joy at his arrival, as the Jacobites had done when the king returned. The prince and princess of Denmark arrived on the evening of the 19th of December from Oxford, and took up their abode as usual at the Cockpit.[2]

No leave-taking ever occurred between the princess Anne and her unfortunate father; they had had their last meeting in this world, spoken their last words, and looked upon each other for the last time, before his reverse of fortune occurred. No effort did Anne make, cherished and indulged as she had ever been, to see her father ere he went forth into exile for ever. Yet there had never occurred the slightest disagreement between them, no angry chiding regarding their separate creeds; no offence had ever been given her, but the existence of her hapless brother. Had she taken the neutral part of retirement from the public eye while he was yet in England—ill, unhappy, and a prisoner—her conduct could not have drawn down the contemptuous comment which it did from an eye-witness. "King James was carried down the river in a most tempestuous

[1] MS. Inedited Stepney Papers, letter of Horace Walpole the elder, to his brother, Sir Robert Walpole; the words are worth quoting. When Stanhope, the English ambassador from queen Anne, was urging the sluggish and pompous Charles of Austria, to press on to Madrid, and seize the Spanish crown, after one of Peterborough's brilliant victories, "the German prince excused himself, because his equipages were not ready. Stanhope replied, 'The prince of Orange entered London, in 1688, with a coach and four, and a cloak-bag tied behind it, and a few weeks after was crowned king of Great Britain.'"

[2] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. p. 231.

evening, not without actual danger; and while her poor old father was thus exposed to danger, an actual prisoner under a guard of Dutchmen, at that very moment his daughter, the princess Anne of Denmark, with her great favourite, lady Churchill, both covered with orange ribbons, went in one of his coaches, attended by his guards, triumphant to the playhouse."[1] It was on the same stormy night that James II. escaped from his Dutch guards, and withdrew to France.[2]

The conduct of the princess Anne at this crisis is recorded with utter indignation by her church-of-England uncle, Clarendon.[3] "In the afternoon of the January 17th, I was with the princess Anne. I took the liberty to tell her that many good people were extremely troubled to find that she seemed no more concerned for her father's misfortunes. It was noticed that, when the news came of his final departure from the country, she was not the least moved, but called for cards, and was as merry as she used to be." To this Anne replied, "Those who made such reflections on her actions did her wrong; but it *was* true that she *did* call for cards then, because she was accustomed to play, and that she never loved to do anything that looked like an affected constraint!"[4] "And does your royal highness think that showing some trouble for the king your father's misfortunes *could* be interpreted as an *affected* constraint?" was the stern rejoinder from her uncle. "I am afraid," he continued, "such behaviour lessens you much more in the opinion of the world, and even in that of your father's enemies, than you ought to be. But," adds he, in comment, "with all this she was not one jot moved."

Clarendon demanded whether she had shown his letter, written to her in his grief on his son's desertion from her father. The princess said, "No; she had burnt it as soon as read." But her uncle pressed the matter home to her,

[1] Bevil Higgon's Short View of English History, p. 360. The Devonshire MS. previously quoted, confirms the fact that the ladies in the household of Anne, at that time wore orange colour as a party badge. Anne herself, in her picture at the Temple, is dressed in orange and green, the colours of her brother-in-law.

[2] See vol. ix. chap. vi., Life of his consort Mary Beatrice.

[3] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. p. 249.

[4] Ibid. pp. 250, 251.

"because," he said, "the contents were matter of public discourse." The princess replied, "She had shown the letter to no one, but she could not imagine where was the harm, if she had?" "I am still of the same opinion as when it was written," observed her uncle; "I think that my son has done a very abominable action,[1] even if it be viewed but as a breach of trust; but if your royal highness repeats all that is said or written to you, few people will tell you anything."

The princess turned the discourse with a complaint "that his son never waited on prince George, which was more necessary now than ever, since the prince had no one but him of quality about him; that she had reproved lord Cornbury herself, but he took so little heed of it, that at one time she thought of desiring him to march off, and leave room for somebody else; but that, as it was at a time that the family seemed oppressed, she had no mind to do a hard thing." The oppression she meant was when James II. had dismissed Clarendon and her other uncle from their employments, on account of their attachment to the church of England. Her uncle drily returned thanks for her gracious intimation, and observed "that his son, though he often complained of hardship put upon him, was to blame for neglecting his duty." The princess stated "That the prince, her husband, was at a great loss for some person of quality about him; that he had thoughts of taking lord Scarsdale again, but that he proved so pitiful a wretch, that they would have no more to do with him." "I asked," said lord Clarendon, "whom he thought to take?" The princess said, "Sir George Hewett." This, it will be remembered, was the man who had deserted with lord Churchill, and was implicated in the scheme for either seizing or assassinating the king, her father. Lord Clarendon, when he visited the Dutch head-quarters,

[1] The regiments said to desert with Cornbury, according to Burnet's MS. letter, (Harleian, 6798,) were three, one of them, the dragoons, commanded by lord Cornbury, another was Berwick's regiment, late the earl of Oxford's, and the third the duke of St. Alban's. "Lord Cornbury marched them off to the prince of Orange's camp; but when day dawned, and the officers perceived where their steps directed, they cried aloud and halted, putting all into complete confusion." These officers, Dr. Burnet declared, were papists; but whatsoever they were, they drew off half Cornbury's own regiment, part of St. Alban's, and all Berwick's but fifty cavaliers, and marched them back under the command of Cornbury's major.

bluntly asked lord Churchill, "whether it was a fact?" who, with his usual graceful and urbane manner, and in that peculiar intonation of voice, which his cotemporary, lord Dartmouth, aptly describes as gentle and whining, pronounced himself "the most ungrateful of mortals if he could have perpetrated aught against his benefactor, king James."

To return, however, to sir George Hewitt. Clarendon observed to the princess Anne, "that he was no nobleman. 'He might be made one when things are settled,' said the princess, 'and she hoped such a thing would not be denied to the prince her husband, and her.' I asked her 'how that could be done without king James? 'Sure,' replied the princess Anne, 'there will be a way found out at one time or other.'"[1]

A convention of the lords and some of the members who had been returned in the last parliament of Charles II. were then on the point of meeting to settle the government of the kingdom. In this convention Sancroft, the archbishop of Canterbury, positively refused to sit, or to acknowledge its jurisdiction. The earl of Clarendon was anxious to discuss with the princess Anne the flying reports of the town, which declared "that the intention was to settle the crown on the prince of Orange and his wife; but that in case the latter died first, leaving no issue, the crown was to belong to him for his life before it descended, in the natural succession, to the princess Anne and her children." Clarendon was indignant at this proposed innovation on the hereditary monarchy of the British government, and endeavoured to rouse the princess Anne to prevent any interpolation between her and her rights of succession. To which she said, "she had indeed heard the rumours that the prince and princess of Orange were to be crowned, but she was sure she had *never* given *no occasion* to have it said that she consented to any such a thing; that she had indeed been told that Dr. Burnet should talk of it, but she would never consent to anything that should be to the prejudice of herself or her children." She added, "that she knew very well that the republican party were very busy, but that she hoped that the honest party would be most prevalent in the convention, and not suffer wrong to be done to her." Claren-

[1] Clarendon Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.

don told the princess "that if she continued in the mind she seemed to be in, she ought to let her wishes be known to some of both houses before the meeting of the convention." Anne replied, "she would think of it, and send for some of them."[1] Her uncle then turned upon her with a close home question, which was, "whether she thought that her father could be justly deposed?" To this the princess Anne replied, "Sure, they are too great points for me to meddle with. I am sorry the king brought things to such a pass as they were at," adding, "that she thought it would not be safe for him ever to return again." Her uncle asked her fiercely the question, "What she meant by that?" To which Anne replied, "Nothing."[2] Without repeating several characteristic dialogues of this nature, which her uncle has recorded, the princess Anne and her spouse entrusted him with a sort of commission to watch over her interests in the proceedings of the convention. The princess likewise penned a long letter of lamentations to her uncle on the wrongs she found that the convention meant to perpetrate against her; she, however, bade him "burn the letter."

The postponement of succession to the prince of Orange (supposing the prince of Wales was for ever excluded), encroached not much on the tenderness due to that internal idol, self.. Very improbable it was that a diminutive asthmatic invalid, like the prince of Orange, irrepressibly bent on war, ten years of age, in advance withal, should survive her majestic sister, who had, since she had been acclimatized to the air of Holland, enjoyed a buxom state of health. There was, nevertheless, a tissue of vacillating diplomacy attempted by Anne; she used a great deal of needless falsehood in denial of the letter she had written to her uncle, when she supposed he had burnt it, and equivocation when he produced it, to the confusion of herself and her clique.[3]

As some shelter from the awful responsibility perpetually represented to her by her uncle, Anne at last declared "she would be guided regarding her conduct by some very pious friends, and abide by their decision." The friends to whom she appealed were Dr. Tillotson and Rachel lady Russell.[4]

[1] Clarendon's Diary, vol. ii. pp. 250, 251.
[2] Ibid., pp. 248, 249.
[3] Ibid., pp. 255, 257.
[4] Birch's Life of Dr. Tillotson.

Their opinion was well known to the princess before it was asked. Dr. Tillotson had been an enemy to James II. from an early period of his career, and had been very active in promoting the revolution; as for lady Russell, it was no duty of hers, but quite the reverse, to awaken in the mind of Anne any affectionate feeling to James II. Both referees arbitrated according to the benefit of their party, and advised Anne to give place to her brother-in-law in the succession. Although the princess Anne had thus made up her mind, the national convention were far from resolved. The situation of the country was rather startling, the leader of a well-disciplined army of 14,000 foreign soldiers, quartered in or about London, being actually in possession of the functions of government. When the convention had excluded the unconscious heir, it by no means imagined a necessity for further innovating on the succession, by superseding the daughters of James II., who had not offended them by the adoption of an obnoxious creed. And well did the clergy of the church of England know that the creed of the prince of Orange was as inconsistent with their church as that of James II. Besides that discrepancy, his personal hatred to the rites of our church has been shown by Dr. Hooper, who has, moreover, recorded the vigorous kick he bestowed on the communion-table prepared in the chapel of his princess. Some of the members of the convention were startled at the fearful evils attendant on a crown-elective, which, as the history of Poland and the German empire fully proved, not only opened doors, but flood-gates to corruption. When they subsequently sought the line of Hanoverian princes as their future sovereigns, the English parliament recognised the hereditary principle by awarding the crown to the next lineal heir willing to conform with and protect the national religion; but when they gave the crown to William III. they repudiated two heiresses who were already of the established church, and thus rendered, for some years, the crown of Great Britain elective. Before this arrangement was concluded, the princess Anne began to feel regret for the course she had pursued. Lord Scarsdale, who was then in her household, heard her say[1] at this

[1] Ralph's History, vol. ii. p. 44. Lord Scarsdale repeated this speech to Ralph.

juncture, "Now am I sensible of the error I committed in leaving my father! and making myself of a party with the prince, who puts by my right."

While the princess of Orange rests safely at the Hague, free from the observing eyes and sharp reproofs of her mother's brothers, no evidence exists regarding her personal demeanour there, excepting that she went to public prayers four times every day, with a very composed countenance. She is accused of the awful charge of reproaching her husband sharply, by letter, of letting "her father go as he did." The letter is not to be found, nor are any of her letters to her husband, before their accession to the throne of Great Britain, forthcoming, and the evidence rests on the hear-say report that one of the Jacobite exiles told to James II. The unhappy father believed it, but the reader ought only to give credit to the horrid imputation as far as it seems in unison with the tenour of the rest of her conduct. Our own opinion is, that to write a disapproving word to her lord and master, or cast any reproach on his conduct, was more than she dared to do while she was in Holland. Anne Villiers, the wife of Bentinck, died just as the Orange expedition landed at Torbay.[1] The name of this woman had been most odiously implicated, as well as that of her sister, with William of Orange, at a time when the princess was kept almost imprisoned in her apartments. The family compact, who kept guard on her in Holland, headed by her husband's mistress, Elizabeth Villiers, was now reduced to three; Elizabeth herself, madame Puissar, or Possaire, and lady Inchinquin. These persons were with the princess, in Holland, while the revolution in England was in progress.[2]

The day the throne was declared vacant by the convention of parliament, sir Isaac Newton (then Mr. Isaac Newton) was visiting archbishop Sancroft; what feeling the great astronomer expressed at the news, is not recorded, but the archbishop showed deep concern, and hoped proper attention would be paid to the claims of the infant prince of Wales, saying, "that his identity might be easily proved, as he had a mole on his neck at his birth." Perhaps king Wil-

[1] Clarendon Diary, for the fact of the death.

[2] Conduct, by duchess of Marlborough, who, in the squabbles that afterwards ensued, mentions these women as all-powerful in the household of Mary.

liam was not pleased with the visit of Newton to Lambeth at this crisis, since a tradition is afloat on the sea of anecdotes, that some of his council wished him to consult Isaac Newton on a point of difficulty, when the king replied, "Pooh! he is only a philosopher, what can he know?"[1] The demeanour of William of Orange at this juncture, was perfectly inexplicable to the English oligarchy sitting in convention. Reserved as William ever was to his princess, he was wrapped in tenfold gloom and taciturnity when absent from her. The English magnates could not gather the slightest intimation of his mind, whilst he was wrapped in this imperturbable fit of sullenness. They applied to the Dutchmen to know what ailed their master, and from Fagel and Zulestein they gathered that his highness was afflicted with an access of political jealousy of his submissive partner, whom the convention considered queen-regnant, for his reply was, "that he did not choose to be gentleman-usher to his own wife."[2]

On the annunciation of this gracious response, the English oligarchy returned to re-consider their verdict. Some deemed that the introduction of a foreigner, the ruler of a country the most inimical to the English naval power, and to the mighty colonies and trading factories, newly planted by James II., in every quarter of the world, was a bitter alternative forced on them by the perverse persistance of their monarch in his unfortunate religion; but they were by no means inclined to disinherit Mary, the protestant heiress, and render their monarchy elective, by giving her husband the preference to her. There was a private consultation on the subject held at the apartments of William Herbert, at St. James's palace. William's favourite Dutchmen were admitted to this conclave, which was held round Herbert's bed, he being then confined with a violent fit of the gout; Bentinck then and there deliberately averred that it was best only to allow the princess Mary to take the rank of queen-consort, and not of queen-regnant. When the gouty patient heard this opinion, he became so excessively excited, that, forgetting his lameness, he leaped out of bed, and, seizing his sword, exclaimed, "that if the prince of Orange was capable of such conduct to his wife, he would

[1] Birch's Life of Tillotson.

[2] Burnet's Own Times.

never draw that for him again!"[1] The Dutch favourite carried the incident to his master, who was, forthwith, plunged still deeper in splenetic gloom. When he at last spoke, after a space of several days of profound taciturnity, he made a soliloquy in Dutch to this purport, "that he was tired of the English; he would go back to Holland, and leave their crown to whosoever could catch it."

"The behaviour of the prince of Orange,"—such is the description of Sheffield duke of Buckingham,—"was very mysterious. He stayed at St. James's palace. He went very little abroad. Access to him was not very easy. He listened to all that was said, but seldom answered. This reservedness continued several weeks. Nobody could tell what he desired." At last, the "gracious Duncan" spake of his grievances; one day he told the marquis of Halifax, and the earls of Shrewsbury and Danby his mind in this speech: "The English," he said, "were for putting the princess Mary singly on the throne, and were for making him reign by her courtesy. No man could esteem a woman more than he did the princess, but he was so made that he could not hold anything *by apron strings*." This speech plunged the English nobles into more perplexity than ever, from which, according to his own account, they were relieved by Dr. Burnet. He came forward as the guide of Mary's conscience, and her confidant on this knotty point, and promised, in her name, that she would prefer yielding the precedence to her husband, in regard to the succession, as well as in every other affair of life. Lord Danby did not wholly trust to the evidence of Burnet; he sent the princess of Orange a narrative of the state affairs, assuring her "that if she considered it proper to insist on her lineal rights, he was certain that the convention would persist in declaring her sole sovereign." The princess answered, "that she was the prince's wife, and never meant to be other than in subjection to him, and that she did not thank any one for setting up for her an interest divided from that of her husband." Not content with this answer, she sent Danby's letter and proposals to her spouse in England.

The national convention of lords and commons then settled that the prince of Orange was to be offered the dignity of king of England, *France*, and Ireland (Scotland

[1] Narrative in the Works of Sheffield duke of Buckingham, vol. ii. pp. 86, 87.

being a separate kingdom), that the princess, his wife, was to be offered the joint sovereignty; that all regal acts were to be effected in their united names, but the executive power was to be vested in the prince. No one explained why the English convention thought proper to legislate for France and Ireland, while, at the same time, it left to Scotland the privilege of legislating for itself. The succession was settled on the issue of William and Mary; if that failed, to the princess Anne and her issue; and if that failed, on the issue of William by any second wife; and if that failed, on whomsoever the parliament thought fit.[1]

The prince of Orange, after his settlement was made, permitted his consort to embark for England; she had been ostensibly detained in Holland, while the succession was contested, by frosts and contrary winds. It is said that Mary was so infinitely beloved in Holland, that she left the people all in tears when she embarked, February 10th, to take possession of the English throne. She burst into tears herself, on hearing one of the common people express a wish "that the English might love her as well as those had done whom she was leaving." The embarkation of the princess took place at the Brill; she had a short prosperous voyage, and landed at Gravesend, February 12th.

The evening when the news arrived in London that the Dutch fleet, escorting the princess of Orange, was making the mouth of the Thames, the metropolis blazed with joyous bonfires. Notwithstanding his deep enmity to James II., the pope was duly burnt in effigy; he was provided with a companion, the fugitive father Petre; these were accompanied by a representative of the rival of the princess of Orange in the succession to the British throne, even the image of her poor little infant brother. The first time, perhaps, that a baby of six months old was ever executed in effigy. Many persons have heard that puppets, representing the pope and pretender, were always consumed on the anniversaries of the Revolution, but few know how early the latter was burnt in these pageants, as a testimonial of respect, to celebrate the landing and proclamation of his sister.

"There was," observes a French historian of this century,[2]

[1] Burnet and Rapin, vol. ii. folio, p. 794.
[2] Mazure, Revolution de 1688, p. 368.

"prepared aliment to the brutal passions, being ignoble representations of the pope, father Peter, and the prince of Wales, which were thrown into the flames, a spectacle agreeable to the multitude, no doubt. But even political expediency ought not to be suffered to outrage nature."

There exists a series of Dutch medals, published under the patronage of William and Mary (albeit no very liberal fosterers of the fine arts) of a peculiar nature, unexampled in history, the completion of each being an extraordinary event in the annals of numismatics. The medals were really metallic caricatures, whether meant as such by William and Mary, or whether the Dutch artist they hired to commemorate their triumphs over their father, uncle, and brother, had a strong taste for the ridiculous, who can say? The Williamite and Marian medallions did not disdain to caricature the unconscious babe, whose birth their patrons had slandered, and whose infant effigy had been consigned to the flames, in their triumphal pageants of accession. The opening of a mysterious chest is shown on one of them; in it is seen, coiled up, an infant with a serpent's tail, illustrated by a Latin motto, implying that "the child when reared would crest itself into a dragon." In another the flight of Mary's father is illustrated by his figure flying away with monstrous long strides, throwing away a crown and sceptre, attended by a Jesuit, carrying the poor babe, whose unwelcome brotherhood to Mary had caused the whole commotion; the motto to this medal, *Ite missa, est*, is applied rather wittily from the ritual of the mass.

END OF VOL. X.

T. C. Savill, Printer, 4, Chandos-street, Covent-garden.

00140800

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 June, 2016